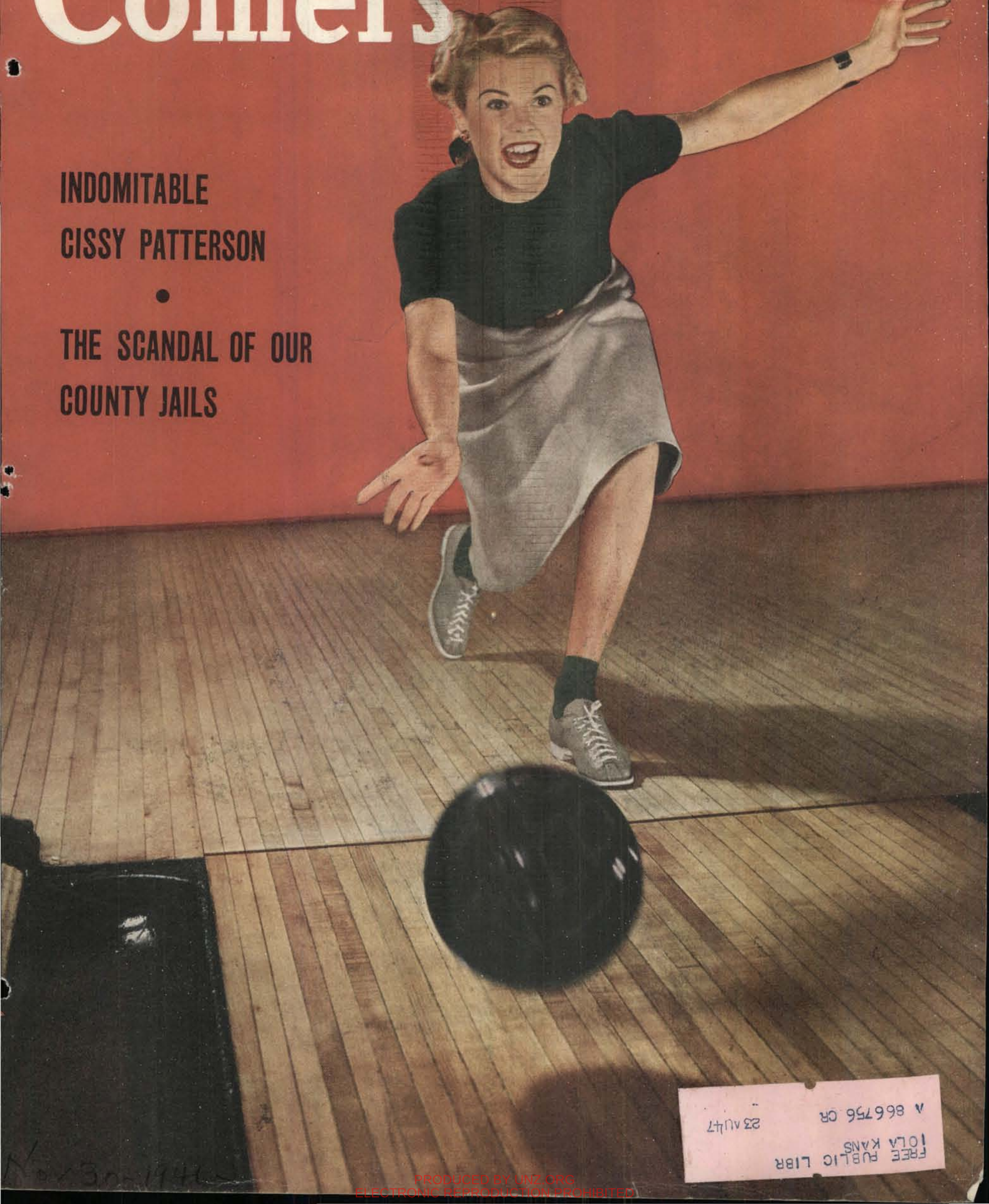
Collier's

NOVEMBER 30, 1946 TEN CENTS



INDOMITABLE CISSY PATTERSON

●

THE SCANDAL OF OUR COUNTY JAILS

Nov 30-1946

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WHOLE KERNEL
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BEETS
Duraglas
Duraglas

Only with GLASS! You SEE the size, style and color; how much liquid, how many servings.

It Tells All—the Duraglas Jar!

SUE: Eat your vegetables, darling. Aren't they good? I picked them for you myself, right in the grocery store.

HER DOLL: Nice going, parent! Are you allowed to help with the family shopping now?

SUE: Well, I buy things in glass. But *any* tot could . . . You see *exactly* what you're getting!

HER DOLL: So you do! You see the size and color of the vegetables . . . fruits, too. Even how many servings in a jar.

SUE: And *my* mother—*your* granny, dear—showed me how glass jars save work. She says it's so safe to put what we don't use into the refrigerator right in the jars . . . Saves storage, dishes.

HER DOLL: Work-saving, time-saving—no waste, no mistakes. Ve-ry thrifty . . . those attractive glass jars . . . VE-ry wonderful!

You'll find that there are a thousand and one *other* things you buy, for which Duraglas, the *modern* container, provides the same thrift and convenience. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

Duraglas CONTAINERS LET YOU LOOK BEFORE YOU BUY

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Should a Mother continue to Model?

Boo! Frances often takes Jean and Lynn to New York's Museum of Natural History for nature study. But thanks to "model" mother care, they need no lessons in proper care of teeth and gums. Among adults, sensitive gums, "pink" on your tooth brush, mean *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Winning, wholesome smiles of Jean and Lynn Rushmore provide your answer

"I WAS DOUBTFUL myself, at first," admits "model" mother Frances Rushmore of Jackson Heights, N. Y. "But I think you'll agree that Jean and Lynn show no signs of neglect. Look at their smiles!"

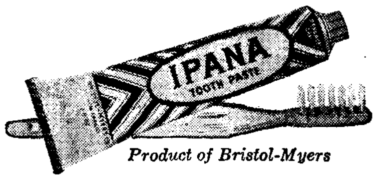
Stressing the importance of a smile as she does, this very blonde, very beautiful mother reveals her John Robert Powers training. *Valuable* training that Frances passes on to her two adorable daughters, who carefully follow her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

As the wife of Howard Rushmore, feature writer for the N. Y. Journal-American, Frances keeps abreast of the times. She knows what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Raid! Smiling her approval, Mrs. Rushmore watches Jean and Lynn "drink up." Like most of us, these youngsters are also fond of the soft, creamy foods that often rob gums of exercise they may need. But their "model" mother, who attended Alabama's Montevallo College, knows that Ipana is specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

Beauty Contest winner at 14, Frances has long known how important a smile can be. Here she's shown reminding 8-year-old Jean that, "Every time you brush your teeth, you must massage your gums a little." This brief workout with Ipana speeds up needed circulation within the gums, helps safeguard her future smile.

If only parents knew as much as most children about the importance of gum massage! Not only is this taught in thousands of today's classrooms, but 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, nationwide survey shows. (And prefer Ipana 2 to 1 *for their own use!*) But let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.



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Firmer gums, brighter teeth, with Ipana and massage

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!

Ah! Just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By"—and the stars come out!

★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M's love-and-song story of Jerome Kern is on its way . . . teeming with talent and Technicolor and twenty-five Kern hits.

★ ★ ★ ★

To make hearts go pitter-patter, June Allyson sings "Cleo-patterer".

★ ★ ★ ★

Lucille Bremer pleads lyrically for "One More Dance" and Van Johnson replies with "I Won't Dance"—but he does, and how he dances!

★ ★ ★ ★

Then there's Judy Garland as Marilyn Miller, singing the haunting "Who?" and "Look For The Silver Lining". Something to look for.

★ ★ ★ ★

Kathryn Grayson and Tony Martin, as the melodic romancers of "Showboat" thrill you with beautiful "Make Believe".

★ ★ ★ ★

Torchy Lena Horne sings "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man". Angela Lansbury *swings* "How'd You Like to Spoon With Me?"

★ ★ ★ ★

Virginia O'Brien does a fine job on "A Fine Romance"! Dinah Shore stops the show with "The Last Time I Saw Paris".

★ ★ ★ ★

"The Voice" is in wonderful voice. Frank Sinatra provides a spectacular musical climax with "Ol' Man River".

★ ★ ★ ★

All this as you laugh and sigh and thrill to the colorful events in the life of Jerome Kern who is portrayed with warmth and understanding by Robert Walker.

★ ★ ★ ★

As Kern's arranger and best friend, Van Heflin returns to the screen in triumph.

★ ★ ★ ★

We extend accolades to Director Richard Whorf and Producer Arthur Freed who, with screenplay writers Myles Connolly and Jean Holloway, wove story and song and splendor so miraculously together.

★ ★ ★ ★

Yes, just wait "Till The Clouds Roll By". It's pure sunshine!

—Leo

COLLIER'S

November 30, 1946

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

THORN ON ROSE

DEAR EDITOR: I consider Billy Rose's Death Makes a Holiday (Oct. 12th) an insult to the intelligence of the sports-loving people of America. It depicts them as bloodthirsty, anxious to see someone crushed to death. Did you ever hear a crowd of spectators shout for glee when a man was killed? NO! Everyone was sorry for the man who was killed or injured.

PAUL CLARK, Radford, Va.

. . . Billy Rose hits upon a great psychological truth in connection with present-day living, regardless of the Freud fanatics.

LUCY L. GROW, Elsinore, Calif.

MATERNITY CASE

DEAR EDITOR: Lawrence Galton's article, Motherhood Without Misery (Nov. 16th) was received with three cheers. For nearly twenty-five years we have been conducting classes for expectant mothers. We have aimed to remove tensions and fears by knowledge. Each mother gets a basic understanding of her bodily processes during pregnancy and labor.

When labor begins, these mothers know what the doctor is going to do and why. They know how to co-operate with the doctor and nurse. Many come back to tell us what this knowledge meant to them, especially during labor.

The human race abandons its traditions with reluctance. The lay mind, no less than the professional mind, doubts revolutionary techniques and practices until they are tested by several workers other than the discoverer. Dr. Sawyer's work is an important step toward helping to break down the vicious circle of fear and pain which has been associated with childbirth ever since recorded history. This article is a breath of fresh air in the confused atmosphere of claims and counterclaims about the numerous anesthetics and analgesics.

HAZEL CORBIN, General Director,
Maternity Center Association,
New York, N. Y.

FORGOTTEN BOY

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Howard Whitman's The Forgotten Boy (Nov. 2d) was of special interest to me and my staff as these are the lads we are working with in the Boys' Club of New York. The problem is accurately presented but the author does not go far enough. We need education of the community agencies to the forgotten boy. Boys' clubs, settlement houses, community centers, churches, schools and public officials must help solve this problem of youth.

GORDON J. WRIGHT,
Director, Boys' Club of New York

(Continued on page 98)

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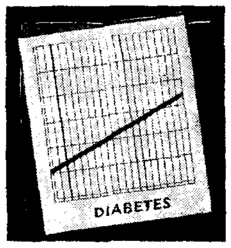
Can you answer these questions about DIABETES?



Q. Is diabetes increasing or decreasing?

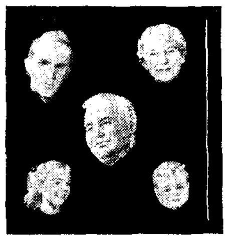
A. If present trends continue, the number of diabetics in this country will increase by 18% from 1940 to 1950, largely because more people live to reach middle and old age. Fortunately, doctors today can help control the disease; in fact nearly all diabetics aided by modern medical science can lead full, active lives. Since the discovery of insulin, the average length of life of diabetics has increased greatly.

Q. What new studies hold great hope for the future?

A. Medical science knows more about diabetes than ever before, and constant research on new types and more effective combinations of insulin is being carried on. A chemical compound, alloxan, which can produce experimental diabetes in animals, has provided a new means for studying the disease. Further hope for progress lies in new discoveries about the utilization of sugar in the body.

Q. Does diabetes have warning symptoms?

A. There are usually no symptoms in early diabetes. Before symptoms develop, the disease can be detected by the presence of sugar in the urine. That is why periodic health examinations, including urinalysis, is the most effective way of discovering the disease early, when it is easiest to control. Once the disease has developed, definite symptoms appear such as constant hunger, excessive thirst, loss of weight, and continual fatigue.



Q. Which people are most likely to get diabetes?

A. Those who are overweight, those who are between the ages of 40 and 60 (especially if they are stout), and those who have a diabetic in the immediate family.

How can medical science help the average diabetic?

Diet, insulin, and *exercise* are the major factors in controlling diabetes. Successful treatment depends upon the closest co-operation between doctor and patient in keeping these factors in proper balance.

The physician determines whether the patient needs insulin and how much, as well as the amount and kinds of food that best meet his needs. The patient acquires an intelligent understanding of his disease, learns how to live with it, and conscientiously follows the doctor's instructions for keeping it always under control—thus guarding against complications that affect the arteries, heart, kidneys, and eyes.

Even with diabetes, it is usually possible to enjoy a nearly normal life. For more detailed information about the disease, send for Metropolitan's free booklet 126-CA, entitled "Diabetes."

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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How To Be Head Man!
Mister, be sure you've got P.A.*

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal—

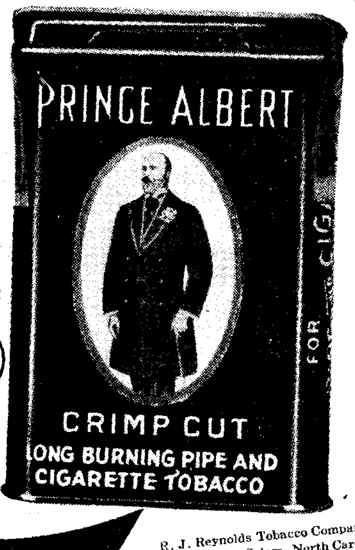
Notice the way a woman looks at the man who smokes a pipe. Women go for the appearance of a pipe in a man's mouth. Because pipes . . . like fine tweeds, leather, linen . . . are really *masculine!*

P.A. means Prince Albert

● Load up that pipe with Prince Albert. It's smooth, it's mellow. It's fragrant as an Indian summer breeze—and gentle to your tongue. Prince Albert is specially treated to remove tongue bite. Crimp cut too for cool, even burning. Get P. A. (Pipe Appeal) with P. A. (Prince Albert).

Swell for roll-your-owns too. Clings to the paper; thus no mess and spilling. Twirls up fast and firm.

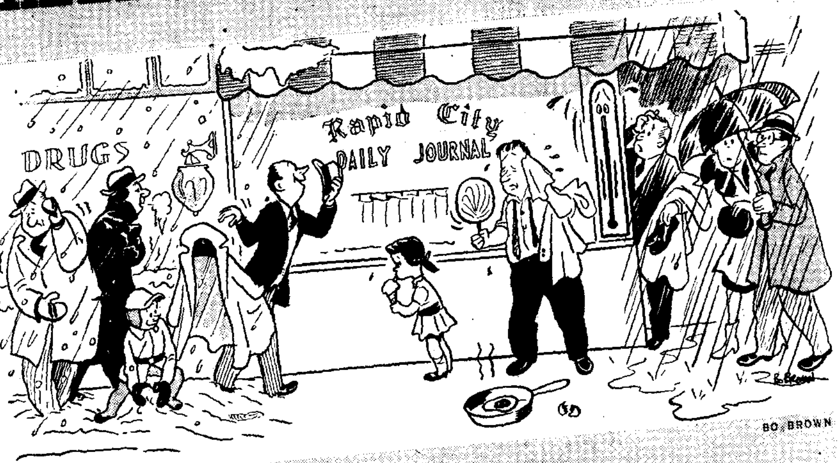
MY TONGUE SURE SAYS A HAPPY 'THANK YOU' FOR P.A.'S GENTLE MILDNESS! AND ITS RICH FLAVOR TOO



THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



BY FRELING FOSTER

The greatest temperature fluctuations, in range and rapidity, ever recorded by an American weather bureau, occurred in and around Rapid City, S. D. on January 22, 1943. Between 10:29 A.M. and 5:26 P.M., the temperature rose and fell suddenly three times. The increases were 32 degrees in four minutes, 36 degrees in five minutes and 35 degrees in 11 minutes; while the decreases were 22 degrees in three minutes, 47 degrees in five minutes and 41 degrees in four minutes.

The Army and Navy Union, which was founded in 1886 and has 35,000 members, is the oldest existing organization in the United States for veterans of any war.

While industrial machines are normally in operation between 250 and 300 days a year, agricultural machines, other than tractors, are not used on the average of more than 20 days a year.

Few American newspapers have a more remarkable name today than a weekly, published in Linn, Missouri, called the Unterrified Democrat.—*By James Cokeley, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Between April 12 and October 12, 1946, more than 375,000 persons traveled to Hyde Park, New York, to visit the grave of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.—*By Mary Cherry, New York City.*

A number of suicides on record have hanged themselves with handkerchiefs or bandage gauze from pipes or bedposts no higher than two feet from the floor.

Probably the most savage job done by the German army was the destruction of Finnmark, Norway's northern province, which was carried out by 600,000 retreating Nazis in the fall of 1944. They left nothing alive or standing in this 18,600-square-mile area, having driven out its entire population, slaughtered its 800,000 cows, horses and reindeer, cut down its dozen large forests and set fire to every building in its 25 towns. Still unsatisfied, they went through the burned homes smashing dishes and shooting holes in pots and pans.

The world's greatest menace to navigation has long been Sable Island, which lies 85 miles east of Nova Scotia. By slowly sinking since its discovery in 1497, this island has shrunk in size from 14,600 to 20 square miles. Consequently, as it has become surrounded by hundreds of miles of dangerous reefs which are usually enveloped in fog and swept by irregular currents, some 1,000 ships have been wrecked in this "graveyard of the Atlantic."

The most expensive motion picture ever made was Wilson, released in 1944, whose production and advertising amounted to more than $6,000,000. The cost was due largely to many spectacular scenes, one being the 1912 Democratic convention in which the lighting consumed enough power to service a city the size of Lansing, Michigan.

Of the thousands of one-finger piano pieces that served as parlor tricks during the 19th century, the sole survivor is Chopsticks. Since it was first published in Glasgow in 1877, this commonplace little tune has not only become popular throughout the world but its theme has been borrowed by such outstanding composers as Liszt and Rimski-Korsakov.

A new method of reminding motorists to drive carefully is an electric torch that is being installed in the upraised hand of the giant statue of Vulcan in Birmingham, Alabama. For 24 hours after a fatal traffic accident, the light will glow red instead of its normal green.

New York's greatest unsolved crime was the 1920 Wall Street explosion. Concealed in a horse-drawn wagon left in front of the Assay Office, the bomb killed 30 and injured 200. Only clue was one horseshoe whose maker knew nothing about the owner of the horse and wagon. The J. P. Morgan Building's Wall Street side still contains pockmarks made by flying fragments of metal.

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Merry Christmas
TO Tony
FROM Grandpop

GRANDFATHERS of America

You may not be aware of this, but somewhere a boy is dreaming of owning a LIONEL electric train this Christmas. A score of other delightful gifts may present themselves to your mind, but we assure you, after dealing with boys for almost half a century, that no gift in the world so stirs his imagination as the gift of a swiftly moving LIONEL—with its realistic puffs of smoke, and its exciting whistle. No other gift so completely carries him off into the magic land of make-believe. It may be, too, that the boy in you will find you sprawling on the floor with him this Christmas Day—two fascinated LIONEL railroaders, both young in heart. (May we suggest that you send for the LIONEL catalog?)

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Send for Color Catalog

—and Book on Model R. R. Scenery Building

Model RAILROAD Scenery
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THE WEEK'S WORK

Henry Steig

ONE day a chance visitor caught the Steig family—all eight—draped around the landscape near their Connecticut home. Papa Steig was wood carving, Mama painting, while the brothers Arthur, William and Henry and their wives were sculpting, water coloring and splashing canvases. The legend sprang up promptly that the Steigs were screwballs. Recently when Henry Steig (Hit the Pocket, p. 11), sewed a button on his vest, he was immediately accused of being a fancy embroiderer.

Henry struggles valiantly against this sort of base canard. He insists he is a solemn fellow with a flair for writing, painting and photography, and one ambition: to stay sixteen forever. People used to call this childish. Now that he's forty, he no longer minds their cracks about "Ah, eccentric youth!" Only time he knows he's forty: when he tries roughhousing with younger men.

YEARS and years ago—1938—Max Hampton won first prize in an American Magazine short story contest. In '40, he went to war. A major at 23, adjutant general of the 13th Air Force a few months later, Hampton's now 25 with none of his success dreams come true. "Why, by now," he says, "I planned to be a great novelist—the home-town boy who put the town of Namesport, Missouri, on the map. But Martha Scott inked in the town herself when I wasn't looking!" Hampton wrote the short story, The Man Who Knew Greer Garson (p. 14), while stationed in the Dutch East Indies.

Max Hampton

OUR Amy Porter barged in from Hollywood the other day, with a patina of accumulated glamor. She reports that it is now possible to have your eyelashes dyed in Incredibletown. When she remarked to the beauty operator that this was against the law in New York, he replied: "Oh, that would be the degenerate East." Half his trade consists of repairing bad Eastern dye jobs.

Meanwhile, next to her at the beauty shoppe, a lovely thing asked if anybody would mind if she rested her feet. She thereupon kicked off her jeweled sandals, put her bare feet on the table.

In the intellectual world, she told us those Hollywoodians who aren't calling one another Communists are making clever remarks. Since California is the land of no furnaces and lots of chilblains, the time-honored phrase is "Many are cold but few are frozen." This they say several times a day. They also say Darryl Zanuck's office is so enormous you can't make his desk in less than four downs.

Among the more noticeable things in Hollywood are Caesar salads, Tri Vision cameras and Drive-ins—the last being developed to a degree unimaginable to the pedestrian Easterner.

The Tri Vision is the common man's version of the stereopticon slide maker of childhood. Instead of the Parthenon, this camera does you three-dimensionally in a swimming pool, in color. The talk is: Can this thing, or can it not, be adapted to use in movie theaters?

Drive-ins are the natural result of the fact that Californians are losing the use of their legs, with the children sometimes being born with steering wheels in their hands.

The Caesar salad is something you can get in almost any high-class beanery in Hollywood for $2, sometimes $2.50, or you can make it at home for about 25 cents.

"PERHAPS," says Ernest L. Barcella (He Likes Fish, p. 46), "I should start off by saying I've been living on borrowed time since I was five. That's when a playmate creased my skull with a hatchet. That's also when I started getting ideas about being a newspaperman. Sheer coincidence. Worked as farm hand, janitor, dishwasher and stock-company bit player before breaking in as sports writer for the New Haven Register.

"I've covered about everything: murders, trials, five executions, strikes, conventions, Congress, world crises and war. Went out to the Pacific in 1945, and returned in time to write the atomizing of Hiroshima.

"I was born in Hamden, Connecticut, a suburb of New Haven, June 7, 1910, youngest of nine. Passed up Yale (allergic to blue) for Dartmouth where I newshawked my way through. I'm something of a polygamist, being wedded to my wife, my work, Dartmouth and the Boston Red Sox."

This week's cover: The Dainty Bit with the bowling ball is Susi Crandall, Hollywood starlet; and David Peskin photographed the ball instantly as it left her hand—on its way to a strike. The pin boy fainted.... T. S.

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New York Montreal Geneva

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This shortage is the mother of improvement

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

THE paint you see here has three component parts — the pigments, which give it color; the oil base, which serves as a vehicle for the pigments; and the drying agent.

During the war, the critical shortage of fats and oils threatened the very existence of the paint industry. Goodyear scientists set out to find a suitable substitute. They developed a new synthetic resin—Pliolite S-5—which not only does the job as well but does it better!

Paint made with Pliolite S-5 is highly resistant to water, alkali, acid, fumes; performs well under brilliant sunshine; does not discolor in either darkness or light. And this new resinous material does not contain any oils or any other critically scarce items. Goodyear today is stepping up production of Pliolite S-5, sells it only to paint manufacturers.

Here, again, is an outstanding example of how Goodyear leadership works in a wide range of operations . . . each day developing new skill to improve old products . . . each day following fresh research trails to the building of better new products for you.

The world's foremost builder of tires, Goodyear is also a leader in metals, fabrics, chemicals, plastics . . . making sure that all Goodyear products are better today than they were yesterday, better tomorrow than they are today.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

HIT THE POCKET

BY HENRY STEIG

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD SARGENT

A very educational story for rash young husbands. Prudent wives may also find a useful lesson here

IT WAS a swell night when Bert and I came out of the Northern Bowling Academy on upper Broadway, and we were feeling swell, too. Kind of tired, of course, but it was a nice kind of tiredness, the kind that guarantees good sleeping. Bert stuck out his barrel chest, took a deep whiff of the fresh air coming from the Hudson, and said, "You know what, Dave? I was just thinking of the girls, how much fun they're missing. Seems a shame not to let them in on it."

Bert's a big simple guy and he must have been in a very generous mood that night. Not just because the six-game session we had didn't cost him anything. That was nothing new. Bert, with his straight ball, and me, with my hook, we're pretty even, both of us averaging around one hundred eighty-five, so I had to pay about as often as he did. What must've made him feel so extra goodhearted was that he set a new high mark for himself in one of the games with a 230.

"Let them in on it?" I said. "What happened? Did Mabel drop a hint or something?"

"Nope, it's my own idea," Bert said. "The girls've been such good sports about our stag night, I think they deserve an invitation. How many other women give their husbands a night off, every week, and no questions asked?"

"I suppose they sit home and brood Tuesday night," I said. "I suppose they don't enjoy their hen parties! We're all happy the way it is, so we better keep it like that. The girls wouldn't care for the game, anyhow."

"Why wouldn't they? There's millions of women playing it all over the country. That's what makes bowling our national sport—why should the girls be an exception?"

"They're not athletes," I said.

Hannah and Mabel never were much use at any sport, both being pretty strictly on the decorative side. The point is, well, I guess Bert and I were kind of old-fashioned when it came to choosing wives. Stylish or not, Hannah and Mabel always had figures. They couldn't help it.

"You wouldn't call any of the women we saw bowling tonight athletes either," Bert said. "Don't the girls dance us off our feet every Saturday night?"

"Well, Bert," I told him, "all I can say is, I got a strong feeling that you'd better leave the *status quo* alone."

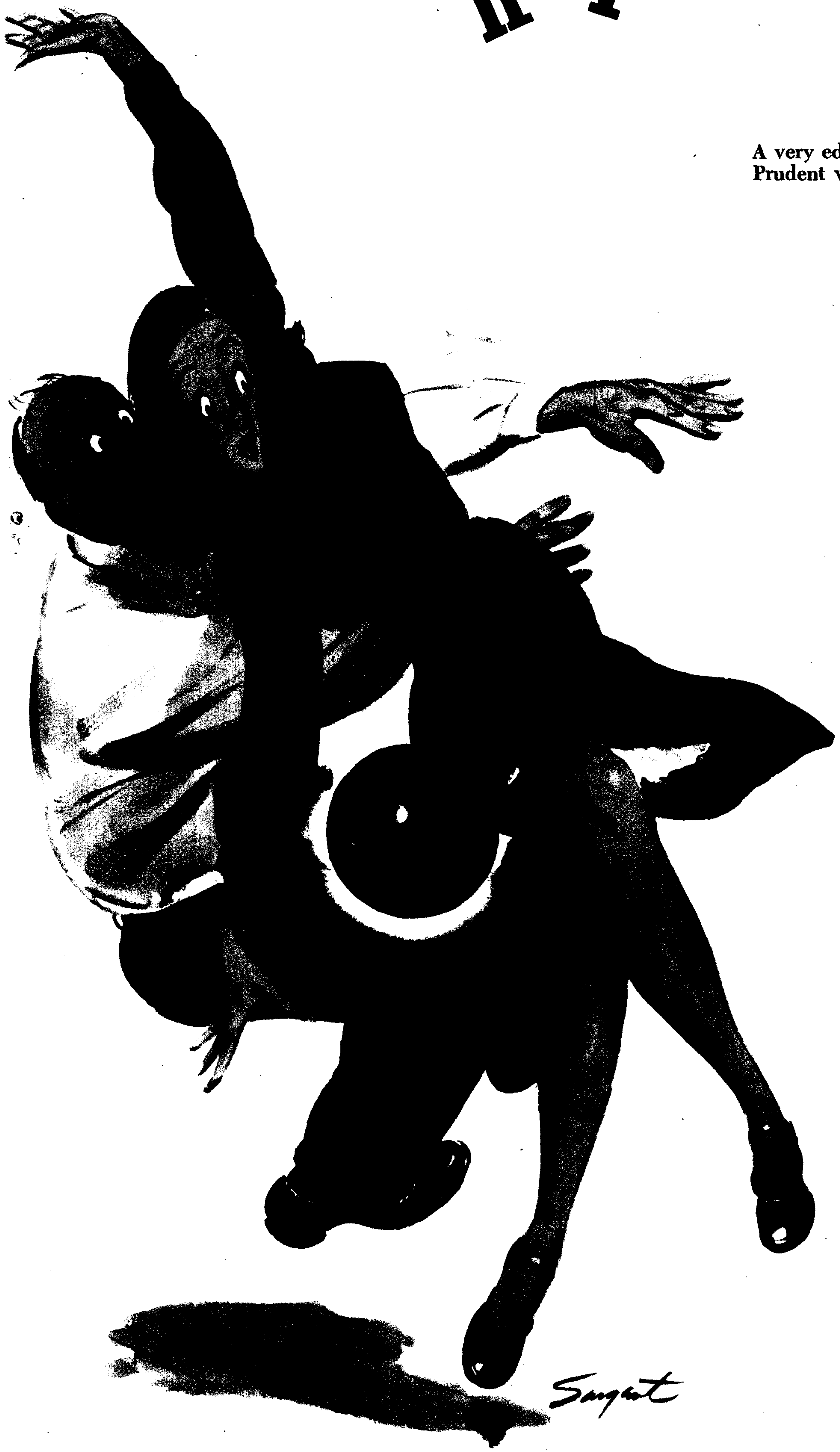
Bert gave me a sad look and shook his head. "Davey, I don't see how you can be so selfish, especially when it comes to such a pair of loyal broads."

As if I could ever forget how they waited for us almost four years, till we got out of the Army! "All right, so we got a good break. But so did they. We married them, didn't we?"

No use, though. Bert had his mind set to make a bowler out of Mabel, and that meant I had to try to do the same with Hannah. . . .

"What's the matter?" Hannah said. "Is it getting so you can't stand Bert alone for a few hours at a time any more?"

(Continued on page 79)

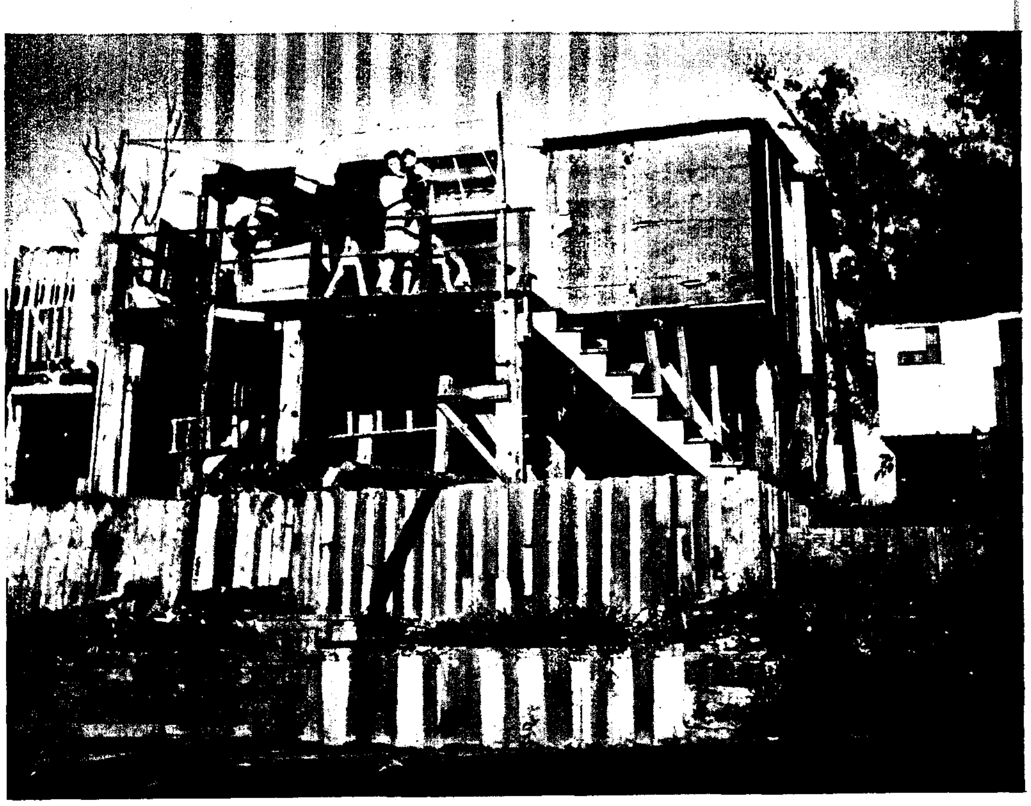


Hannah, startled, jumped back, right into the path of the fat guy charging to make the throw. The ball caught her on the side and over she went

DIXIE'S DILEMMA

BY FRANK GERVASI

More than any other section of the country the South is ridden by disease- and crime-bearing slums. Even confirmed opponents of government subsidies agree that federal funds will be needed to eliminate them



On government-owned property between the Mississippi River and the railroad tracks, squatters have built these shanties. The land is free; tenants pay $1 a year for water. Such dwellings are damp, unsanitary and rat-infested

LIFE in a trailer can be fun for a week or a month on the open road. It's like yachting on land. Every night or so there are new scenes and people and experiences. But a trailer doesn't, as Mrs. Beulah Smith and tens of thousands of other G.I. wives have discovered, make an ideal permanent home. Deprive a trailer of its mobility and it loses its romance and glamor. Living in one is like living in a beached boat, unnatural and uncomfortable.

Mrs. Smith exploded with complaints when Jim Therrel, director of the Atlanta Housing Authority, arrived to inspect the 100 trailers parked in rows on the hot treeless flats between the railroad tracks and the powerhouse on the marshy outskirts of Georgia's capital. The trailers, propped on concrete pilings, constituted the sum total of Atlanta's Veterans' Emergency Housing Program. They provide shelter for a bare 100 G.I. families while 7,000 others wait.

"Honest, Mr. Therrel, my husband will leave me if we don't do something," Mrs. Smith said. "He's a big man, six foot two. He keeps bumping his head every time he straightens up in the place. His feet stick out of the bed and he can't sleep nights. He goes back to work at the gas station every morning more tired than when he came home.

"And there's no place I can hang a clothesline, Mr. Therrel. If I put our wash out on the lines in the regular laundry lot, somebody steals it. There's no place to store things. There's bedbugs and there's mosquitoes at night. And another thing. Some of the people here get drunk in the evenings and they run up and down naked, whoopin' and hollerin' like crazy until late. I can't raise our baby here, Mr. Therrel. Mary Jane is five. She understands things. I can't have her think that life's as bad as she sees it here. You've got to do something. You've got to put us in one of those apartments in the Project. . . ."

What Mrs. Smith wanted was an apartment in one of Atlanta's low-rent public-housing communities operated by the city's Housing Authority. All of the trailerites wanted one and so did 12,000 other families, G.I. and civilian. There they'd have clean, verminproof, well-ventilated rooms with gas heaters and electric refrigerators and hot and cold running water, bathtubs and washtubs, lawns and trees and green back yards with private clotheslines.

But Atlanta, although the first city in the land to undertake large-scale slum clearance for the erection of low-income housing, has only eight public-housing communities with room for less than 5,000 families. The incomes of these families range from about $500 to $1,700 a year. They pay from $11 to $32 a month rent with gas, electricity and heat included. The low rents are made possible by federal subsidy.

Therrel, a tall and affable lawyer who devotes most of his time to the Housing Authority, listened patiently to Mrs. Smith and to other G.I. wives who gathered around him. He'd heard the complaints before.

"There are no vacancies right now," he told them. "You'll get the first ones that turn up. I know how hard it is to keep house in one of these boxes but I can't put somebody else out of one of our apartments just to let you come in. There's no place for them to go. . . ."

Mrs. Smith's eyes filled suddenly and her face went white under its freckled, sun-reddened skin.

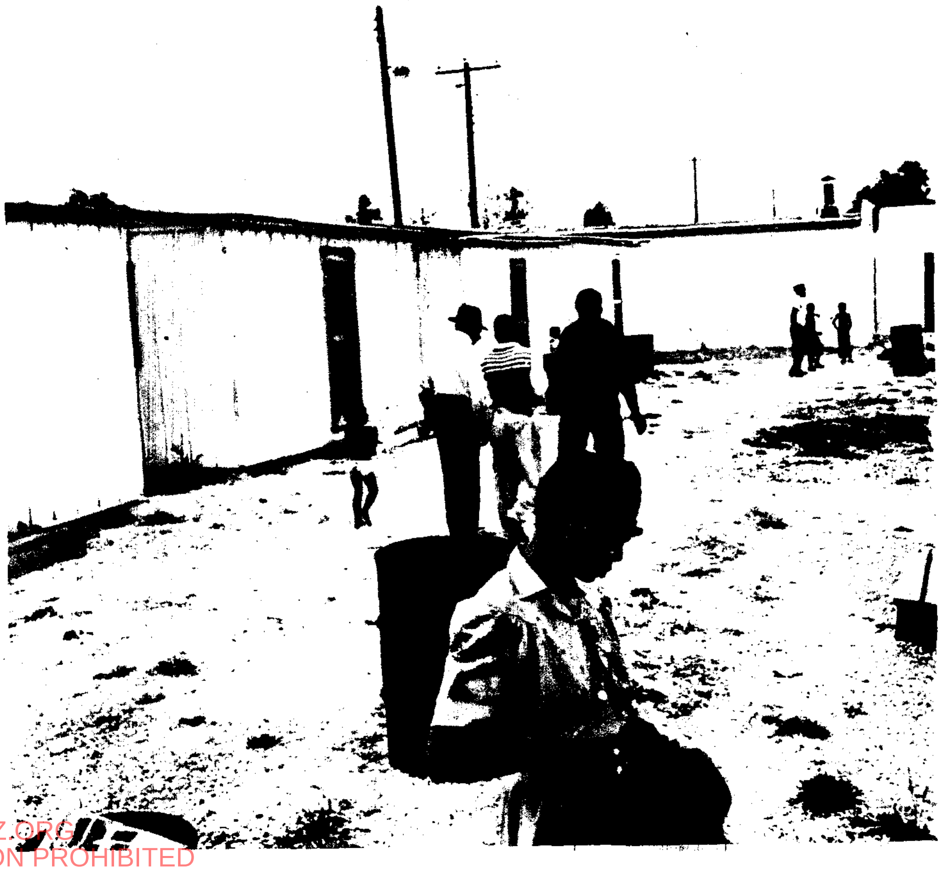
"That's what you always say," she cried. "Why can't you put them out? What did they do during the war? They made big money in the war plants while my Herb risked his life for them—for fifty dollars a month.

"We've stood it long enough. When my husband came home we lived in a tent in some friends' back yard. We slept on the ground, Mr. Therrel. My baby got the flu. We took it, believe me. Well, let the civilians take it for a while. Throw 'em out and give us veterans' families a chance. They had it good all those years while we were wondering if we'd ever see our men alive again. Let us have it good now. . . ."

There was a lot more. Jim promised to do things about the bedbugs

One of the best answers to New Orleans' housing shortage is converted barracks at Camp Planche. Apartments, with large rooms, rent for $38.50 to $44.50

New Orleans Negroes are angry over these one-room shacks which rent for $7 a week furnished. Furniture is bed, dresser, chair; 11 houses use one toilet



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON–PIX

and the clotheslines and the rambunctious neighbors. He moved on to visit other complainants in other trailers. The complaints were identical: not enough room, too few conveniences, noisy neighbors, family rifts and general unhappiness. All of the disgruntled trailerites wanted the civilians turned out of the public-housing apartments and few could or would understand that this was impossible.

Therrel's shoulders sagged as he turned away. He could clear the trailers of bedbugs with DDT, repair the screens, allow housewives to string clotheslines wherever they wished regardless of regulations or aesthetics and he could quiet disorderly neighbors. But he couldn't do anything about the disintegrating families and the unhappiness of overcrowded, uncomfortable, insecure people.

Time Will Cure Antagonism

Therrel wasn't particularly worried about the veterans' antagonism toward civilians. He, like other civic-minded Southerners, believed that in time it would subside. The veterans who insisted upon considering themselves a category apart with special privileges were, Therrel hoped, a minority.

"What worries us most here in the South," Therrel said, "is the unhappiness of what the social workers call the lower-income groups. Down here that means the bulk of our people. There's a widespread sense of insecurity. And much of it is due to the housing shortage."

It is. Dixie, meaning those 11 states below the Mason-Dixon line and east of the Mississippi, is bursting at the seams with people. Nearly a third of the country's population is crowded into about a fifth of the nation's land area. Nowhere in the country is the housing shortage quite so acute. And no other region, due to a combination of circumstances largely but not completely beyond the South's control, is less able to do anything about it.

It takes money to build apartment houses and homes. The South, in spite of the growth of its bank account in the war years, hasn't got it. Dixie contains almost a third of the nation's people but only from 12 to 15 per cent of its accumulated wealth.

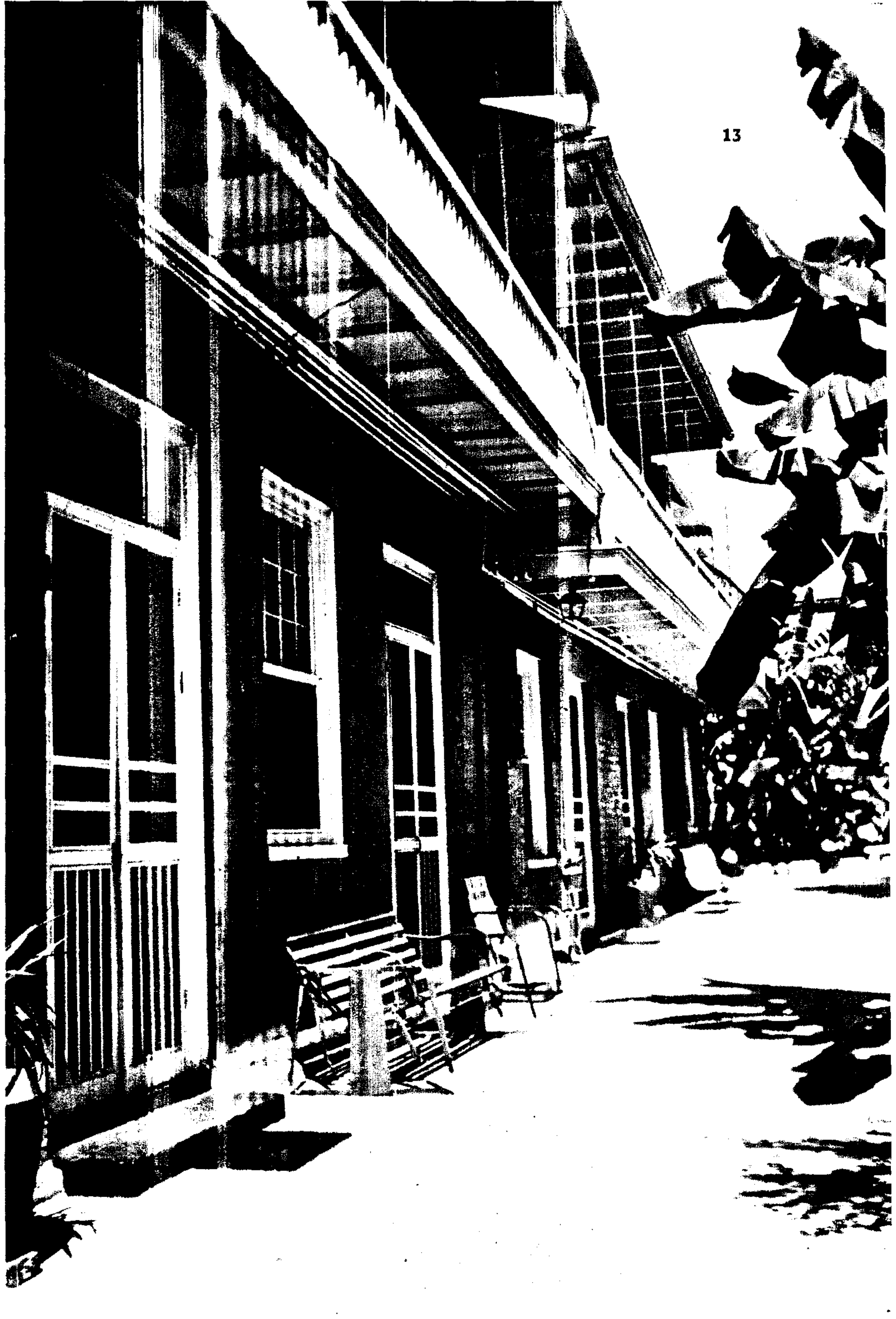
The congenital poverty of the South is basically responsible for the scarcity and decrepitude of its housing. Individual incomes average 25 per cent less in the South than in the rest of the nation. Small incomes mean small houses. On the other hand, families are larger. Poverty means ignorance. Families are not planned in Mississippi or Louisiana; they just happen. As Southern families grow they usually crowd into what quarters already exist. A new home is a one- or two-room addition to the old one or, more often, merely a lean-to.

At no time in the past 75 years has the South built homes rapidly enough to accommodate its increasing population. This has been true throughout the nation. But Dixie's deficit of living space has grown progressively larger. By 1941 the South already had a severe housing shortage.

The war, with its inflow of workers from other regions, the almost total cessation of home building and the continued growth of the population, made this existing shortage much more acute. Today those who came to make shells, ships, airplanes and uniforms give few signs of returning home. Atlanta, a city of only 442,000 before the war, now has a population of 525,000. New Orleans has grown from 400,000 to 600,000, and the populations of other Southern cities have grown proportionately.

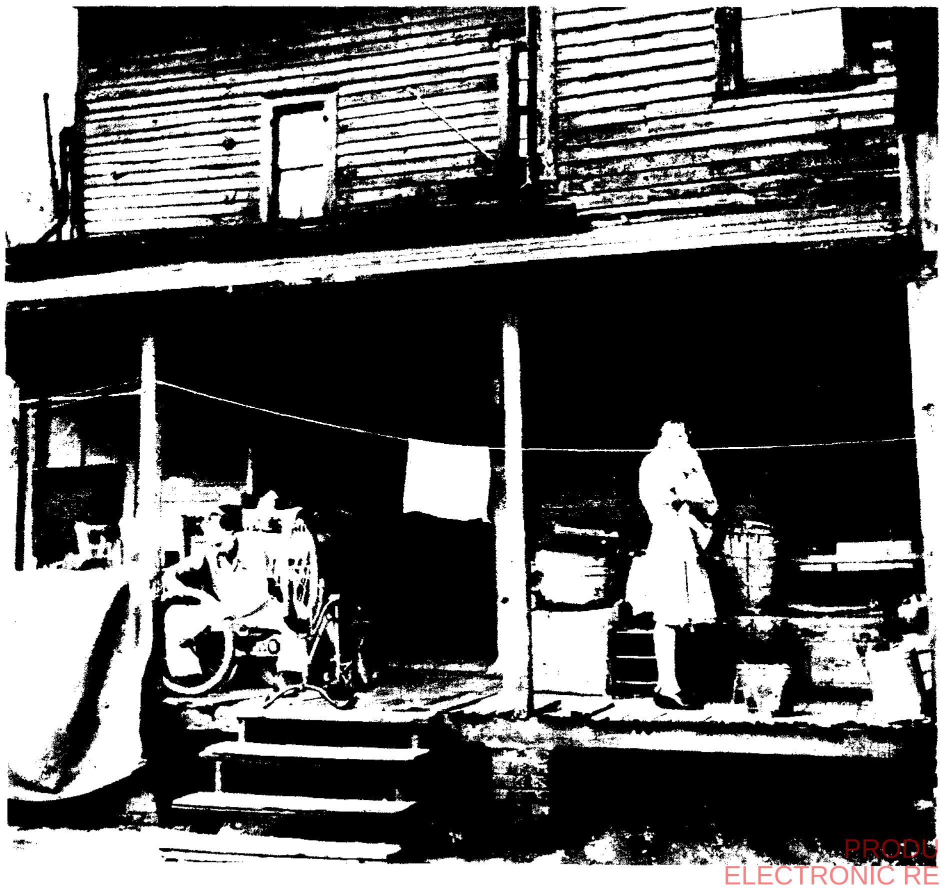
Much of the increase is due to the shift of farm boys to the cities. They've returned from the war, have married and have begun families. They won't take themselves, their wives and children back to bathless lean-tos, straw heaps for beds and outdoor privies. They discovered soap and water, innerspring mattresses and flush toilets in the world beyond Tobacco Road. Moreover the "homes" they came from are collapsing from old age and disrepair. New brothers and sisters were born while the G.I.s were away and there wouldn't be room for them even if they did go back.

(Continued on page 53)

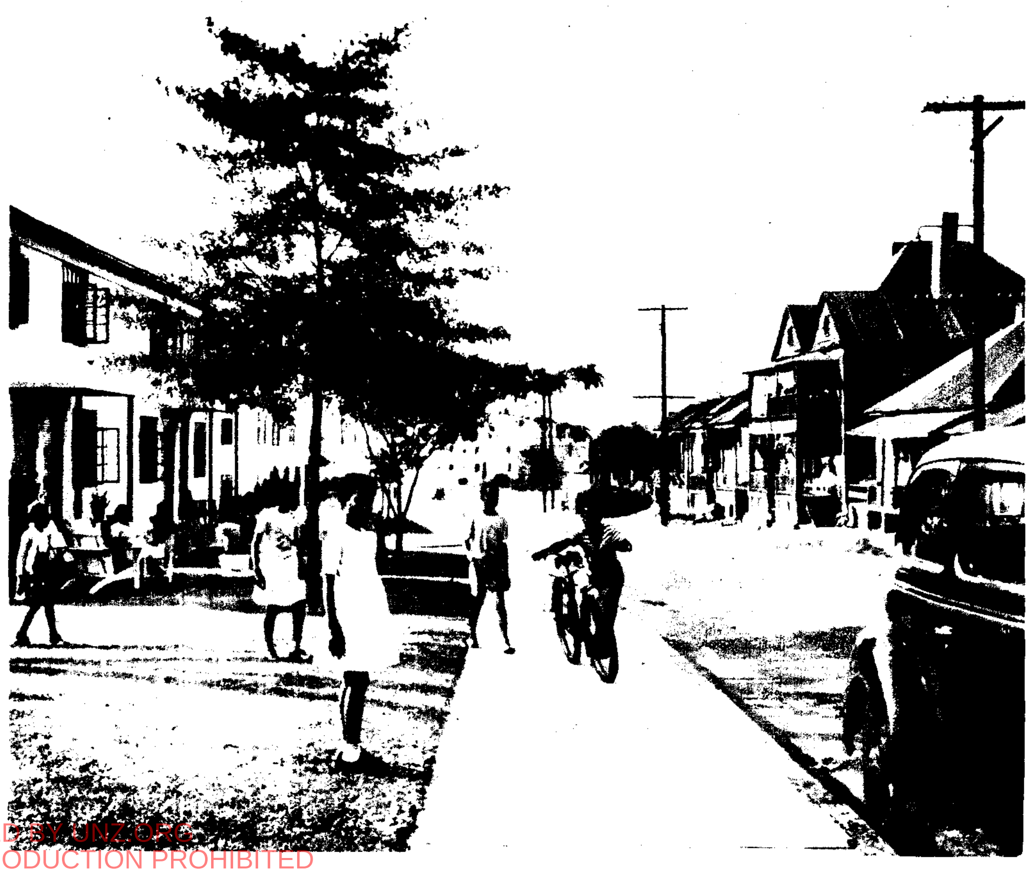


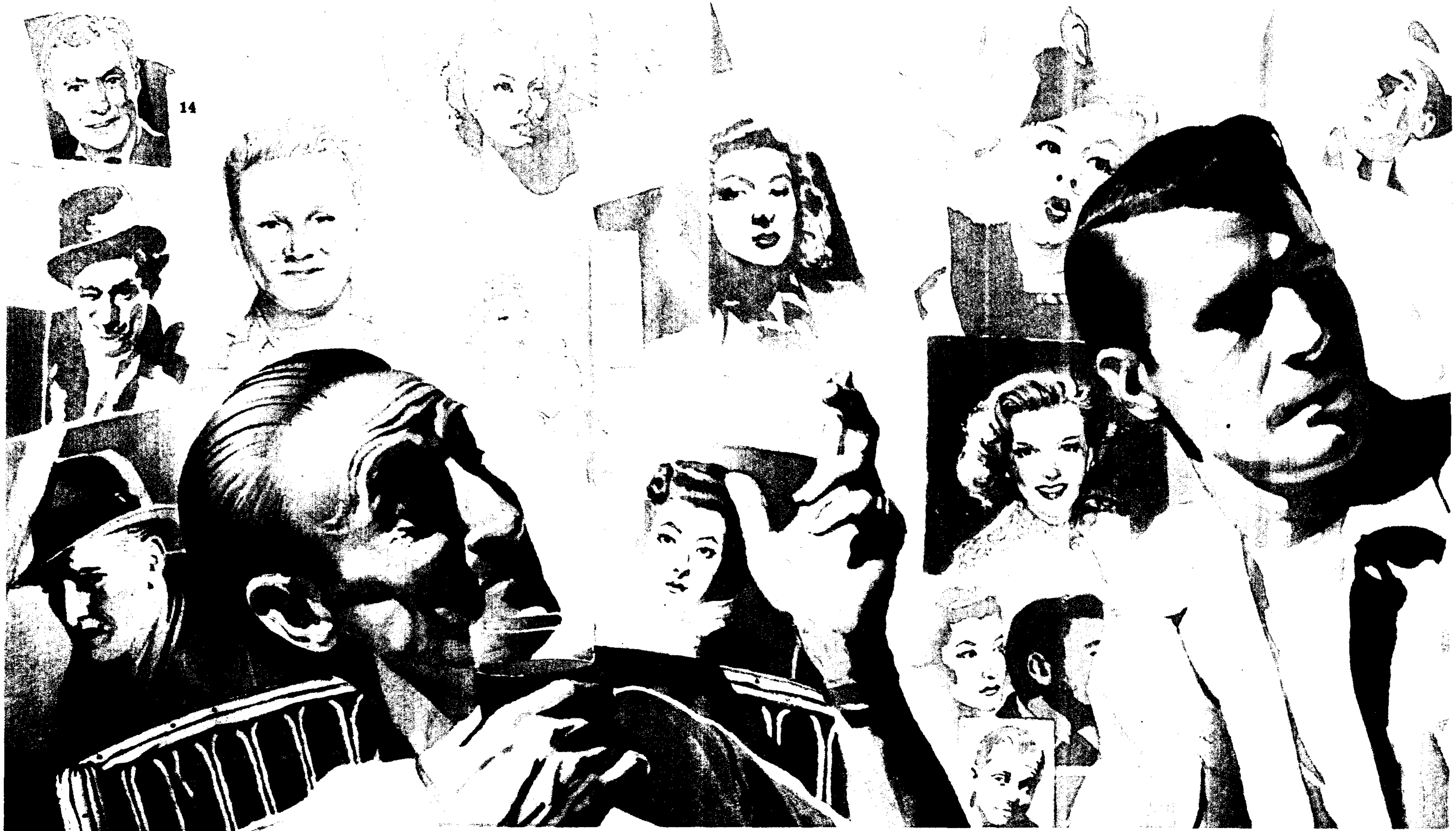
Former slave quarters at Fort San Juan, New Orleans, were converted in July, 1944, into the attractive four-room apartments shown above. However, these are definitely not homes for the poor people, as the rent is $75 a month

Atlanta was one of the first cities to create slum-clearing housing projects, yet the job is incomplete; thousands of families still have "homes" like this

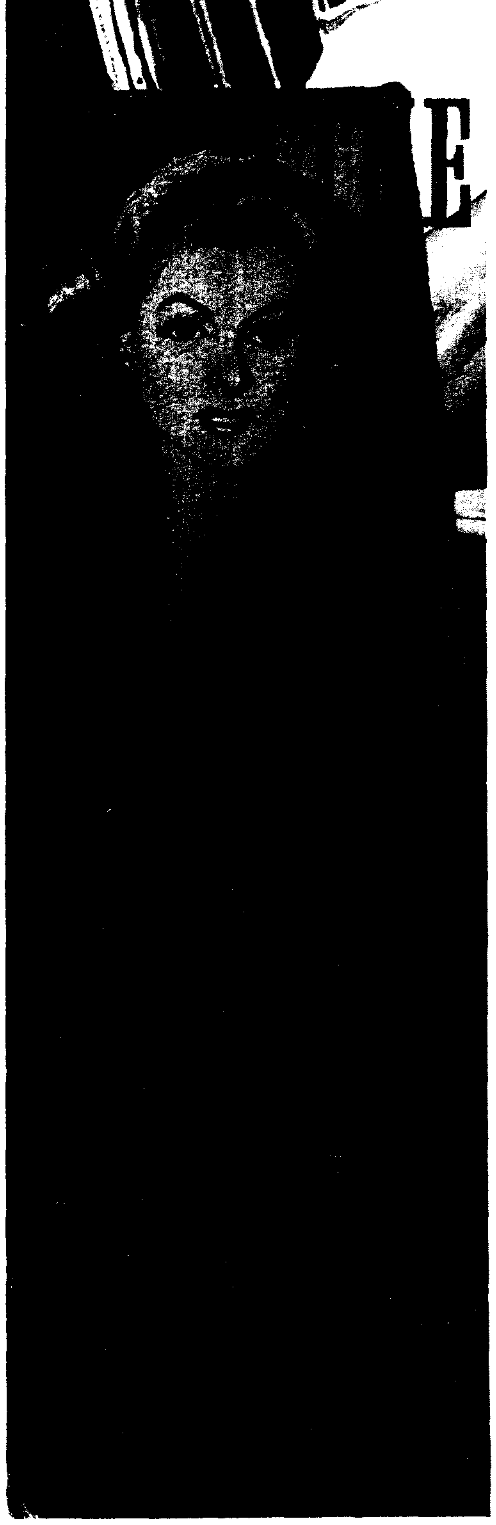


Atlanta's John Hope Homes present a graphic contrast in Negro housing. At left are the neat homes of the project; at right the squalid slums they replaced





E MAN WHO KNEW GREER GARSON



LUCKILY for my work, the weathered cottage I leased from the Knights was tucked behind the humped shoulder of California coast that jutted into the sea, and was protected, symbolically at least, by a flimsy picket fence. I expected to receive some of the beach crowd: a trickling overflow of sunburned, hand-holding pairs hunting a secluded spot for their blankets, Como records, and romance; slightly overcome, elderly couples wearily searching for quiet; and, of course, the tireless beach urchins who scampered about as carelessly as the gulls rode the wind above them and shouted at one another as early, as ceaselessly, and in voices just as shrill and raucous.

So it could have been a pleasant summer; the first two weeks proved that. Some order appeared in the second draft of my novel. I renewed old acquaintances and, in that haphazard manner of beach life, made new ones. I met Dorothy and fell a little bit in love. But at the end of the second week I met Grant Tomkins III.

That afternoon I was sprawled on the veranda, wishing absently that I could afford, and find, better quarters and more palatable whisky. The sun was still bright and far from the horizon but much of the warmth had gone from it. The crowds were shaking their sand-gritted blankets and gathering their paraphernalia. Kids made frenzied last-minute dashes into the chilling surf. The rap on the screened door startled me.

"Good afternoon."

The sun was at his back so I saw only a long, thin shape against the screen. Those two words of greeting marked the voice as a mixture of Oxonian and Hollywood-and-Vine English, deepened by what sounded like a sinus condition but what I guessed was intended to be proper resonance.

"Good afternoon," I said.

"I wonder if I may come in?"

Annoyed that I should have to be reminded of simple manners, I jumped to my feet. "I'm sorry. Certainly."

He closed the door gently behind him. "My name is Grant Tomkins," he said, dangling his right hand. "I live down the beach a piece."

TOMKINS was like a strip of cured bacon. In the faded knee-length shorts his legs were stringy and fleshless as those of an old man, although he could not have passed 35. His too-long hair was watered into place, his browned skin was flaked and dried by the sun. Small pale eyes rested but briefly on me then hurried on to inventory the veranda.

"I hate to make my first visit a begging one," he smiled, looking back at me. "But my ice chest is on the blink. I thought perhaps you would allow me to put these in yours." He held out a box of strawberries.

"Surely." I took them.

"The Ronnie Colmans half promised to drop over," he explained. "I wanted the berries chilled."

"I'm going out later," I apologized. "What time will you want them?"

"Oh, in an hour or so. If you knew Ronnie as I do, you would know why I haven't the courage to serve him warm berries. If I'm not here by seven don't wait. If they can't make it I shan't come back at all."

He might have been telling his man not to wait up for him.

"It is quite a drive from the Colmans'," he went on. "So I might meet them someplace. You never know."

"I shall be here until seven," I promised. "Won't you sit down?"

He looked over the porch chairs rather carefully. "Only for a moment," he said, falling into the one I had occupied. "I want to get a wire off to Ethel to tell her how delighted I am about Annie Get Your Gun. Should have done it long ago. Ethel Merman, you know."

"Yes," I said. "I've heard it is a good show."

My adjective was insufficient. "It is superb! I'm raging that I couldn't make the opening. She sent a note chiding me for missing it."

"Would you like a drink?"

"Thanks, no. I really have to scoot. The Colmans might be early. They promised to bring Greer along if they could; and I want to be there when they arrive. People always cluster around them, you know."

"I dare say."

"But they are wonderful sports. Greer laughs and makes jokes about it. Greer Garson," he added distinctly, rising.

BY MAX HAMPTON

Look over this man's shoulder, and, if you are honest, you will probably see part of your hidden self in his mirror. We did

I stood. "I'm sorry you can't stay."

"So am I," he insisted, giving me a wide and black-with-fillings smile. "But thanks for letting me use your ice chest."

"You are quite welcome."

"Why not come over one afternoon? You might enjoy meeting some of the picture people. Do you know many of them?"

I shook my head. "I once met Marie Dressler."

His smile was patronizing. "Then you will want to come. I'll let you know."

"Thank you."

He closed the door as carefully as before and shuffled off, his long feet kicking small sprays of sand. He turned and waved. I was suddenly irritated that he had seen me watching him go.

SOME people dropped in the next afternoon about five. We were strewn about the veranda, the conversation moving along as erratically as a stone bouncing down a slope. It occurred to me they might be amused by an account of Tomkins' visit. I was waiting my chance to tell them when he appeared at the doorway.

"Hello, there!" he called in, cupping his face against the screen.

"Oh, hello. Come in."

He stepped in, smiling as brightly and uncertainly as a child facing a room of strangers. I introduced them. He was incongruously courtly in those ridiculous shorts and sneakers. Considering that the best-dressed persons on the veranda wore faded slacks, it was startling to see Tomkins half bend at the waist when I presented him to the women. I wondered that he did not interpret the amused incredulity in the eyes of the people he met.

There were no more chairs, so after a moment of indecision, he squatted on the floor, smiling about the room as though we now all shared the same delightful secret. "You didn't come back for your strawberries," I said.

"No. I met them in Beverly Hills. Ronnie was beside himself when he discovered I had strawberries. He wanted to drive right down. The Ronald Colmans," he said, turning to the others.

"Couldn't Mr. Colman find any strawberries?" Dorothy asked innocently.

Tomkins laughed. "That is what I thought. 'Surely, Ronnie,' I said, 'you can find strawberries!' He shook his head and said, 'Not the way you fix them, Grant!' My first name is Grant, you see."

"I see." There was a longish pause. "And how do you fix them?" Dorothy asked.

One of the fellows chuckled and settled back expectantly. Dorothy was known for her cleverness—a legend she worked tirelessly at strengthening.

Tomkins shook his head waggishly. "An old family secret, dear."

"An old Virginia family?" Dorothy suggested. I frowned at her. She pretended not to see me.

Tomkins puckered his lips around a cigarette. "Pennsylvania. Some of the family are Virginia. But we're steel."

"You're what?"

Tomkins waved the match in the air until the flame died. "Steel. You know—girders, hearth furnaces. That sort of thing." He looked archly at her. "Surely, dear, you have heard of Tomkins steel!"

"No, dear. I haven't. But then," Dorothy sighed, "I am a backward waif."

"I have," I put in, partly because I was irritated with Dorothy but mostly because I actually had. Several others said they had, too.

Tomkins beamed about at us. "Well, that is my family. Will you ever forget that frightful stink Father made? Cutting me off and all that. It was in all the papers."

The veranda was silent. The waves, as though exhausted from their bright, tide-pushed day, slapped wearily against the sand. "Cutting you off?" Dorothy asked softly.

He turned eagerly to her. "Yes. When I refused to go into the business. It is maddening. Not a penny do I get until 1950."

"Nice round numbers," Dorothy murmured.

"I beg your pardon?" he asked anxiously.

"Surely, you have friends who will loan you money until then," I said hurriedly. "They must know about this sizable sum you'll inherit."

He leaned back on his elbows, stretching his bare stick legs across the floor. "More fabulous than sizable. But I'm having a wonderful time as it is. Clark is furious with me. He keeps insisting I allow him to loan me money. 'Take it and live as you should, Grant!' he is always saying."

"That would be Mr. Gable?" Dorothy asked politely.

Tomkins nodded enthusiastically. "Marvelous chap. You know him?"

Dorothy shook her head vigorously. "No. But my brother was at officers' school with him. He said once Gable was only four squadrons away from him on the parade ground."

TOMKINS' lips remained in position but the smile had gone. He looked about for a moment before rising. "Well," he said with forced cheerfulness, "I have to trot. Wonderful meeting you all. I hope to see you again."

"Don't hurry away," I said mechanically. But I wanted him to go. The others were beginning to follow Dorothy's lead. I could sense them pulling their chairs closer, waiting for their turn at him.

"I have to dress. I'm meeting Greer for dinner. She has a script she wants me to see. You know how long that takes!"

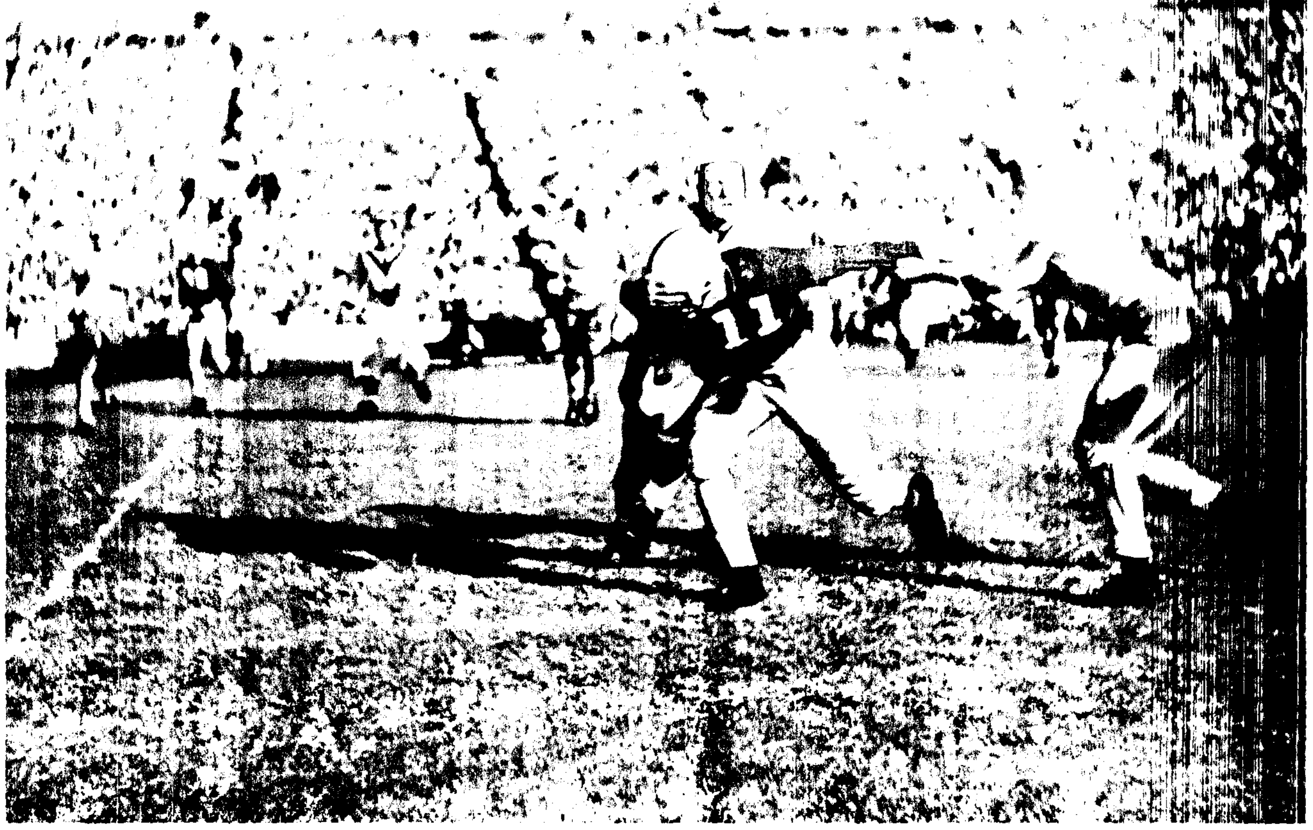
Before Dorothy could ready a remark, I jumped to my feet. "Drop back again."

"I shall. You must all come to see me." He gave an airy collective wave and stepped out the door.

"Hey, your strawberries!"

(Continued on page 85)

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD



Arkansas' Billy Bass has the ball in the Texas-Arkansas game. Momentarily out of the play is Bobby Layne (41), at left

THE LONGHORNS' BIBLE

BY FRANK X. TOLBERT

He could quote Scripture and teach Latin, and his parson recommended him. So he became a great football coach. That's Dana Xenophon Bible

AT SUNDOWN on New Year's Day, 1947, Mr. Dana Xenophon Bible will retire as head coach of the University of Texas Longhorns, the first of the school's football coaches in several decades to quit without being asked to do so.

He will be ending 34 years as a collegiate football teacher, during which time he has made quite a reputation as a sort of messiah in a sweat shirt with guaranteed methods for casting out the devils of athletic-department frustration. Mr. Bible looks like a blend of Knute Rockne, Donald Meek and a Russian field marshal. And Dana Xenophon's cheerful, slightly Oriental face and halolike bald dome have come to symbolize football success and general athletic-department accord at three great colleges, Texas A & M, University of Nebraska and University of Texas, to list them in the order they have received the Biblical treatment.

University of Texas undergraduates and ex-students, who've lived in an atmosphere somewhat like that during the climactic ceremonies at an old-fashioned Baptist revival meeting ever since they wheedled D.X. into becoming the Longhorns' coach, are comforted to know that "Mistah Bible" will stay on as athletic director after he quits coaching. They're sure that the single job will be a simple one for a man with D.X.'s overpowering skill as an organizer. (He has the school's 80,000-some-odd alumni banded together in as tight and well-disciplined an organization as the United Mine Workers, this ex-students' association's sole function being to lure the best of Texas' high-school athletes to the state university.)

The distinctive thing about Mr. Bible's success story at Texas (and at the other schools) is that he has conducted his operations on a very moral plane. This year, the high-scoring Texas team received much favorable notice as the brightest example of amateurism in big-time football. This was pleasing to Texas alumni, who, if D.X. had not consented to be their leader, might have been compelled to hire some gridiron messiah with the ethics of a wrestling promoter.

In the Bible Plan at Texas U—the plan being nothing more than a design for volunteer and highly selective talent-scouting on a giant scale—the policy is to "do everything possible for the athlete consistent with Southwest conference rules." (Before Bible, the "help" given Texas footballers was undisciplined and undemocratic, with the stars living like a bunch of lobbyists, while the less-known performers were, in many cases, lily-white amateurs.)

One of Mr. B.'s first chores at Texas was to carve up the state's 267,339 square miles into 16 districts and organize the alumni by these districts and by counties and towns. D.X. gets regular reports on the talent situation from keymen in every district. At times, The Daily Texan at the university runs cheery essays from the district leaders under the heading, Reports from the Hinterlands on The Bible Plan.

When he first came to the university, Bible got rush construction on a huge and very expensive model dormitory and training table which would house and scientifically nourish all but his married athletes. He spared no effort to create a homelike atmosphere in these resplendent quarters, an atmosphere that would be pleasing to visiting mamas and papas. Few footballers can resist registering at the state university once they have seen the Longhorns' Grand Hotel.

Mr. B. got off to a slow start at Texas. He inherited poor material and it was 1939 before the first gleanings (and very good gleanings they were) of the Bible Plan were eligible to play as sophomores. With a magnificent calm, D.X. took a lot of kidding those first two years with the Longhorns. Probably, though, he boiled inwardly when he and his athletes were labeled Ali Bible and His Forty Sieves, after they'd dropped eight straight games in 1938.

With such decoys as (1) the undisputed educational advantages of one of the richest universities on earth, (2) the still magic name of Dana Xenophon, (3) the most comfortable living quarters in the conference, the 80,000 alumni recruiters were rounding up so many prospects that the Longhorn coaches could be pretty choosy. As a result, in the last half-dozen years, the Longhorns have taken four conference championships and have missed out by only one-game and half-game margins for the other titles.

The 1946 Texas football squad gave Mr. Bible a hot-scoring valedictory. He was so up to his faunlike ears in sports writers and photographers (for the cameramen he has an almost pathological aversion) this autumn that he could scarcely get around to any coaching.

Becoming a Football Savant

Probably because Mr. Bible has a personality somewhat like you'd expect in an archbishop, few writers have ever got very analytical about him. Never before in the public prints has it been told how the youthful D.X. went to the most fantastic lengths to acquire football knowledge. Nor has it been written before how he progressed, in five or six years, from virtual gridiron illiteracy to a place as one of the leading young savants of the game.

For the last 30 football seasons his teams have won 15 major conference championships, a feat which has enabled him to be pretty much the master of his own destiny. When he was only 25, Louisiana State University and Texas A & M were bidding against each other for the services of the young messiah.

Yet his football beginnings are more obscure than those of any other top-rank coach. And he got his first collegiate job mostly on the recommendation of his parson, his knowledge of the Scriptures, and the fact that he was a good teacher of Latin. He was born in 1891 at Jefferson City, Tenn., the son of Jonathan and Cleopatra Bible. He was named in joint honor of a wealthy relative and an ancient Athenian historian. His father was professor of Greek and Latin at the local Baptist college, Carson-Newman.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

D.X. started at Carson-Newman in 1908 and went out for football. The team didn't have a coach, and the players had to furnish most of their own equipment. D.X. quickly became first-string quarterback, for he had more football savvy than anyone else on the team and he was a good ball carrier. At that, D.X. knew only the ABCs of the game, and these he'd learned from the few textbooks on football. Once he scored on a play he'd lifted from a sequence in a Rover Boys volume.

While he was an undergraduate, Bible got a "call" to become a football coach that was as compelling as any summons ever received by a candidate for the ministry. About 1911, he came out of the Big Smokies and began making pilgrimages to the homes of famous coaches all over the country. He pursued the Messrs. Yost, Warner, Stagg and others in the same way the young journalist, Edward Bok, used to pursue Emerson and other New England literary men.

Pointers on Minnesota Shift

While D.X. was pestering the old masters he was asking leading questions and picking up a lot of football knowledge. He stood in naïve reverence while Dr. Williams, the inventive Minnesota coach, showed him the very rocking chair in which he was sitting when he dreamed up the Minnesota shift. D.X. learned a lot about the Minnesota shift while he was worshiping at this Gopher shrine.

He haunted Fielding Yost for part of a summer while the great Michigan coach was spending a vacation trying to develop an oil field in Kentucky. At night on the hotel gallery, D.X. would get the dynamic Yost strung out on line play, passing and other matters.

Some of the coaches were a little annoyed at first by his persistence. All of them soon learned to like the courteous, baldish young scholar.

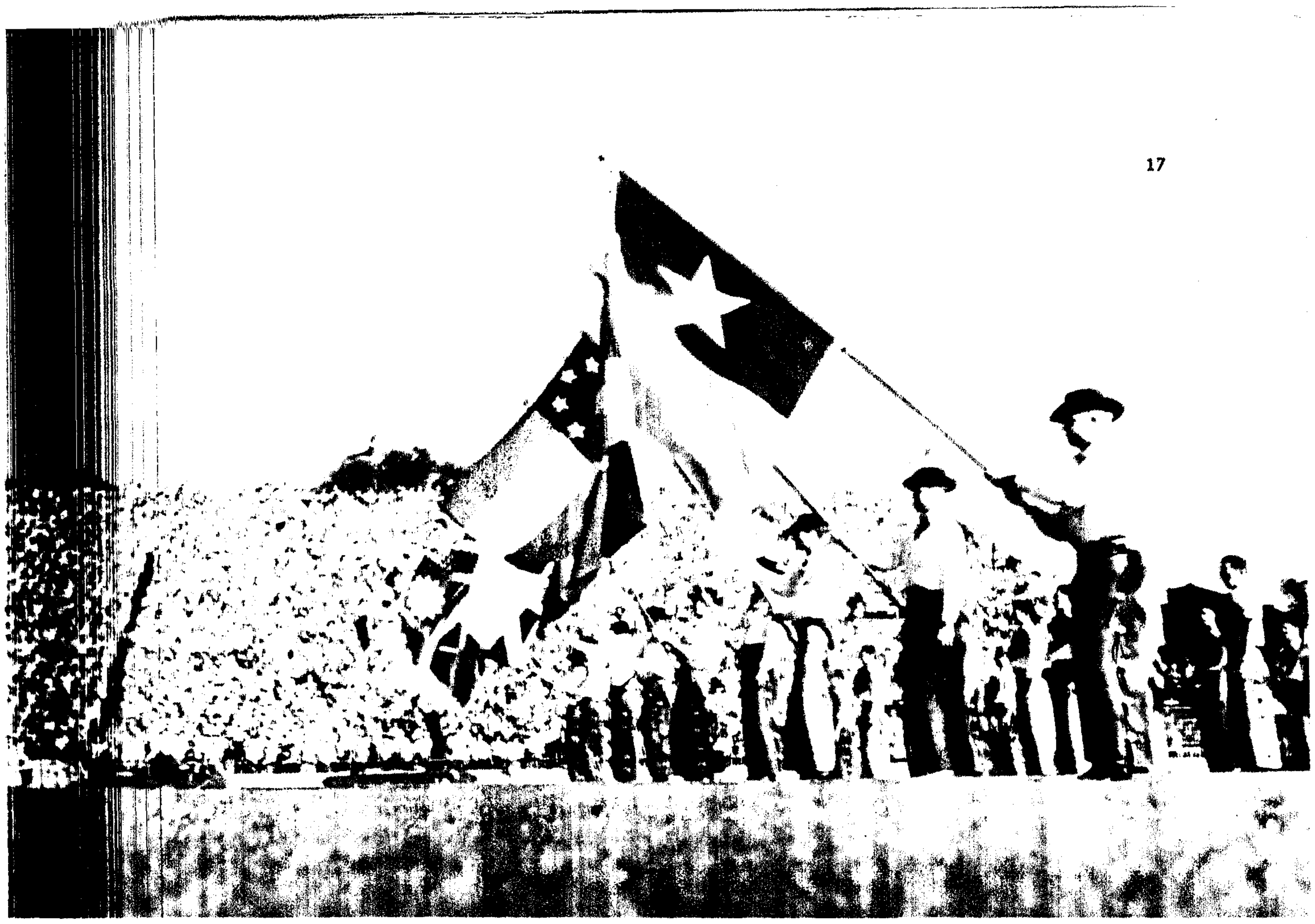
He got his first coaching position in 1912 at Brandon Prep in Shelbyville, Tenn. His squad was small, and D.X. was obliged to play in the backfield a lot, usually with the permission of the opposing team's mentor. This playing on the team almost got him lynched once in an important game with a prep school at Chattanooga. He had a dummy coach on the bench, a student manager in a pulled-down hat and a long duster.

Late in the game with things still scoreless, D.X. stepped through the Chattanooga outfit for a long gain and he was downed by a bunch of tacklers about five yards short of a touchdown. His helmet was knocked off. The crowd, mostly Chattanooga supporters, began to howl angrily. For when Bible arose from the spaghetti snarl of tacklers his bald head was shining like a new moon.

He made the long jump from prep school to collegiate coaching in 1913, shortly after he was baptized in the annual spring Baptist revival by a Reverend Mr. Hobbs, who was an alumnus of Mississippi College. This school was looking for a head football coach with winning ways, who would also have the duties of athletic director and professor of Latin. Without telling his new convert, Reverend Hobbs submitted Bible's name for the Mississippi job.

Mississippi College authorities pondered D.X.'s excellent record at Brandon (possibly unaware that a good number of the team's touchdowns had been scored by the coach) and they

(Continued on page 99)

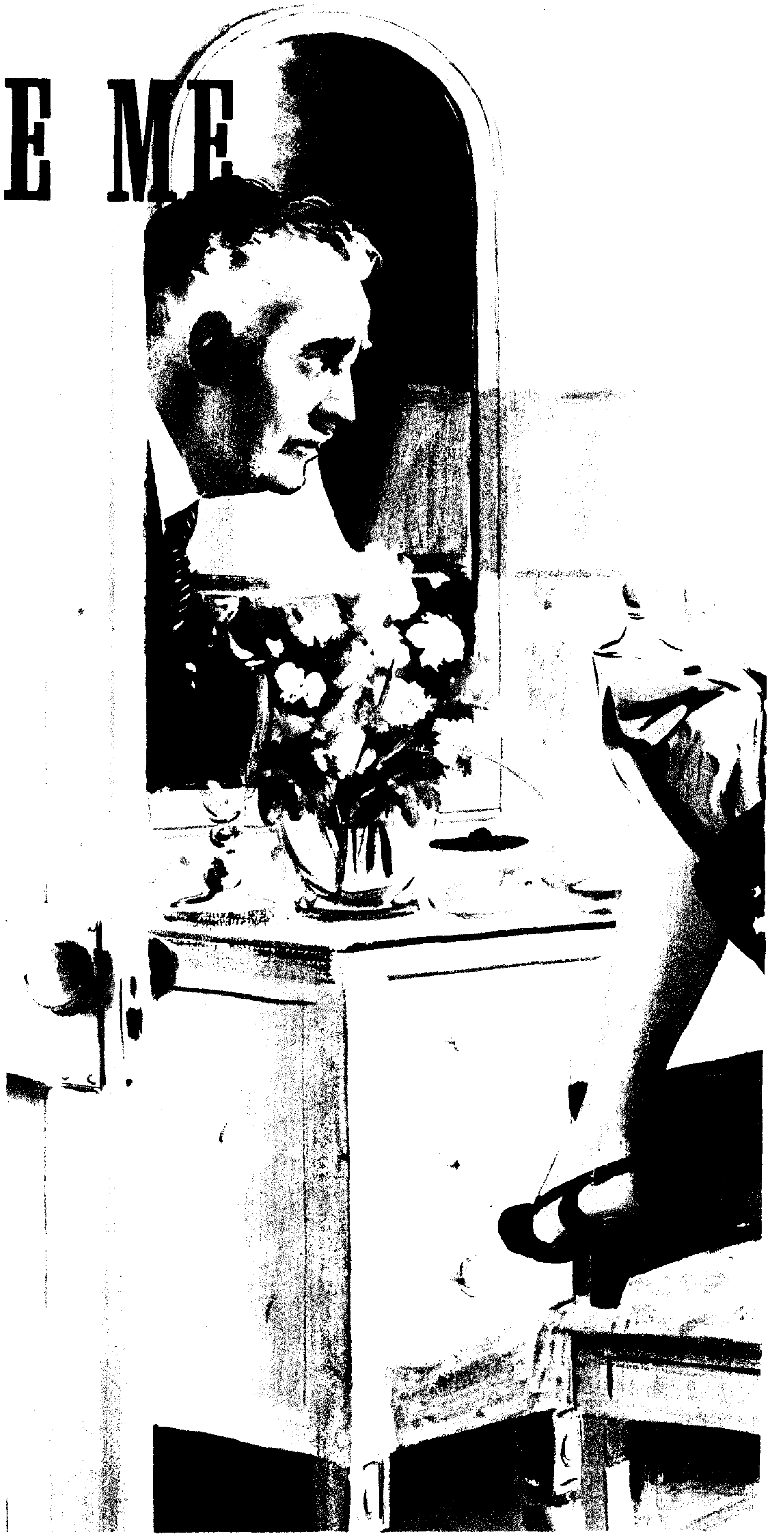


Before the game the University of Texas band and color guard strut their stuff, expecting victory. They get it—20-0

Dana Bible sits unruffled as he watches the game. The player at the left (41) is Bible's great passer, Bobby Layne

DON'T EVER LOVE ME

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN



The Story:

LYNN SHERIDAN, beautiful young copy writer for Trent Advertising, Inc., is terrified. Within three days she has been reported murdered, injured and dead of disease. A mysterious, unidentified woman apparently started all the rumors via telephone calls to the proper authorities. Because he fears for Lynn's safety, ALAN GORDON, Lynn's fiancé, asks his sister-in-law, NITA, to stay at the apartment. The next two days are without incident, but both Alan and Lynn suspect that GLORIA CLAYTON made the peculiar calls. Gloria is the wife of FLOYD CLAYTON, a man who has always been in love with Lynn and who once told Alan that if he (Floyd) couldn't marry her he'd see that no one else did. Gloria's jealousy is notorious.

One night, Lynn goes to the opera with STEWART TRENT, her elderly boss. On the way home, Trent is killed by a bullet that misses Lynn by inches. LIEUTENANT MAX GOLD, of the Homicide Squad, discovers that the fatal shot came from a rifle in the empty brewery across the street from Lynn's apartment building. At Alan's suggestion, Gold questions the Claytons, finds that Gloria would cheerfully kill Lynn, and that Floyd often goes to the brewery so he can watch Lynn in her apartment. Floyd is drunk, and very soon passes out.

II

THEY put Floyd Clayton to bed. He didn't know anything about it.

Max Gold, Andy Sullivan and the other cop searched the apartment, and went through the clothes Floyd had been wearing. Gold said, "Nothing. Not a doggone thing."

He spoke to Gloria. "This has been tough on you, Mrs. Clayton. We'll clear out now." She looked at him in surprise, and he went on, "No, we're not arresting you or your husband. I don't make pinches for the fun of it. My rule is, never grab a guy unless you can make it stick. So far, I got nothing to go on.

"Don't either of you do anything foolish. You couldn't get away, so don't try. Keep liquor away from your husband. Him and me have got a lot of talking to do. I want his head clear when the time comes."

Outside the dingy apartment, Alan looked at Gold and asked, "What next?"

"Nothing. Not now, anyway."

"You think it was Clayton?"

"I don't *think* anything, son. It could have been. Or it could have been Gloria."

"But she said—"

"It doesn't matter what she said. She can't prove she was home. For all we know she was out most of the time." He paused and then said thoughtfully, "She sure ain't crazy about Miss Sheridan."

Lynn said, "I can't say that I blame her, Lieutenant."

"That Clayton guy would be a washout in any league," Max commented disgustedly. He looked at Lynn. "There's a woman mixed up in this somewhere. Good and deep. The two telephone calls—they both were made by a woman. We checked on the obit that was in last Sunday's paper. The girl in the classified department there *thinks* it was a woman, but she ain't sure. She says someone came in, gave the name of the deceased and the mortician . . . and asked her to phrase it the right way. She paid cash for the announcement. That's the way it's usually done."

Gold spoke to Lynn. "No sense pulling punches, Miss Sheridan. Somebody's got a mad on. Maybe it's Floyd Clayton, maybe his wife, maybe somebody else. Would you like me to stick somebody on you, for protection?"

"What do you think, Lieutenant?"

"I think I want to do whatever'll make you feel better. My opinion is that nothing will happen for a while. They know the police are on the job. Even if they've got the idea of going ahead eventually, it'd seem as though it wouldn't be right now. Of course if you're scared . . ."

"Of course I'm scared. But I can't be guarded all the time. And even if I were—take tonight for instance: The best bodyguard in the world couldn't have prevented someone shooting at me from across the street."

Gold said, "Keep your eyes and ears open. I think it looks like Clayton . . . with or without his wife helping. But what I think doesn't mean a thing. Keep in touch with me." He hesitated. "Of course you know there'll be certain formalities . . ."

"I know. And publicity."

"That can't be helped." He held the outer door open for them. "I still have the car. Anywhere I can drop you?"

Lynn said, "The nearest telephone. I've got to see Carol."

"Who's that?"

"Stewart Trent's daughter."

Gold said, "Look—I was going there. It'll be too tough on you."

"She's a friend of mine, Lieutenant. If you're going, too, there's nothing I can do about it. But I ought to be the one to tell her."

He looked relieved. "I'm glad to get out of it, Miss Sheridan."

The squad car cruised around until the driver located an all-night drugstore. Lynn and Alan told Max good night and went inside. A sleepy prescription clerk directed them to the telephone booths.

ALAN was regarding Lynn with amazement. Her courage was something for the books. Right now she was facing about as unpleasant a task as could be imagined. With his hand on the door of the phone booth, he asked, "What'll you tell Carol?"

"Nothing. I'll tell Larry. He can make up a story about why we're coming over."

She dropped a nickel in the slot and spun the dial. There was a pause and then a sleepy male voice answered.

"Larry?"

"Yes."

Lynn spoke softly. "Don't say anything on your end. Nothing that would alarm Carol."

The man's voice sounded wide awake now. It said, "Yes . . . ?" with a rising inflection.

"This is Lynn Sheridan. Get a grip on yourself, because I'm going to give it to you straight. All set?"

"Yes."

"You remember that stuff I told you about? The visits of police and ambulance to my apartment, and then the obituary notice in Sunday's paper?"

"Yes."

"Well, somebody tried to kill me tonight."

"Good Lord . . ."

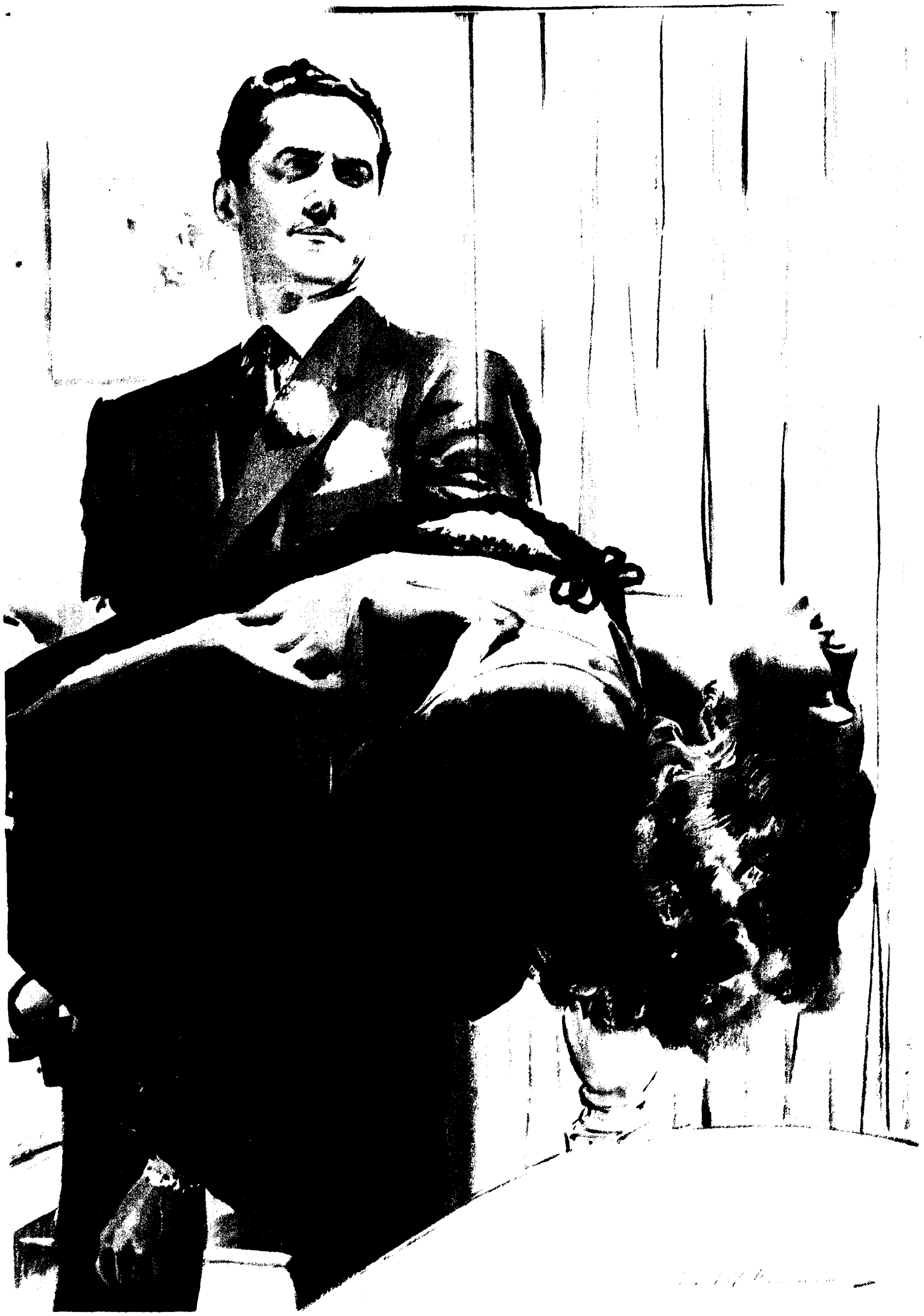
Lynn said sharply, "Hold it! Careful! There's more coming. Brace yourself. Stewart Trent was killed."

She heard a sound from the other end, as though Larry Anderson was struggling to keep himself under control. Then his voice, strained and tense: "Go ahead."

"I've been with the police ever since. I want to be the one to tell Carol. Alan and I are coming over. Is she asleep?"

"Not now, she isn't. She's sitting up in bed firing questions at me. Wants to know what beautiful gal is calling me up at three o'clock in the morning."

"Nice work," Lynn complimented.



Coleman picked up the inert figure of Lynn Sheridan and carried her to the bedroom. "Isn't it dangerous to move her?" Morley said from the door

"We'll be waiting . . ." Then Lynn heard him talking to his wife. He said, "Aw, be yourself, kitten, I'll tell you all about it . . ." Then, into the phone again: "That all, Lynn?"

"That's all. 'By."

Outside, a cab came along and Alan hailed it. The cabby said, "Wanna go through the park?"

Alan answered: "That'll be okay."

For a few seconds Lynn sat motionless, staring straight ahead. Alan slid close to her, and put his arm around her. The contact seemed to do things. She had the strength to take it on the chin just so long.

She started crying again. He held her tight, saying, "You poor kid . . . you poor kid . . ." But he didn't try to stop her. This was good. Let her cry it out. Up to now, she hadn't had time to think. Now it was like a dreadful nightmare. But there wouldn't be any waking from this. It'd be with her tomorrow and the next day and the day after that. For a long time. Until the police found the culprit, or until . . .

THE alternative wasn't pleasant. Alan's jaw tightened. This thing looked like unfinished business. Somebody wanted to kill Lynn. Eventually, if he weren't caught, he'd try again.

It was senseless. Fantastic. Aside from the Floyd Clayton setup, Lynn's life had all been smooth sailing.

He'd kept pretty quiet all evening. That had been calculated. His scientifically trained mind had been on the alert for facts. Theories didn't mean a thing. The wrong theory could prove dangerous, because it might result in lowering the guard against the real menace.

The thought of what lay ahead of Lynn revolted him. Publicity, gossip, poisoned tongues which would wag with scandal and refuse to accept the truth of the father-and-daughter relationship which had existed between Lynn and Stewart Trent.

And the danger. That certainty kept recurring. Alan knew that the end was not yet, and he railed at his own inadequacy.

They reached their destination swiftly. Larry Anderson let them in. He was an impressively handsome man, six feet tall, weighing just under 200 pounds. He was wearing a striking black-and-white dressing gown. He had dark hair and nice eyes. He started to say something when Carol appeared.

Carol Anderson—only child of Stewart Trent—was nice. When you'd said that about her, you'd said it all. She clung to her husband's arm, gave him a worshipful look, and invited her guests in.

Carol's pale eyes were wide with interest. It was obvious that her husband had told her nothing. It was also apparent that he was concerned over the shock that she was about to receive. He seated himself on the couch and pulled her down beside him. He said, "Right here, kitten. This is where you belong."

She beamed. You couldn't miss the adoration she had for her big, handsome husband. She snuggled against him; a plain woman, but a very happy one.

"What is it, Lynn?" she asked.

Lynn didn't know just how to begin. Alan wished he could help her. Lynn went to the couch and sat on the other side of Carol. She took Carol's hand and said, "It's important, dear . . . and it isn't nice . . ."

For the first time, Carol looked frightened. She said, "I thought maybe . . . maybe you just wanted a nightcap . . ."

"No. Nothing like that." Lynn drew a deep breath, and plunged in. Carol sat rigidly. She didn't say anything.

Lynn said, "That's how it was, dear. Someone tried to kill me. They almost succeeded. I wish now that they had."

Carol's hand pressed against her lips. She said, "Oh, no!"

She was staring across the room, staring at nothing. Realization had not yet come to her, but it was on the way.

Larry Anderson saw it coming. He pulled Carol's head down against his breast. He looked at Lynn and Alan. He said quietly, "Maybe you'd better leave us alone. I'll take care of her."

IN THE conference room of Trent Advertising, Inc., a gentleman rose from his chair at the head of the table. He was Ellsworth Morley, executive vice-president of Trent Advertising, Inc. He was 45 years of age, and the quintessence of everything that one justifiably might have expected an executive vice-president to be.

Ever since the death of Stewart Trent, Mr. Morley had been viewing with alarm the possible repercussions on the firm. The suggestion of scandal, which certain newspapers had taken great pains not to ignore, shocked him . . . and he was more than a trifle afraid that it might shock any or all of Trent's most important accounts.

Satisfied that everybody of importance was present, Mr. Morley started to talk. He had a pleasant voice and an easy delivery. He touched briefly on the fact that they were all upset by the death of Mr. Trent, and that the

(Continued on page 28)

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

A LITTLE NERVE

BY ROBERT GRIFFITH

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

WE WERE driving along about thirty miles from Lilyville when we came to this roadside lunchroom. Jack wanted to stop for pie and coffee. I knew he would get sore if I put up an argument so I said okay. After we ate, Jack saw the slot machine; he put in two nickels and got nothing. Then he said to the fat man back of the counter, "Give us a buck's worth of nickels."

"Jack," I said, "we only got about two dollars and something."

But I gave him a dollar bill, and he got the nickels and went on shoving them in the slot. All he got back was twos and fours, and he began to yank harder on the handle, getting sore. The jack pot was loaded; that was why he kept playing.

The fat man looked at our new overalls and said, "You boys out looking for work?"

"No," Jack said, "we're running away from it." Then, after the nickels were gone, Jack said, "You got that thing fixed so it don't pay off."

"I never asked you to play it," the fat man said. "If you want to throw away your last dollar, okay."

"Don't you worry about my last dollar," Jack said.

"Let's go, Jack," I said.

We went out to the car and started for Lilyville. I could see Jack was thinking more about the dollar he lost than the job we had ahead of us.

"I don't mind spending a buck," Jack said, "but I hate getting gypped out of it. That machine takes in twenty bucks a day, anyways."

I looked at my watch and showed Jack it was almost eleven.

He said, "The next guy comes in there will put in one nickel and take that jack pot. . . ."

The town-hall clock said twenty past twelve when we drove down the main street of Lilyville. We'd figured out that was the best time. I stopped the car in front of the bank. I left the engine running.

"Come on," Jack said. He jumped out and started for the bank.

I looked in the bank window. Nobody was in there only an old lady, besides the one man and the girl that worked through noon hour. But just as we hit the sidewalk, two men walked in the bank ahead of us. I grabbed Jack's arm.

"Wait till they come out," I said.

"Come on," Jack said. He pulled open the screen door and walked in the bank. I followed him in.

JACK pulled the gun out of his overalls and started pushing the two men over toward the old lady. The men both turned around mad; they changed quick when they saw the gun.

"Lay on the floor," Jack said. He swung the gun on the cashier behind the cage. "Get your hands up," he said.

I jumped up on the counter and climbed over the cage.

"What's going on?" the cashier said.

"Open up that vault," Jack said, sticking his gun through the wicket. "Open up that vault and fork over all the dough."

"It's a time lock," the cashier said.

I was scooping up all the bills I could find, stuffing them in the bag sewed inside my overalls.

Jack said to the cashier, "Open up that vault, I said."

"I can't do it," the cashier said. "It's a time lock."

"Let's get out of here," I said. "I got a bagful now."

"Give that guy a boot in the belly," Jack said. "Make him open up that vault."

"Let's get out of here," I said. I jumped up on the counter and started climbing back over the cage.

"Get some change," Jack said.

"We can't bother with that," I said.

The old lady started talking. "You two ought to be ashamed of yourselves. You'll be caught and punished—"

"Shut up before I kick your old head in," Jack said.

"Come on, come on, Jack," I said.

Jack reached through the wicket and grabbed a couple rolls of coins, and we ran out and got in the car, Jack behind the wheel. We headed down the main street out of town. The cashier ran out with a big gun and shot two, three times in the air.

"You left a couple hundred dollars change back there," Jack said.

We came to the side road and drove along a mile or so and turned off into the woods to wait till dark.

"How much you think we got there?" Jack said.

"About ten or fifteen thousand," I said, dumping the bag of bills out onto the grass.

We sat down and counted it. There was about fourteen hundred dollars. Jack got sore and jumped up and kicked at the pile of bills. "Why didn't you take a punch at that cashier?" he said. "He was just bluffing."

"He didn't act to me like he was bluffing," I said. "Anyways, it's a good day's pay, if we get away."

"Who's going to stop us?"

We took off the New York plates and cleaned up the car so it looked different, and hid our overalls under a big rock. And then we waited until dusk to start off. Down the main road a ways we came to a fork, and Jack turned right. I said, "We don't want to go this way, do we? This is the way we came."

"You're all mixed up," Jack said.

I wasn't sure, and I didn't want to start an argument, so I didn't say any more. Then we came to this roadside place. Jack stopped the car.

When we walked into the place I saw the same fat man and the same nickel machine, and I knew Jack had come back on purpose.

"Give us a couple of hamburgers," Jack said.

The fat man started for the kitchen. "Did you boys find any work?"

"Work?" Jack said, "I wouldn't dirty my hands working."

The fat man went in the kitchen. Jack fished out a roll of nickels and broke it open and started shoving them in the slot. At first he pulled the handle down easy and let it snap back. He was smiling, and he said, "Nobody got that jack pot yet."

He kept playing, getting twos and fours sometimes, but mostly blanks. He got sore after a while and started yanking harder on the handle. Then I looked out in the kitchen. The fat man wasn't there, and there wasn't any hamburgers frying.

I grabbed Jack by the arm.

"That fat guy went somewheres," I said. "Let's get out of here."

Jack looked in the kitchen and saw I was right. He had two nickels left, and he put one in the slot and yanked down on the handle. It came up lemons. Jack began swearing. He grabbed the machine and shook it. He put in the other nickel and grabbed the handle again. Then the door opened up, and I saw the shotguns.

One of the deputies said, "Raise your hands way up, boys—and don't you try anything funny."

Jack looked around and reached for his gun. Two of them let him have it with their shotguns. The noise liked to blown the roof off. Jack sunk down, and he never once moved after he hit the floor.

THE deputies all ran in and one of them shoved his shotgun in my stomach and backed me against the counter. They were all excited and they started going through my pockets and through Jack's. One of them found the paper from the roll of nickels and said, "It's them, it's them, all right."

The fat man kept saying, "I knew it was them, I was sure of it." He pointed to me. "I remembered this one from this morning. He acted nervous this morning, and he acted nervouser tonight. I said to myself, 'It's them two guys robbed the bank at Lilyville.' I run down the road to get you deputies."

Then he came up to me. "If you want to go around robbing banks, Bud," he said, "you need a little nerve. If you had a little nerve like your pal there, I'd never suspected you was the ones robbed that bank."

I didn't feel like arguing with anybody just then.

One of the deputies took a pull at the slot-machine handle. He was surprised when the wheels started spinning. I remembered Jack had just put in a nickel before they shot him. The wheels gave a clank, and the nickels spit out all over the floor, the jack pot and all.

The deputies started running around picking up the nickels, all except the one holding his gun in my stomach. They were all laughing and grabbing for nickels.

I looked over where Jack lay, and I almost thought he would jump up and swear and maybe throw that slot machine through a window or something, but he never moved.

NO PRISSY IS CISSY

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

ONE day the movies will doubtless get around to filming the fabulous life of Eleanor Medill Patterson. As newly elected chairman of the New York Daily News, which has the largest circulation in the country, as outright owner of the raucous Washington Times-Herald, and as a principal shareholder in the Chicago Tribune and affiliated news syndicates, Cissy Patterson—no one calls her Eleanor—is probably the most powerful woman in America. And perhaps the most hated.

The movie producer will have two distinct problems. The first will be to make her believable. Her routine extravagances would make Mr. Moviegoer gulp even though his generation was weaned on supercolossals. He would consider it unlikely, for example, that she would demand to have her bed linen changed because she had lain down for a moment's rest. He would hardly credit the seven sets of chintz slip covers once carried in the Ranger, her private Pullman car, so she could have a new pattern on all the furnishings every day. Especially unbelievable would be her order from Bergdorf Goodman for twenty pairs of shoes in identical style and, once when she left for Florida, one each of the entire line of Tina Leser bathing suits.

Mr. Moviegoer would not believe these things because he knows they happen only to beautiful and glamorous young women. But at no time in her 62 years has Mrs. Patterson been beautiful. And though she is irascible and tempestuous and witty and generous and fond of dry champagne, she distinctly is not glamorous.

The movie producer's second problem will be to avoid a lawsuit. In the forty-odd years since she was a lithe, graceful and headstrong Washington debutante, people have been continuously telling tales about Cissy. These tales have been woven and rewoven into a bizarre legend now widely accepted as gospel. It has just enough truth to be spicy and just enough untruth to be libelous.

Since the legend was compounded mainly by her large and growing circle of enemies, it is mostly uncomplimentary. It is further complicated by the fact that Mrs. Patterson's excellent memory operates strictly in her own whimsical behalf. What is unpleasant to remember, she casually forgets.

Nevertheless, as a motion-picture story the stormy international career of the rich and incredible Mrs. Patterson is made to order. She is probably the only woman alive who is a near-recluse, yet who is so omnipresent that no day goes by in which somebody somewhere doesn't curse her by name. Before she was twenty she was a magnificent horsewoman, a superb swimmer, an expert big-game hunter and the center of gossip in Europe's two most romantic capitals, Vienna and St. Petersburg. Since those days she has engaged in bitter, enduring and very public battles with some of the best mental heavyweights in Washington. By rough-and-tumble verbal tactics she has driven most of them to cover without retreating one step from her position of bellicose defiance. She is impulsively generous and impulsively a hellcat, and her 900 employees are about evenly divided between those who swear by and at her. To her closest friends she is an enigma; they have long since ceased trying to understand her. But on three things they will agree: Cissy is never dull, never happy and is one of the greatest newspaper editors this country has produced.

The boss of the Washington Times-Herald and the New York News is almost a recluse, and probably a day doesn't go by that someone doesn't curse her by name. But she's one of the greatest editors this country has produced

The Evening Star
THE CITADEL CAPTURED GERMANS CLAIM

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF—PIX

Reversing the Alger Success Formula

Mrs. Patterson was forty-six years old when she decided to become a newspaperwoman. She had written two novels. While on a hunting trip in the West she had done a few society-leader-hunts-big-game stories for Hearst's Chicago Examiner. With these and an article for an obscure Paris publication as her total newspaper experience she might have been worth $20 a week on the average newspaper had her name been Eleanor Glutz instead of Eleanor Patterson. But characteristically she didn't want to begin at the bottom and work up; she wanted to begin at the top and stay there.

She looked around for someone to put the finger on. Cousin Bertie McCormick on the Chicago Tribune and Brother Joe on the New York Daily News wouldn't take her on her terms. Friend William Randolph Hearst was in Europe. But Arthur Brisbane, top editorial man in the Hearst empire, was also a friend. She called him up and asked him to get her a job on one of Hearst's Washington papers, the Herald or the Times.

Mr. Brisbane reasoned that Mrs. Patterson could hardly harm these papers, which were then somewhere near the bottom of the heap. She might even give a Washington paper a brief shot in the arm. In July, 1930, he cabled Hearst for permission to make her editor of the Herald for a year for $10,000, and got the green light. He then told Frank Knox, Hearst general manager, to take her to Washington and break the news to the staff—tactfully, tenderly.

In the Herald office Knox called in key members of the staff to explain what was happening. A mere change—a new face—was a commonplace; the Herald had had fifty publishers, of whom some lasted less than a week

(Continued on page 72)

To measure intelligence of a child with reading difficulties, a performance test is used. Even if she doesn't know "cat" she'll get a true I.Q.

Bob and Mac.
Mac wants to play ball.
He wants to play with Bob.
He likes to play with Bob.

No matter what his age, no child is allowed to tackle reading till he is ready. Here a couple of first graders look at a reading readiness book

Older pupils learn to break down words in order to understand them. Here they use prefix and suffix wheels in a classroom exercise on word analysis

WHY CAN'T THEY READ?

BY AMY PORTER

A third of all school children are illiterate. St. Louis decided to find out why and do something about it. Another article in our series on education in America

UT of 2,000,000 youngsters who started off to school for the first time this fall, some 600,000 are foredoomed to failure. Some will be "left back" in the first grade. Some will stumble along, suffering because they can't keep up, until they bog down completely along about the fourth grade.

The laggards may still be passed along, under "compulsory promotion," grade after grade, learning nothing except to hate school, while one harassed teacher after another tries, without much hope, to pull them forward. But high school will be the pay-off.

Their trouble will be simply that they cannot read.

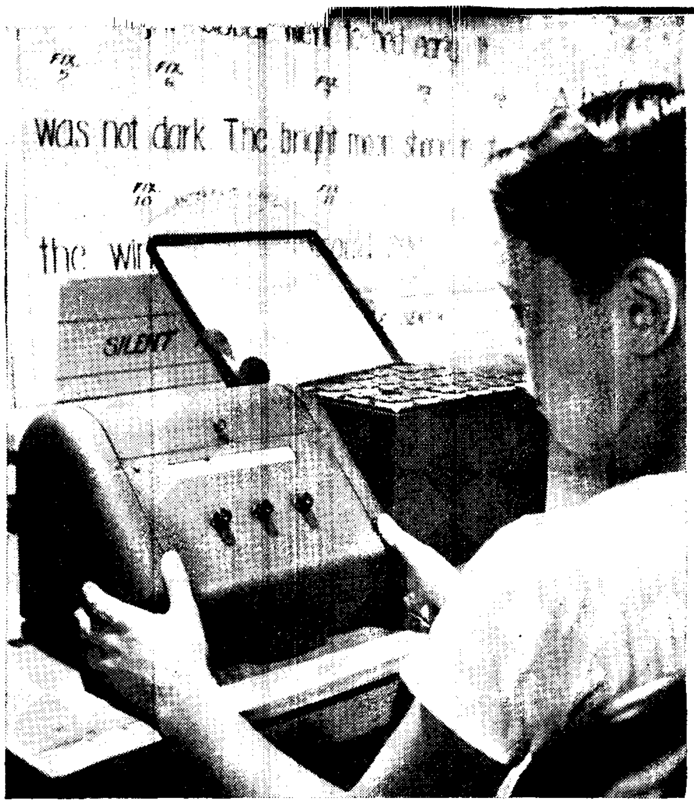
In earlier days, such misfits used to drop out of school and go to work at age 12 or 13, but the law won't allow that any more. Now the nonreaders and poor readers must remain in the system, no matter how tragically maladjusted. Furthermore, they have a bad effect on the rest of the class, dragging the whole school program down to a lower, slower level.

It's nothing new; it's been going on for years. It is common knowledge among educators that at least one third of our school children lag behind their age and grade in reading, all the way through school. Thousands emerge from high school totally unable to read and comprehend so much as the daily paper. As for reading for pleasure—only a lucky minority ever learn to do that.

It's an alarming picture, but fortunately the schools are alarmed too, and they have set out to do something about it. Among those which already have a working program are the St. Louis schools. They have embarked on a radical campaign: They are undertaking to teach every normal school child in the city to read.

St. Louis' prize exhibit so far in its

A qualified nurse gives a hearing test. Poor readers sometimes suffer from bad eyes or ears



The metronoscope trains eyes to move more rapidly and efficiently. The chart shows how the eyes behave

William Kottmeyer, director of the Reading Clinic, photographs a child's eye movements

Speech difficulties, too, may cause trouble. This girl learns to correct faulty production of certain sounds

brave new experiment is the case of a 14-year-old boy in the eighth grade. When he was tested, it was discovered that he could not read. Not that he read poorly. He could not read at all. He recognized just 22 words. Whole sentences were beyond him.

The school principal sent him, with his mother, to the newly established Reading Clinic. There the mother stated to the Clinic director: "It's not my fault he can't read. *I* have tried hard enough to teach him."

The boy, big, awkward, uneasy, avoided the director's eyes, while his mother rushed on: "Take the word 'cat.' I wrote that word down on a piece of paper for him and told him it was 'cat.' I made him say it after me. Next morning, I showed him the piece of paper and asked him what that word was. He said he didn't know. I told him again. That night he still didn't know 'cat.' Well, sir, this went on for three days, and when he said he didn't know again, I got so mad I gave him a wallop that knocked him clear across the room. 'Now what's the word?' I said, and he said, 'Cat.'

"He can't read much yet, but he sure knows 'cat,' and I'm telling you that's the way to do it. Wallop him every time he makes a mistake."

The Clinic director, William Kottmeyer, says that in a way the mother was right: "If you associate a word with a vivid personal experience, the child tends to remember the word." However, since a child entering high school is expected to have a reading vocabulary of 10,000 words, that would add up to a lot of wallops.

The mother departed, and the clinic got to work on the boy. First they measured and tested and checked him for defects, physical and mental, with the Clinic's consulting doctors co-operating. His vision and hearing were found to be normal. The boy had a reputation as a hell-raiser, but the psychologist found him emotionally normal, and wrote off the hell-raising as a natural reaction to classroom misery.

They tested his intelligence—not using the familiar Binet test, which depends upon language ability in the first place, but putting him through the Cornell-Coxe performance test. Here, working with blocks and colored designs and cutouts, the subject reveals his ability to recognize differences and likenesses, and to exercise other judgments. By all the tests, this boy had normal intelligence.

With basic difficulties eliminated, the clinicians now set about to discover in detail exactly *what* the boy's reading troubles were. They brought into play their clinic machines: the flashmeter, which measures speed of word recognition; the movie camera, which records habits of eye movement; the metronoscope, which prevents the eye from going back to reread a phrase or a line. They discovered exactly how often this boy's eyes halted in their movement (or reached a point of fixation) in scanning 100 words. Did he omit the endings of words? Did certain letter-sounds give him more difficulty than others? When he met a new word, how did he attack it? By guessing? By trying to spell it out? What were his errors of pronunciation? Did he say "de" for "the"? "Hisself" for "himself"? Did he understand what was read aloud?

They went at this boy with microscopic patience until his every last difficulty was identified and recorded on a big folding chart.

Now the clinicians set about removing his difficulties, one by one, in the same way a good surgeon sets about an intricate operation. For each difficulty they evolved a particular tailor-made treatment—drills, exercises, word analyses—and instead of wallops, plenty of encouraging pats on the back.

After nine months of Clinic instruction, some of it private, some of it in class, this boy who couldn't read at all was reading at the sixth-grade level. The next year he entered high school, continuing with remedial reading on the side. As he lost his fear of the printed word, the boy began to get going under his own power, and the Clinic discharged him as "cured," which means able to progress without special aid. This year he is one of the most satisfactory boys in high school—good student, good athlete, good citizen. Formerly a potential juvenile delinquent, he has done a complete about-face.

Meeting a Clinic consultant on her rounds at his school the other day, he shook hands and said that he could read anything now. "I read the newspapers," he said eagerly. "I read books I don't have to read. I *like* to read."

A Condition and a Remedy

The St. Louis reading project had its beginning in the mind of Philip J. Hickey, who became Superintendent of Instruction there in 1942. Hickey, like other educators, knew that reading was in a bad way in the schools. He also knew what the standard cure was: remedial reading.

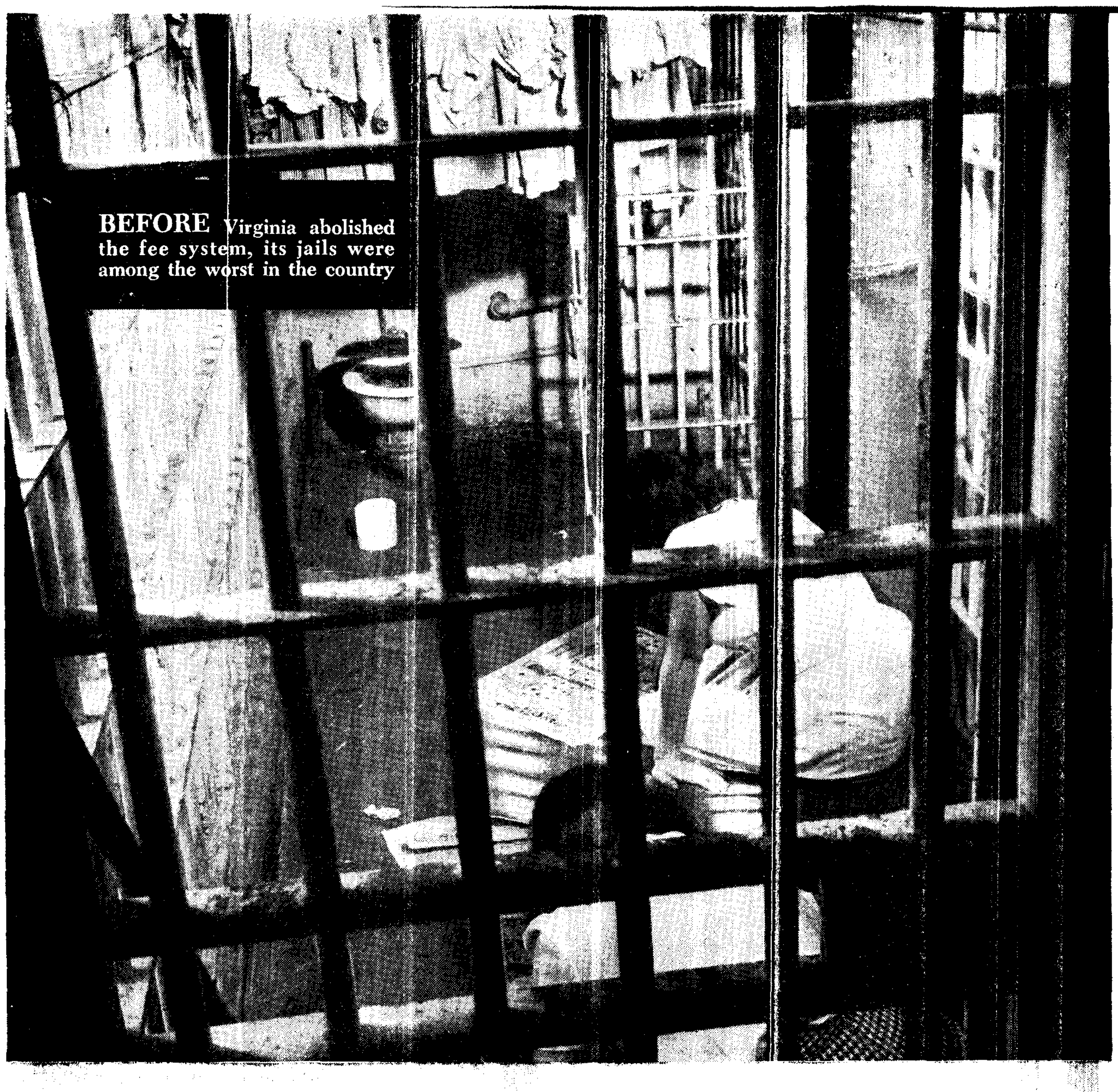
Now remedial reading is taught by that comparatively new breed of teacher—the reading specialist. These specialists have proved their worth in scattered clinics in a few big cities, but, like penicillin in its early days, they are both rare and expensive. Generally they are called in to treat only the most desperate cases. Hickey was eager to spread the benefits of the best reading instruction to *all* students, the bright as well as the less bright.

Hickey found the crusading partner he needed in Kottmeyer, who was then setting up a teacher-training program in reading at Harris Teachers College, St. Louis. Kottmeyer is a self-made reading specialist. He never took a course in the subject, but he did study all available literature, applied what he learned to his own teaching, did original research, and worked out some new techniques of his own. (He is the author of Handbook for Remedial Reading.)

He set up the Clinic on a modest scale. It is housed in an old-fashioned frame dwelling, and has a staff of only five, including the director. But after three years of hard labor, these five have managed to leaven the entire 90,000-student school system of St. Louis.

(Continued on page 60)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN—PIX

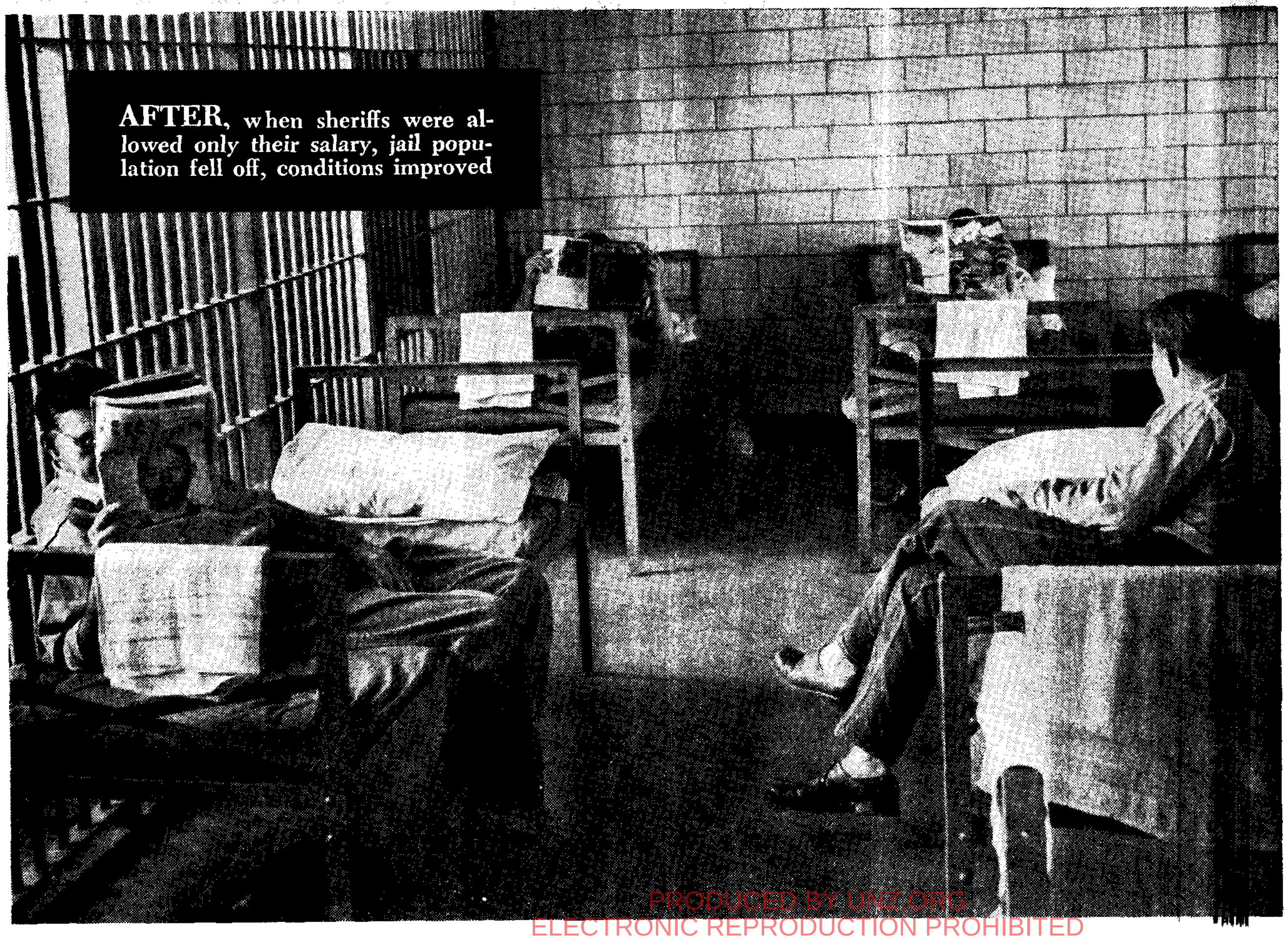


BEFORE Virginia abolished the fee system, its jails were among the worst in the country

COUNTY PORK BARREL

BY VERA CONNOLLY

Many American jails are filthy and degrading, thanks to a system which too often corrupts and enriches the sheriff and the politicians



AFTER, when sheriffs were allowed only their salary, jail population fell off, conditions improved

AN INSPECTOR for the Federal Bureau of Prisons, on a routine trip to find out what city and county jails were fit for the temporary housing of federal prisoners, arrived at a small county seat in New England. He found the jail doors locked, and the sheriff sitting on the steps.

"Guess you'd better come back some other time," said the sheriff. "This ain't a good day to inspect."

"Why not?" asked the inspector.

"No need to," replied the sheriff. "Nothin' wrong. Later on, maybe."

"I'll wait," the inspector said.

"Lost the keys," said the sheriff.

"I'll wait until you find them."

"Well," the sheriff said, "fact is, ain't nobody in there."

"You mean your jail's empty?"

"Well, yes, for the time bein'."

"Then I'll wait until it fills up again." The inspector lacked the authority to compel the sheriff to open the jail for inspection, so he waited. Finally a man came down the street and jauntily climbed the jail steps.

"Hi, Sheriff," he said.

"Hi, Charley," said the sheriff. He got up, unlocked the jail door, and the man went inside. A little later two men, both of whom obviously had been drinking, came along and were likewise admitted. By late afternoon more than a score of men and half a dozen women had arrived. Then the sheriff finally said that he had given the prisoners, locked up on charges ranging from vagrancy to assault, burglary and prostitution, the afternoon off! Some had gone to the movies, some had visited their families, some had gone to a ball game, some had transacted personal business, and two of the women admittedly had gone off to practice the trade which had brought about their arrest. The inspector remarked that, to put it mildly, he was surprised.

"What's wrong?" the sheriff asked. "They all came back, didn't they?"

In Jail—But with Privileges

A few weeks later, in the Harrison County jail at Clarksburg, West Virginia, a federal inspector found this notice posted on the bulletin board: "Order No. 2: No deputies will give prisoners permission to attend shows without first informing the day or night jailer." These shows were in the town, not in the jail; the jail had no recreation facilities. In the District of Columbia jail, two convicted murderers were permitted to pass the time playing cards with the guards. One night they overpowered their playmates, cut through the roof ventilator with a can opener, and escaped.

Such slipshod methods of administration are among the least of the evils practiced in certain American city and county jails. Many local sheriffs have come to regard lightly the duties and responsibilities of their office, while giving the main part of their attention to running a profitable, if somewhat questionable business of feeding and housing prisoners.

In many counties, sheriffs are given a flat fee for the sustenance of prisoners. If, by half starving the prisoners, they are able to pocket a substantial sum—the difference between the small amount they actually spend and the comfortable amount allotted them—that's good business for them.

Federal inspectors have found alarming manifestations of these corrupt practices in some of the jails of America. The Federal Bureau of

(*Continued on page* 94)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY HANS KNOPF–PIX

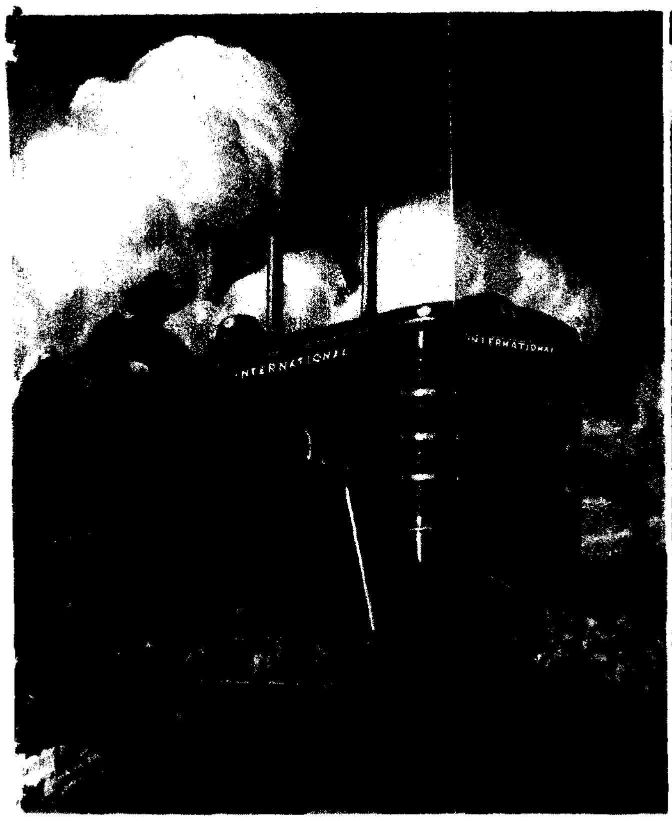
THIS SYMBOL MEANS INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

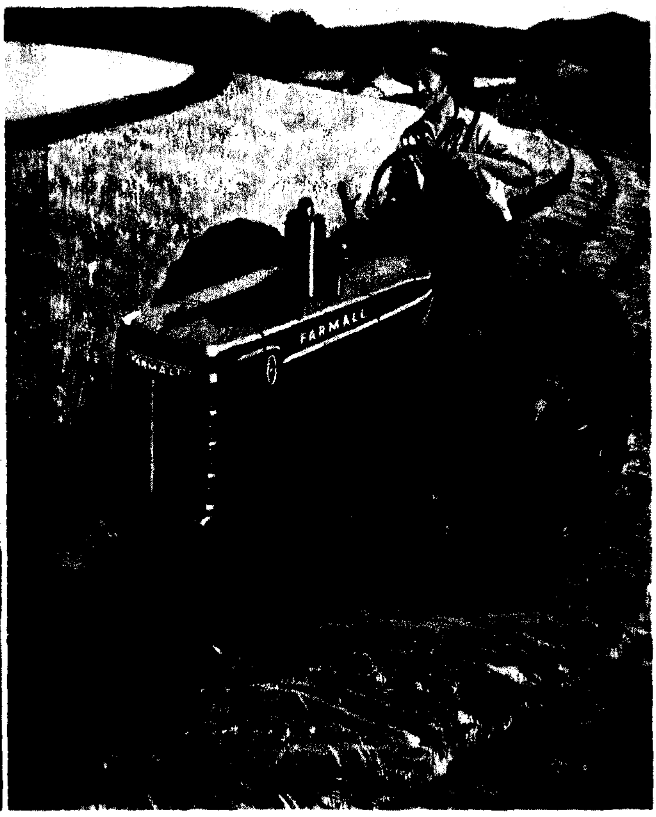
IT MEANS MORE from the good earth. It means farm tractors, farm machines and improved methods that help conserve the vital soil and produce bigger and better crops with less labor.

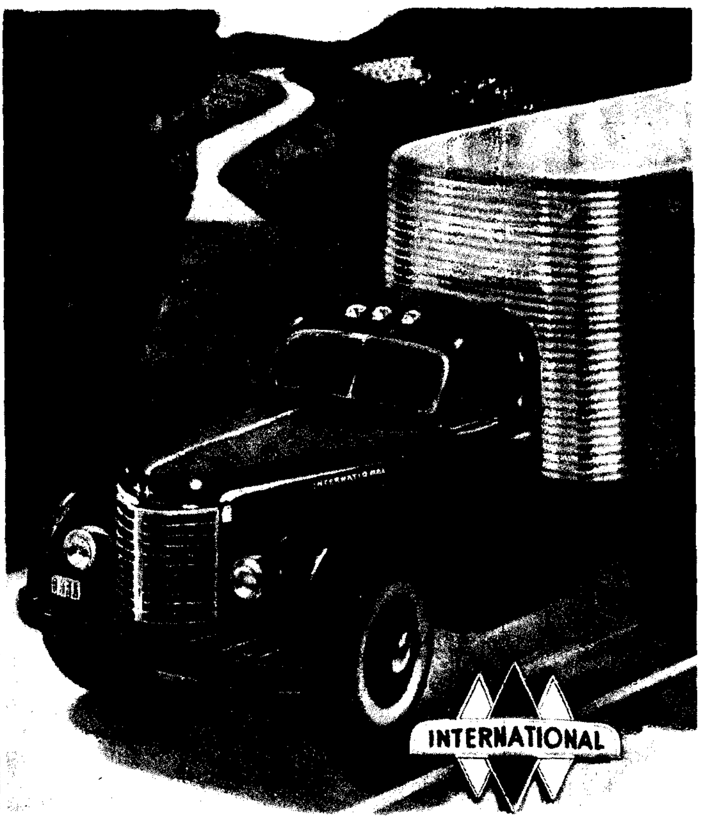
It means motor trucks to transport raw and finished commodities . . . industrial tractors to help build airports, power dams, highways, homes, factories and commercial buildings.

It means engines to turn shafts and wheels . . . refrigeration to protect and conserve food.

Above all, the IH symbol means this: An organization that builds long life, efficiency, economy, and freedom from toil into its products, that each may contribute to better living for us all.


International Industrial Tractors and Power Units to increase production and decrease cost.


Farmall System of Farming . . . Farm Equipment to produce more from the land and to reduce labor.


International Motor Trucks of every type and size to haul more for less money on every job.

International Harvester Products include: Farm Tractors and Farm Machines . . . Motor Trucks . . . Crawler Tractors, Wheel Tractors and Power Units . . . Refrigeration.

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Tune in James Melton on "Harvest of Stars" every Sunday!
NBC Network. See your newspaper for time and station.

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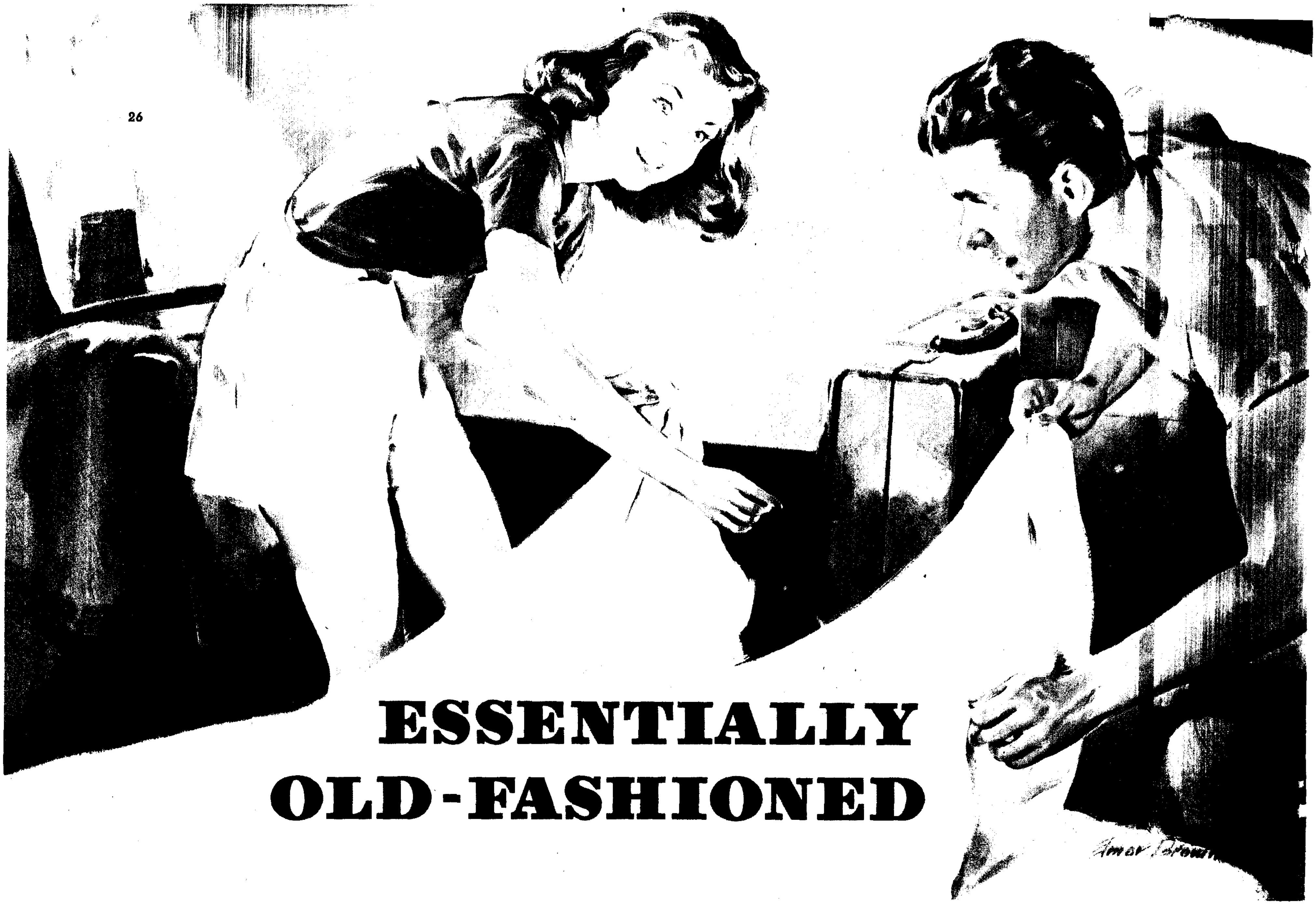


ESSENTIALLY OLD-FASHIONED

It was the first time in Harvey's life that he had made or helped make a bed and he perspired more freely than ever as Jennifer told him how to do it

"ESSENTIALLY," Jennifer said, "I am an old-fashioned girl."

Mitzi, the other hat-check at the Midriff Club, looked at Jennifer and said, "Essentially, baby, you're nuts."

A faraway look came into Jennifer's eyes. "A girl should be careful about a husband. She should make sure, if she can, that he's a nice husband, with money if possible. This is a good place to look the field over for a nice man with money."

Mitzi was the outside girl. The one who stood outside the checkroom and took the hats and wraps from the customers and handed them to Jennifer to put away. Jennifer had chestnut hair. She was as alluringly unconcealed and as pleasingly proportioned as Mitzi but scaled down to a smaller size. That was why Jennifer was the inside girl.

"Yeah," said Mitzi. "Looking them over as they come in this joint is certainly a real old-fashioned girl's way of picking a man. What are you smoking these days? I'd like to try the brand."

"Being old-fashioned doesn't mean you can't be practical. From here you can tell something about them. What kind of women they go for and what they're like after a few drinks. You can spot the wolves and the cheap skates and the real nice ones."

"Uh-huh. And so you spot what you want and you're still the hat-check at a dime a dozen. You wouldn't get a tumble."

"If I see the man I want he'll see me too," Jennifer said. "I've got that all figured out." . . .

Harvey Graham came in about two weeks later. He was not aware of the searching regard fixed upon him by the inside hat-check girl. He was not even especially aware of Mitzi's exposed expanses. He was primarily concerned with the fat little man from the Middle West who was with him. The little fat man could, if he felt like it, do something about some building codes in his region which would make it easier to sell prefabricated houses there.

"About him," Jennifer said, "I could stand to know more."

Mitzi turned to watch Harvey and the little man walk away. "Gawd!" she murmured. "That little fat refugee from his wife's bridge club?"

"The tall young one, stupid!" Jennifer snapped. "He had nice eyes and a nice mouth. Curly hair, too."

"Curly wolf, you mean. Baby, you've been here long enough to know that one's no old-fashioned girl's dream—unless you count nightmares."

"Didn't you notice the way his hair sticks up in back? That's the lamb poking out from under the wolfskin."

"It couldn't be that he's just eaten somebody's grandma and that's her toupee sticking out, huh?"

"Don't be silly."

"I'm trying not to be. Must be the fumes in this place."

When Harvey and the little man came out after the second floor show, the little man was tacking to windward. When he saw Mitzi he made a yowling sound and tried to bite her between halter and shorts. Harvey pulled him off and gave Mitzi a five-dollar bill with the hat checks.

BY JAY WILSON

Maybe she was old-fashioned, but in a mighty advanced—not to say forward—sort of way. Jennifer, that is

"That's for hydrophobia shots, sis."

"Thanks, mister." Mitzi grinned and placed the bill where the management could not get at it without risking serious charges.

Jennifer produced the little fat man's hat and then looked regretfully at Harvey. "I'm sorry, sir," she said meekly. "I stepped on your hat and sent it to our cleaner to be reblocked and cleaned but it hasn't come back yet. If you'll give me your name and address I'll see that you get it first thing in the morning."

Harvey frowned. He started to say something and then seemed to change his mind. The little fat man was already walking toward the exit. "Damn it! Send it to Harvey Graham, The Future Incorporated, Chrysler Building."

"Our cleaner!" Mitzi snorted after Harvey and the little man had gone. "The only cleaning this joint does is at the cash register."

Jennifer smiled complacently. "I've got his name, address and a reason to go see him. I'd like to look him over a little closer in the daylight. The Future Incorporated!" she added dreamily. "I wonder if it could be an omen?"

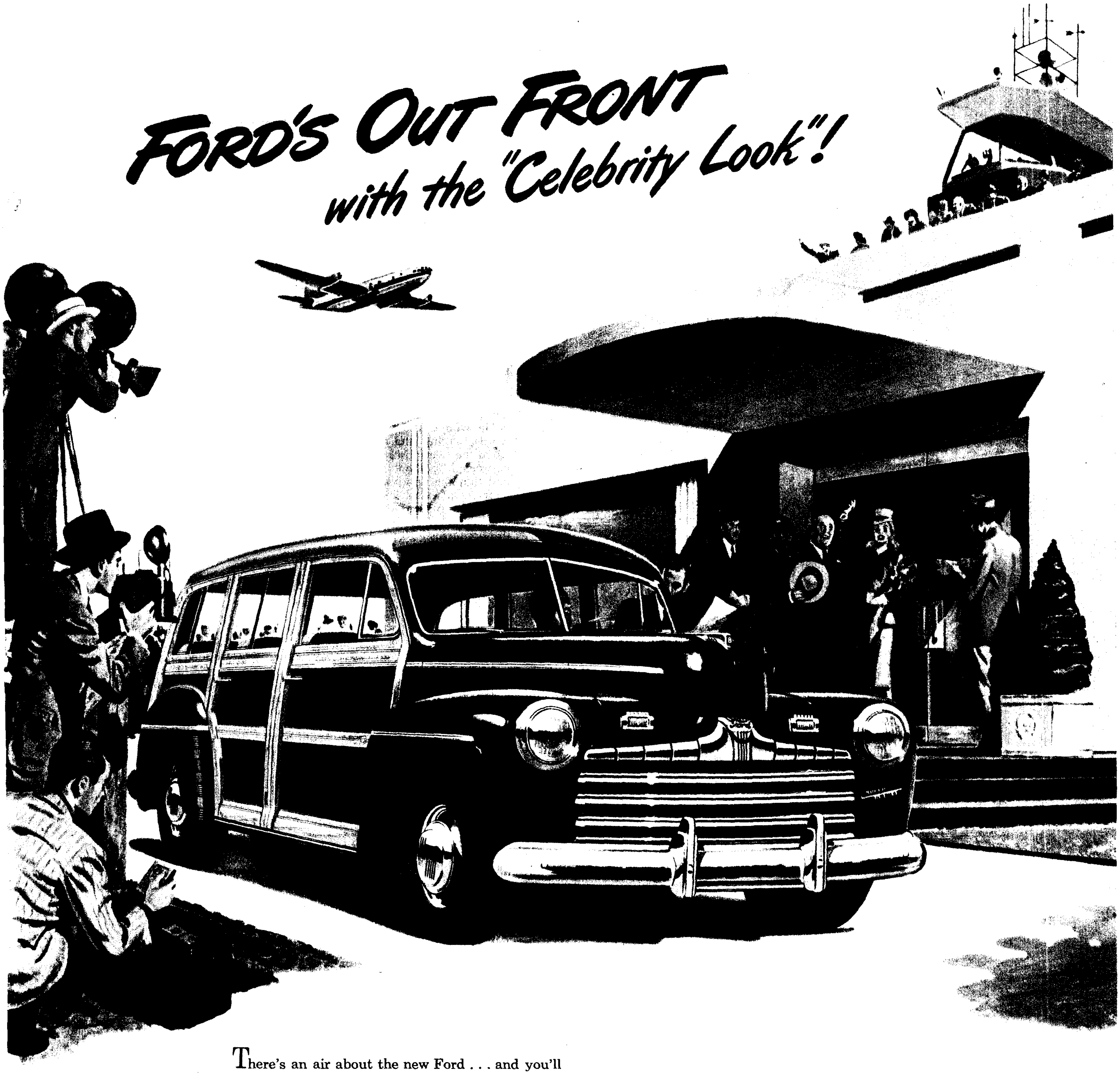
"Maybe," Mitzi said, "you're the one ought to get those hydrophobia shots." . . .

An electric eye opened the door to The Future Incorporated in the Chrysler Building. Jennifer stepped on cushioned flooring. There were air cushions in the chrome-framed and leather-covered settees. In a moment or two Jennifer realized that the soft indirect lighting was changing slowly from one pleasing hue to another. Since there seemed to be no receptionist, Jennifer sat down. On the arm of the settee a button was placed under a small sign requesting the button be pressed. Jennifer tried it and a silent film was projected on the opposite wall. Prefabricated homes were shown; plans and shots

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

FORD'S OUT FRONT with the "Celebrity Look"!



There's an air about the new Ford . . . and you'll find it at its best in the Ford station wagon! Here's an all-around car with polo field style . . . and sturdiness and space for light hauling, too. Body is fashioned of selected hardwood, framed in light maple with mahogany finished panels. Big center and rear seats are easily removed. Room? Room for 8 to ride in *real* comfort!

In this smart new station wagon you'll see Ford style leadership in every detail. And this leadership is endorsed by all America, for Ford has built more station wagons than all other manufacturers combined!

In the low-priced field, Ford is the only car to give you your choice of a 100 h.p. V-8 engine . . . the type used in America's costliest cars . . . or the brilliant 90 h.p. Six. For increased savings on gas and oil both engines have new balanced carburetion and new 4-ring aluminum pistons. Why not see the new Ford today?

There's a Ford in your future

Is This Mistletoe—or Poison Ivy?
IT LOOKS LIKE THE REAL THING! BUT IT JUST CAN'T BE MISTLETOE—OR I'D BE KISSED BY NOW!
SIS, WHEN CHRISTMAS EVE IS KISS-LESS EVE, IT'S TIME TO SEE YOUR DENTIST. EVEN A SNAZZY NUMBER LIKE YOU CAN HAVE BAD BREATH, YOU KNOW!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH—HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES—STOP STAGNANT SALIVA ODORS—REMOVE THE CAUSE OF MUCH BAD BREATH
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
A SNAZZY DISH WHO'S IN THE KNOW HAS NO NEED FOR MISTLETOE!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

DON'T EVER LOVE ME

Continued from page 19

grief of most of them was probably quite genuine.

He reminded his listeners of the firm's enviable reputation. He told them—which they already knew—that the firm's lifeblood stemmed from two tremendous accounts which had been controlled personally by the late Mr. Trent. First of these was Apex Electric. Second was Superba Radio. The other accounts were important, but not that important.

However, Mr. Morley added, it was his belief that they'd hold the Apex and Superba accounts, but he couldn't promise. He didn't even know what was going to happen right here in the office. What he meant was that Trent Advertising now belonged lock, stock and barrel to Stewart Trent's daughter, Carol . . . and that Carol had not confided in him.

He wound up with a few personal words, saying that everybody understood the relationship which had existed between Mr. Trent and Miss Sheridan, and that the approach of certain newspapers had been libelous. "And that's all I have to say, ladies and gentlemen."

Lynn Sheridan had not been one of the conferees. Not being an executive, she didn't rate it. On this Monday—five days after the death of Stewart Trent—everybody in the office was making special effort to be nice to her. She was trying to concentrate on work when her telephone rang. She picked it up and said, "Hello," in which she fondly, and erroneously, fancied was a businesslike voice.

It was Alan Gordon. He said, "Lynn? How's it going?"

She knew what he meant. This first day at the office after the funeral, Alan would be the sort of person to check on that. It was one of the things about him she loved most. She said, "Better than I expected."

"Everybody being sweet?"

"Yes. Sometimes too sweet."

"Chin up. How's with you and lunch?"

"No, darling. Work has piled up on me. But tonight . . ."

For a moment there was silence at his end of the line. Then he said, "Look, honey—I really shouldn't be in on that. Carol Trent has invited you to dinner with some other people from the office. I know she wants to talk business. I'm an outsider."

Lynn said, "Don't be silly. Carol likes you. She knows we're engaged."

"I know. But . . ."

"I think that's the special reason why she invited you, Alan."

"Oh!" he said. "That."

So Carol wanted her world to know that things were on the up-and-up between her father and Lynn. He said, "I'll pick you up at seven, honey."

CAROL herself opened the door when they arrived. She didn't look well. She led the way into the living room. Nita Gordon was there with a nice, broad-shouldered young man who was introduced as Marvin Hale. She explained that he was connected with the agency, which seemed to make everything all right.

Lynn said, "Where's Larry?"

Carol Anderson shook her head. She looked worried. She said, "He'll be out in a minute. He's just getting over one of his headaches." She turned to Alan. "My husband is subject to migraine. When it hits him, he's knocked out for a couple of hours."

Alan said, "I'm sorry. If I'd known . . ."

"Oh! He's all right now. As soon as they go away, he feels fine. The doctor told me migraine always does that: terrible pain . . . and then you feel wonderfully well. The relief, I suppose."

The doorbell rang and Carol shooed the maid away from the door and answered it herself. She admitted Ellsworth Morley and his plump, elderly wife. It was obvious that Mrs. Morley didn't quite know how to handle the situation, but was willing to try. She emitted a series of murmurs which were supposed to indicate sympathy.

They all gathered in the living room. A door at the far end opened and Larry Anderson appeared. The migraine headache had left an odd sort of pallor and rings under his eyes. Carol went to him and took his hand. She looked up at him idolatrously. She said, "Is it all right now, Larry?"

"Absolutely, kitten. You know how my headaches are."

She clung to his hand as he advanced to greet his guests. She looked unusually plain, unusually colorless. The maid appeared with a tray containing Martinis.

ALAN GORDON joined Lynn and Carol near the corner of the room. They stood by a table on which there was a vase of striped green and white flowers. He said politely, "They're very beautiful, Mrs. Anderson."

She glowed with pride and happiness. "Lady's-slippers," she explained. "Larry loves them and so do I. He always keeps me supplied. She looked across at her husband to see whether he had caught her words. He obviously had.

He smiled at her, and winked. "Smart boy," he said pleasantly. "Find a wife who likes the same flowers you like."

Carol waited until dinner was over; until they had had their coffee and liqueurs, until the servants had gone.

Then she told her guests what she wanted to talk about. She looked straight at Ellsworth Morley and said, "I particularly wanted you here, Mr. Morley."

He nodded, waiting.

"It's about Trent Advertising," she said. "It belongs to me now . . ." She paused for a moment, then went on bravely: "I know my father would like it to function as it has always done. It meant more to him than just a business."

Again she paused.

"Larry and I talked all day yesterday," she said. She looked fondly at her husband. "I asked him to accept the presidency of the firm. He refused."

Nobody said anything. Ellsworth Morley's face was inscrutable, but Mrs. Morley was less expert in concealing her relief, although she didn't say anything.

"It seemed right to me," Carol went on, "that my father's son-in-law should carry on for him. But he said . . ."

"Just a minute." Larry's deep, pleasant voice broke in on her. He got up and walked over to where she was sitting. He dropped an affectionate hand on her shoulder. He said, "Maybe I'd better take it from there, kitten. Okay?"

He took her silence for consent. He said, "I'm going to talk frankly. You're all connected with the agency—all except Gordon. And he's what you might call related to it. Or almost." He grinned at Alan, and Alan smiled back.

"It seems to me—and I've been trying to sell the idea to my wife—that this is too important a decision for politeness or sentiment. So when I say what I intend to say, I'd rather not hear any conventional denials."

He looked at Marvin Hale, the young man who had come with Nita Gordon. He said, "You were Mr. Trent's confidential secretary. That's why you're here. And you"—he turned to Ellsworth Morley—"you're the man who ought to take over."

Larry's smile was friendly and dis-

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A DASH OF LEMON—sugar to taste—a jigger of whiskey—then fill up the glass with steaming hot water! But if you want that hot toddy to scale the heights of perfection, don't use just any whiskey. Use 7 Crown...Seagram's finest American whiskey!

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Seven **7** *Crown*

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arming. He said, "I try to be a regular guy. Maybe I try too hard. What I've been struggling to explain to Carol is that I'm a lousy businessman. I just don't like it. I'm what is politely termed a playboy. I enjoy long vacations and lots of them. I like to gamble. I probably am a wolf." He grinned down at his wife and she reached up and patted his hand. "Okay, kitten. You just won't believe anything wrong about me. You made the sad mistake of falling in love with me, and of accepting me as a husband. But the fact that I'm a pretty good husband doesn't mean that I'd be any good as president of a big advertising agency."

Carol said, "If you tried . . ."

"No soap. If your father were here, he'd tell you the same thing. Marvin knows I'm telling the truth. Your father liked me, sure; but he didn't kid himself that I'd ever amount to anything in the business world. Mr. Morley knows I'm telling the truth, too. They both know—and so does Lynn—that if I took over, our big clients wouldn't like it for little green apples."

He drew a deep breath. "So that's why the dinner. That's why the meeting. I think too much of the firm and too much of my wife to risk ruining it. I wouldn't do a good job, even if I tried. So I plan to go my happy way, earning my modest salary as a contact man . . . and enjoying myself in my own way. And if anybody says I'm wrong, I'll know they're indulging in polite lies."

Carol looked pleadingly at the others. She said, "Can't you convince him?"

Larry Anderson addressed Morley. He said, "If it weren't putting you on the spot, I'd ask *you* to make the decision."

Morley's face flushed. He said, "You've got something there, Larry. Of course, if you decided to take over . . ."

"I won't. That's final. And please don't think I'm being noble. For once in my life, I'm simply being sensible."

Carol looked at him adoringly. Lynn, watching the scene, envied her. She made marriage seem so wonderful. Larry said, "You're whipped, kitten. Why not give in?"

Carol sighed. "All right," she said. Then she looked at Ellsworth Morley. "You'll handle things, won't you, Mr. Morley? I don't know anything about business procedure, but I'm sure we'll have no trouble making you president of the firm."

Morley said, "Thank you, Mrs. Anderson. You know how I must feel about this."

Alan Gordon, who had been trying to keep as much in the background as possible, glanced first at Morley and then at Mrs. Morley. He thought: She's already forgotten Stewart Trent. Mentally, she's practicing to be Mrs. President.

AT TEN o'clock Wednesday evening, Lynn answered Alan's ring. He stepped into the foyer and was just about to demonstrate that he was still in love with her, when she backed away and nodded toward the living room.

A little man was sitting on the couch. It was somebody Alan had never before seen. He was small, thin, wiry, and somewhere over forty years of age. He had dark hair, but not much of it. His face was lined. His eyes were slaty and unfriendly. Lynn said, "Alan, this is Lew Murray. Lew, Mr. Gordon."

Lew didn't get up. He answered Alan with his cold eyes and gave no hint of approval or disapproval—or even of interest. He said something that sounded like "'Lo," and took the hand that Alan extended, dropping it instantly.

Lynn took it from there. She said, "Lew works in the office, Alan. In the shipping department."

"That so?" It was a senseless remark, but Alan couldn't think of a better one at the moment.

"We've been having a very interesting talk," continued Lynn. "We've been talking about me. I've been telling Lew all the odd things that have been happening recently."

Alan frowned. He looked hard at Lew Murray and wasn't pleased with what he saw. Lew didn't look like the sort of person in whom Lynn should confide. Alan said, "How much have you told him?"

"Everything."

"Was that smart?"

"Yes. Lew and I are friends. He's worried about me. He thinks there's more coming, and he wants to help."

Alan said that was fine. Then he said, "I should think the police are competent to handle it."

"Hah!" This came explosively from the lips of Lew Murray. "The cops! What've they done?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know. Of course, you don't. On account they ain't done nothin'. So some smart cookie thinks he's safe, and what happens? He moves in on Miss Sheridan again."

"That's your opinion." Alan didn't mean to be curt, but Murray's manner was hostile, and Alan didn't like it. "You haven't anything to base it on."

"No? Well, s'pose you tell me what's happening. What's being done to protect Miss Sheridan?"

"What do you think you can do?"

"I can try. Nobody don't have to sit back and wait for something else to happen."

Alan looked at Lynn. He said, "I don't get it, honey. If Max Gold hasn't turned anything up . . . if I haven't been able to get a hunch . . ."

Lew Murray's voice was frigid. He said, "Who says you want to?"

"What was that?"

"I ask who says you want to? Who knows that maybe you ain't sore about Miss Sheridan goin' out with another man."

Lynn said sharply, "Hold it, Lew. I told you there wasn't anything like that."

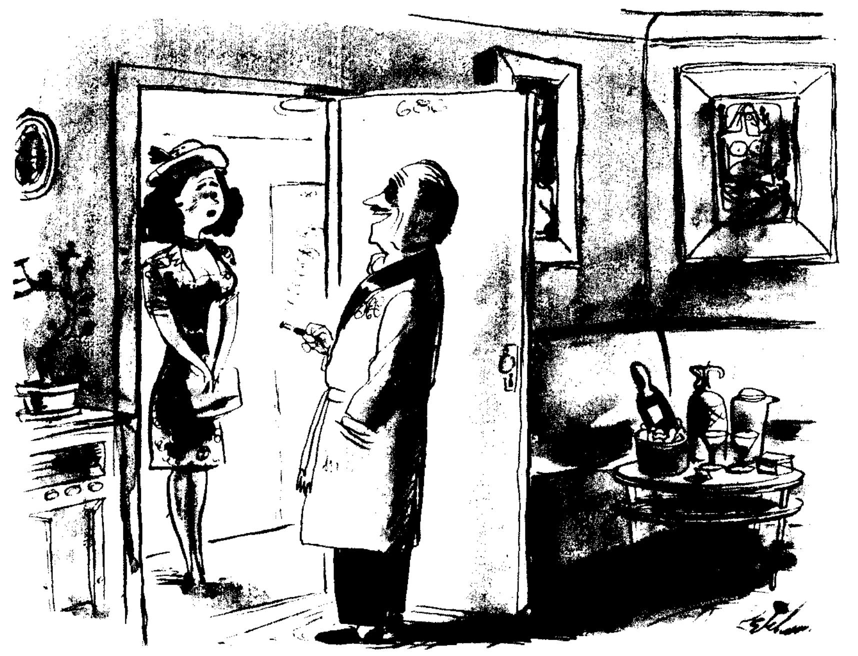
"Yeah, you told me. But that doesn't make it true. It only means you *think* it's true. I ain't saying a word against you, Gordon—but when queer things have been happening, a guy has got a right to ask questions."

"Some guys have. Not everyone."

"No? Suppose the lug askin' questions is a friend of Miss Sheridan's . . ."

"And suppose he only pretends to be."

Lew got up off the couch. He looked angry and dangerous. He said, "I don't like the angle on that one."



"My ad only mentioned a sitter. I said nothing in it about having a baby"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

"That's too bad. Maybe you won't like this, either: Why should you be so interested all of a sudden?"

"Because me and Miss Sheridan are friends. She's the only friend I got. Nobody else didn't seem to be gettin' nowhere, so I thought I'd put in my two cents' worth. At least I won't just stand back and roll with the punches."

The two men stared at each other. Lynn saw mutual dislike flare between them. She said, "I'm grateful to Lew. Maybe he can uncover something that we've missed. He's got a different slant."

"I don't doubt it."

Lew Murray said, "Why, you . . ."

"Easy, Lew." Lynn put her arm on his shoulder. "Maybe you'd better be going. I'll explain to Mr. Gordon."

"Okay. Okay. And it might not be a dumb idea to ask him to do some explaining to you." Lew started for the front door, followed by Lynn.

ALAN didn't like any part of this. He waited until the front door closed and Lynn returned to the living room. "Did you *mean* you'd really told him everything?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't he talk to you in the office if he works there?" Alan asked her suspiciously. "Why did he come here?"

"We couldn't talk in the office." She came close to him, and looked up into his eyes. She said, "Don't be a goof, darling. Lew is very fond of me. I did a favor for him once, and he's never forgotten it. It was generous of him to want to help. It was logical that he'd want the whole story. I can't see where I stand to lose anything, and perhaps I'll gain."

Alan said, "Quit kidding yourself, Lynn. What's to prove that this fellow isn't in on it?"

She laughed. "Be your age, Alan. There's no earthly reason . . ."

"There's no reason why *anybody* should want to kill you. No reason at all. But someone tried it, didn't they? I don't like it," he said stubbornly. "But if you've told him, you've told him—and that's that. Let's hope no harm has been done . . . and also let's try to forget it."

During the next few days—through Sunday, in fact—Alan scrupulously avoided mentioning Lew. Lynn did the same. If the situation had not been so serious, it would have been funny. Ridiculous as it was, it created a barrier between them. Nothing that they talked about, nothing that they did, seemed to make things any better.

Alan left Lynn early on Sunday. He

"But *anybody* can give a party for a few pennies!"

SAID ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW

"I DON'T WANT to give any dog-gone party!" raged Elmer, the bull. "I'm not spending my hard-earned cash to feed a bunch of broken-down relatives."

"Now, dear," soothed Elsie, "our party will be so wonderful that even your relatives will say nice things about me—I mean *you!*"

"I don't want them saying nice things," growled Elmer, "if it's going to cost me money."

"But it won't, Elmer," said Elsie. "You can entertain *royally* with a few glasses of those creamy, smooth-spreading *Borden's Cocktail Spreads.* Just serve them with a little imagination and —"

"I don't like imagination with my cheese," interrupted Elmer, "I like bread."

"But, angel," protested Elsie, "we can't use that much bread these days. And that's where the imagination comes in. We'll get some rosy-cheeked apples and crisp russet pears, slice them, and spread the slices with Borden's Cocktail Spreads. Nippy *Vera-sharp* is grand on apples, and *Smokey* is heavenly on pear slices."

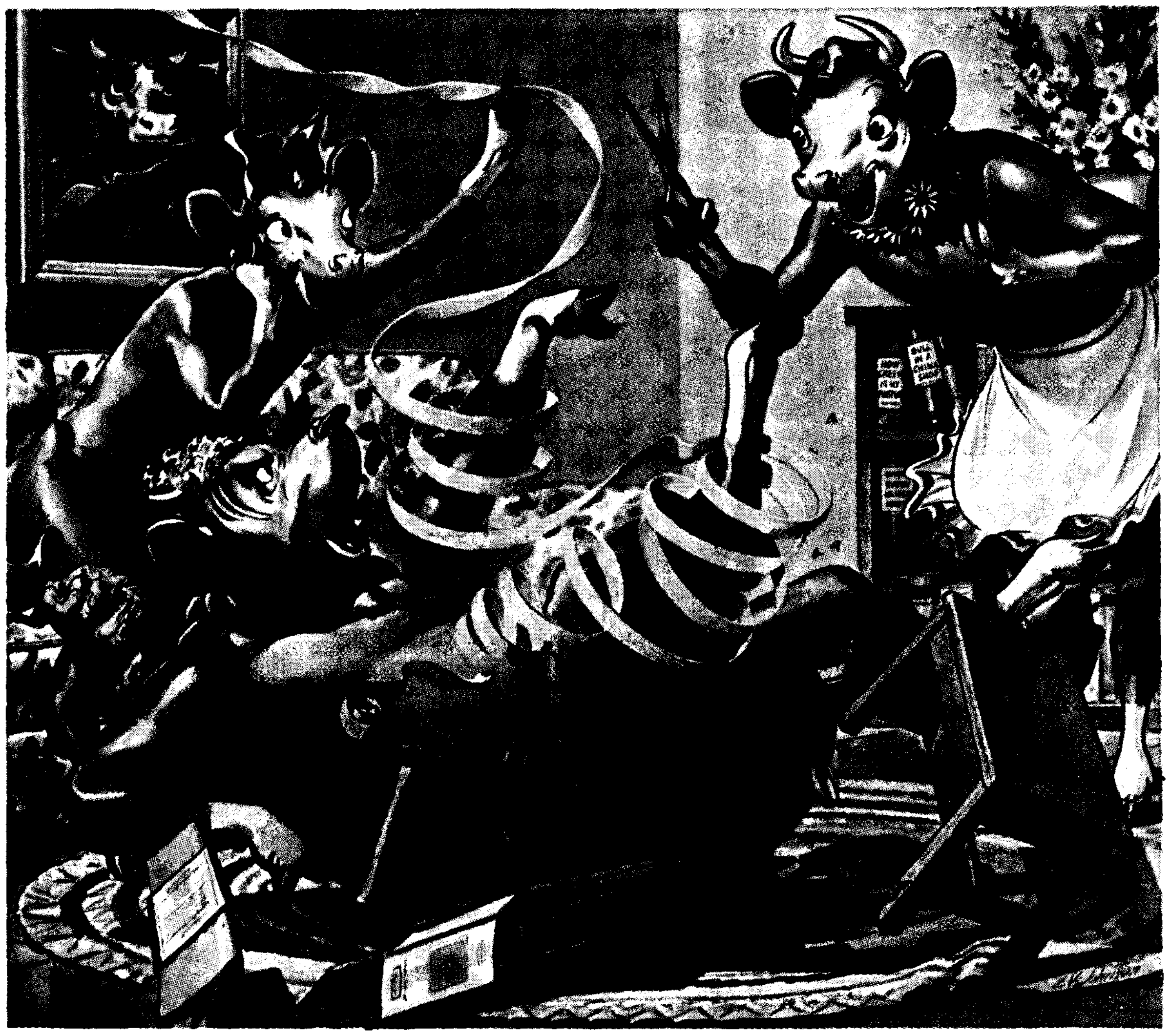
"Apples! Pears!" sneered Elmer. "Why not potatoes?"

"A fine idea," applauded Elsie. "We'll dress up potato chips with Borden's *Blue Cheese* Spread. And, for a special holiday touch, we'll sandwich a thick layer of creamy-rich *Pimento* Spread between halves of walnuts. And fill crunchy celery with savory *Olive Pimento* Spread. *There*—could you ask for anything more?"

"Sure, I could!" answered Elmer. "What's a party without something sweet? If I'm paying for this shindig, I want something sweet."

"And you shall have it, darling," smiled Elsie. "Nobody would think of giving a party without *Borden's Ice Cream.* It makes everybody feel so—so party-ish. It's such delightful refreshment and such grand *food* at the same time. Made with rich milk and cream—"

"Look, Mrs. Lotsa-Talk!" roared Elmer. "All I want to know is what *flavor* we're going to have!"



"Since you're paying for the ice cream," giggled Elsie, *"you* pick the flavor. *All* flavors of Borden's Ice Cream are delicious. For Borden's uses only the finest flavorings, the choicest fruits and berries, the—"

"Please, Elsie," groaned Elmer, "can't we have our ice cream *without* the Borden spiel? Beulah and I have heard it a million times."

"And you're likely to hear it a million more," laughed Elsie. "For everybody everywhere is saying—*if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

-if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!
Borden's
Hemo
Borden's Instant Coffee
None Such Mince Meat
Borden's Chateau
Borden's Wej-Cut Cream Cheese
Eagle Brand
Magic
Borden's

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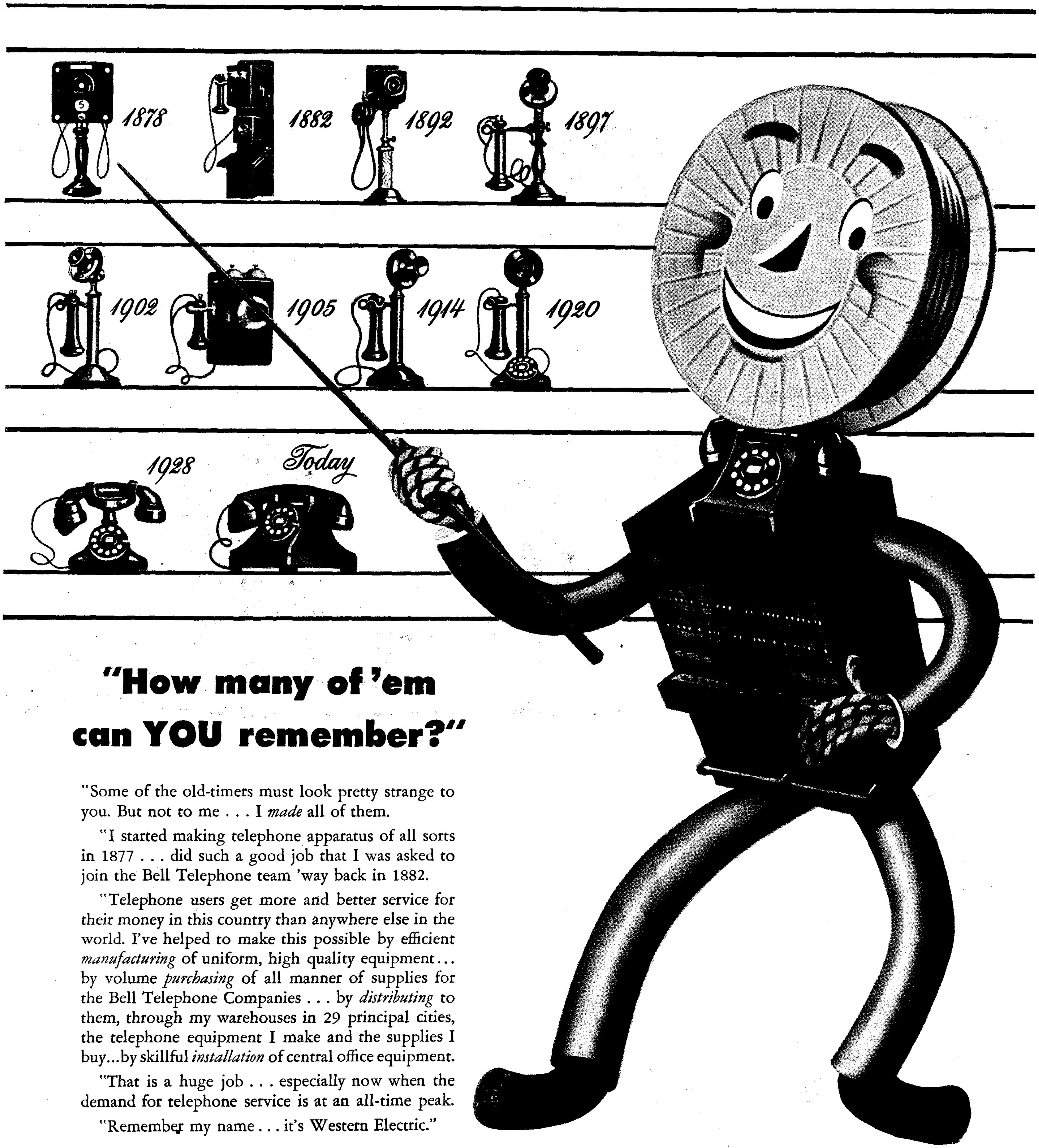


"How many of 'em can YOU remember?"

"Some of the old-timers must look pretty strange to you. But not to me . . . I *made* all of them.

"I started making telephone apparatus of all sorts in 1877 . . . did such a good job that I was asked to join the Bell Telephone team 'way back in 1882.

"Telephone users get more and better service for their money in this country than anywhere else in the world. I've helped to make this possible by efficient *manufacturing* of uniform, high quality equipment... by volume *purchasing* of all manner of supplies for the Bell Telephone Companies . . . by *distributing* to them, through my warehouses in 29 principal cities, the telephone equipment I make and the supplies I buy...by skillful *installation* of central office equipment.

"That is a huge job . . . especially now when the demand for telephone service is at an all-time peak.

"Remember my name . . . it's Western Electric."

MANUFACTURER . . . of 43,000 varieties of telephone apparatus.

PURCHASER . . . of supplies of all kinds for telephone companies.

DISTRIBUTOR . . . of telephone apparatus and supplies.

INSTALLER . . . of telephone central office equipment.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

had asked her to have dinner with him Monday night, but she said she'd be busy. That happened to be the truth, and he was sure it was the truth, but he didn't like it.

When Lynn reached the office Monday morning, she found the more important executives in a ferment. Larry Anderson dropped into her office and broke the news. He said, "Within the next forty-eight hours we'll know whether we sink or swim."

"What does that mean?" Lynn asked anxiously.

"John Conrad is getting in this afternoon."

JOHN CONRAD was president of Apex Electric — Trent Advertising's biggest account. If Conrad could be sold the idea that Trent Advertising would be just as good an agency without Stewart Trent as it had been with Mr. Trent, then there was a chance he'd let the account remain.

Lynn knew that Conrad was gruff, dynamic, and much too impressed with himself. He was a tycoon with a tycoon complex. He made snap decisions, and boasted that he'd never yet been wrong. He could make a snap decision today or tomorrow or the next day.

Lynn regarded Larry Anderson apprehensively. Larry was the Apex junior account executive. Actually, he was contact man which meant that he looked after the social end of things—a role for which he was pre-eminently fitted. She asked, "Any hint of which way the wind blows?"

Larry said, "No. We've all got our fingers crossed. The alert has been sounded. Every man, woman and child connected with Trent Advertising is set to give his all." He was taking it lightly, as usual.

Apex leased a suite on the eleventh floor of the Rossmore. Visiting Apexers did not, therefore, have to concern themselves about the shortage of hotel space. The apartment was plenty big enough for gracious living or less gracious parties. Lynn knew the suite: 1105. It was quite a layout.

Work piled up on Lynn during the day. She gave the finishing touches to some new Apex copy. She checked layouts with the art department. She heard the excitement when John Conrad arrived, but she kept her door closed, wanting no part of it unless she were needed.

Ellsworth Morley welcomed the man from Cleveland. He was being assisted by Brent Coleman, who was the account executive, and by Larry Anderson. They were waiting for a hint, although they had prepared for every emergency, for every mood.

Conrad said he'd like to see a musical. Larry grabbed it. He told him they'd planned a party for that night. A lavish new show called Hi-Ho Havana. Spectacular. Lush, whistly music and scores of pretty girls. The agency had eight seats, down front. They could have an early dinner, if that suited Mr. Conrad. Then the show. Then a bit of stepping afterward. Mr. Conrad thought that sounded fine. Larry Anderson mentioned that there'd be four couples—unless Mr. Conrad preferred to be alone. Mr. Conrad stated that he did not prefer to be alone.

The dinner, which had been ordered in advance, was excellent. By odd coincidence, the special menu included all the dishes which Mr. Conrad particularly liked. Brent Coleman and his slender, charming wife were in the party. So were Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth Morley. The fourth couple was Larry Anderson and Nita Gordon. Mr. Morley explained to Mr. Conrad that Mrs. Anderson didn't feel like going to the theater so soon after her father's death. Conrad was properly sympathetic and then forgot all about it. He took a long look at Nita and liked what he saw. Carol Anderson had always bored him, anyway. This Nita Gordon looked like fun. Dark, vivid, gay, vivacious. And a widow. That was fine with Mr. Conrad. He promptly became the life of the party.

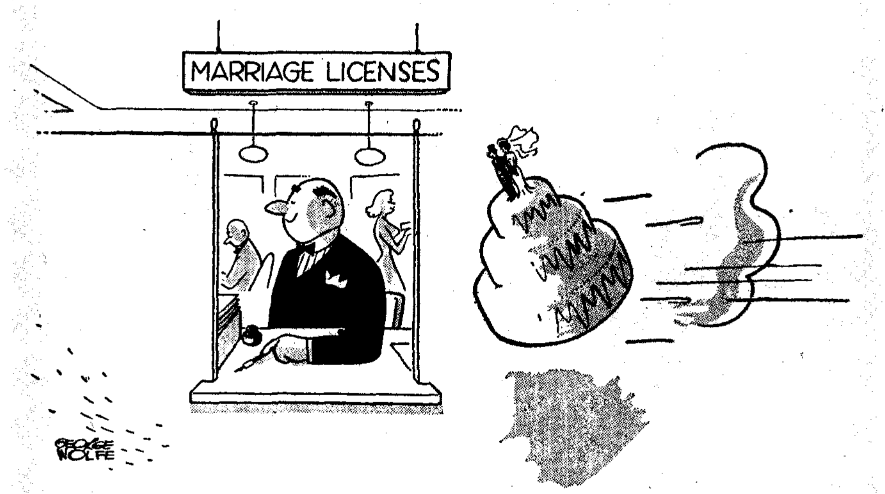
The show was all that it was cracked up to be. Larry sat on the aisle with Nita Gordon on his right. Next to her was John Conrad. Beyond him were the Morleys and the Colemans, who were bored to death because they'd already seen Hi-Ho Havana five times with five other clients.

At the final curtain, Larry inquired Mr. Conrad's further wishes. Conrad said he didn't feel like night-clubbing. How about everybody going up to his rooms at the Rossmore for a round of drinks? They all said they loved the idea. They took two taxis. They got to the Rossmore together, trekked through the lobby and crowded into the elevator.

They got off at the eleventh floor. They went down the hall and Mr. Conrad produced his key and fitted it into the lock. He clicked the electric switch which was just inside the entrance.

He stood back gallantly, so that the ladies could enter first. He was having a wonderful time, perfectly wonderful. The ladies started in, led by plump Mrs. Morley.

Mrs. Morley was chattering as she walked into the living room. She looked around, preparatory to making her usual remark about how beautiful the suite was, and how much like home.



COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

But she didn't make the remark. She didn't even look around. She looked down at the floor just inside the door. Her eyes got big. She uttered a scream. She pointed with a pudgy forefinger. And then she fainted.

They crowded in after her. And then they saw the thing which had caused her to scream.

Stretched out on the floor, near the wall, was the figure of a woman—a woman who had on a fur-trimmed coat. The hat she had been wearing was perhaps a foot away, looking absurd all by itself on the floor.

There was a lot of blood. Some of the blood was near the girl's head, some of it near her left arm and shoulder.

Ellsworth Morley stared at the girl on the floor. He opened his lips, and his voice sounded more like a croak.

He said, "It's Lynn Sheridan."

FOR a few seconds no one moved. They stood, grouped awkwardly—just inside the door—like movie extras who have been told to enter a room and then have been given no further instructions.

Conrad spoke, "What is she doing here?"

The answer to that query was all too obvious. It served to break the spell.

Nita Gordon was the first to do anything about it. She dropped to her knees beside Lynn, fumbled with the fastenings of the neat, businesslike jacket, and opened it to disclose a blouse of soft, cream-colored crepe. Cream-colored, except for an ugly stain which spread unevenly just under the collar. Her fingers felt for Lynn's pulse, and then for her heart.

"She's alive," whispered Nita. "For God's sake, *do* something! Call a doctor—quick!"

Larry Anderson said, "I'll do it." He told the switchboard operator that he wanted a doctor—any kind of doctor—right away. Then he asked the operator to connect him with the police while the call for the doctor was being worked on.

Ellsworth Morley became aware of his wife's plump body stretched out on the floor. He tried unsuccessfully to lift her. Brent Coleman helped, and they finally hoisted her to the couch. But Morley's attention was centered on Lynn.

HAVING swung into action, Coleman kept going. He picked up the inert figure of Lynn Sheridan and carried her into the bedroom. Morley said, "Isn't it dangerous to move her until you know . . ." but the question remained unfinished and unanswered.

Coleman put Lynn carefully on the bed. He looked at Larry Anderson who was just saying, "Yes. Eleven-oh-five, the Rossmore . . . Yes, she's alive, but I don't know how badly she's hurt . . . Sure, they'll stay here."

Anderson put the phone back on its stand. The two men looked at each other. Coleman asked, "Is it bad, Larry?"

"I don't know."

"How in the world . . . ?"

"Don't ask me questions I can't answer. The cops will do plenty of that."

"You got the doctor?"

"Yes."

Nita Gordon joined them. She pulled a chair alongside the bed and felt for Lynn's pulse again. She didn't know much about first aid, but she was doing the best she could. She sent Brent Coleman into the bathroom for damp towels, and when he came back, she started applying them to Lynn's pallid face, and to the bloodstained area near the left breast.

Larry Anderson rejoined the other guests in the living room. They were still just standing around, their expressions betraying shock and bewilderment.

The buzzer sounded and somebody let an innocuous little man into the apartment. He looked vague and unimpressive, but he carried a small black bag and they took it for granted that he was a doctor. Someone directed him into the bedroom, and they all followed, crowding in the doorway.

The little man's vagueness vanished. Once at the bedside he became crisp and efficient. He made a brief examination. He announced his verdict to the group of anxious faces in the doorway.

"Don't believe she's critically hurt," he said. "Can't say definitely until I have time for a thorough examination." One stubby finger probed through Lynn's soft brown hair and designated an ugly bruise. He said, "That's probably what caused the unconsciousness. Blow on the head. Looks like a mild concussion . . . I can't make a positive diagnosis. Her shoulder has been cut several times. The wounds appear to be superficial. Damned lucky, too. They're close to the heart."

Nita said, "I think we ought to call Alan Gordon." No one objected, so she went into the bedroom and called Alan's number. She tried not to stare at Lynn's unconscious figure. She talked into the transmitter and then broke the connection. She said, "He'll be right over . . ."

Two uniformed policemen came in through the hall door which the doctor had left ajar. One of them asked the name of the girl who had been attacked. Morley told them it was Lynn Sheridan and the two policemen looked at each other. One of them asked, "Ain't she the dame that somebody tried to knock off about a week ago?" and Morley admitted unhappily that she was. The bigger one said, "Max Gold was all hopped up about that case. Maybe we should oughta call him."

The other cop nodded, and the first one went to the phone, returned saying, "Max like to blew his top. Said not to let nobody touch nothin'. Said it was his case."

The second one said, "That's silly. This ain't no homicide."

"Okay, buddy. But the detectives when they come, we tell 'em what the man said. That's what the man said, see? He said that."

Two detectives came in and were given Max's instructions. They didn't seem disappointed. They looked the apartment over, but didn't do much else. Lynn was stirring. The doctor said, "She's coming around. I think she'll be all right pretty soon."

THEN Max Gold barged in. From the instant he walked through the door, he dominated the scene. He asked whether anything had been touched, whether any assault weapon had been found. He instructed the two detectives to case the apartment. He talked with the doctor. Then he wanted to know where they'd found Lynn and when. He asked how she happened to be there, but nobody could answer that.

His questions were crisp. One of the detectives asked him why he was so excited—wasn't he Homicide? Max said yes, he was Homicide . . . and that this was all tied up with his department. He spoke curtly and the detective who'd asked the question said, "Okay, Lieutenant, okay. It's your show."

Alan Gordon came in. He looked tense and frightened and angry. He started for the bed, but Gold blocked his path. Max's eyes were hard and calculating. He said, "How did you get here?"

"Somebody phoned me."

"Who?" Gold swept the crowd with his eyes.

Nita said, "I did."

Gold stared at Alan. He said, "She's all right. Looks like somebody sapped her and then cut her on the arm and shoulder. Or maybe the other way around. She'll be okay in a few minutes. I'm going to ask the questions. Just me. I don't want you butting in."

"I understand, Lieutenant. Now may I see her?"

Gold jerked his head toward the bed. "No talking," he ordered. "No questions."

Alan seated himself beside Lynn. Lynn opened her eyes. She closed them again and held them shut. Then once more she opened them. Alan reached for her hand. He said, "Take it easy, honey. You're all right."

She tried to smile. She put her hand to the wound on her head. She looked

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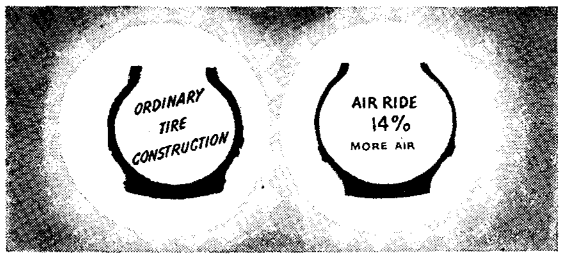

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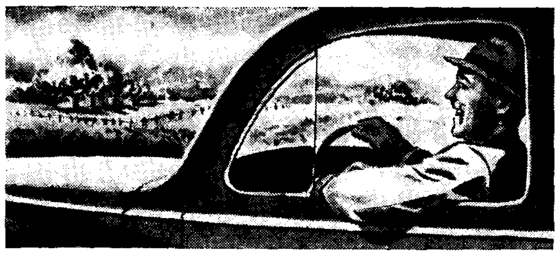

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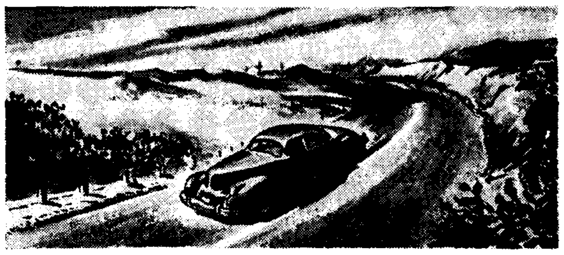

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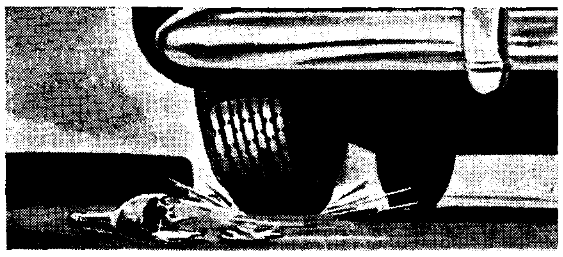

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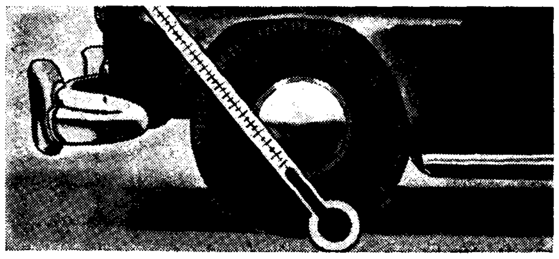

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Laboratory and road tests prove that the U. S. Royal Air Ride runs *10° to 15°* cooler in day-to-day service. The unique Air Ride design does away with heat-building "lazy rubber"—gives you far greater protection against dangerous blowouts.

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U. S. Royal Air Rides are built to deliver thousands of *extra* miles of safe, dependable service. See this great new tire *today* at your U. S. Tire Dealer's—plan now for a full set of U. S. Royal Air Rides on *your* car!

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Bandits holding up stage

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In 1851, the KAYWOODIE organization was founded. In a few years, their pipes were in demand in many sections. Stage-coach deliveries of their mail were held up regularly. Today, Kaywoodie pipes are in demand throughout the world. Agreeable smoking qualities are coaxed from imported briar with slow seasoning and painstaking treatment. Proportion, balance, comfort, coolness, free draft, symmetry and precision insure a pleasurable smoking-companion. $3.50 to $25 at dealers, with Synchro-Stem, "drinkless" fitment, resilient mouthpieces. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London.
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Pampblet on request

around the apartment, at the people who were staring at her, at the uniformed policemen. She moistened her lips. She said, clearly enough, "What happened?"

Max Gold moved in. He smiled reassuringly. He said, "That's what I'd like to know, Miss Sheridan. How you feeling?"

"My head hurts . . ."

"Sure. That's natural. But look—I gotta ask questions. Time might be important. Can you make an effort?"

"I'll try . . ."

She forced a smile. It was a tired, forlorn little smile. It proved that she was game, and that's all it did prove. Max patted her hand. He said, "Nice goin', Miss Sheridan. Now, tell me what happened."

Lynn tried to concentrate. It was tough. She looked at Max and shook her head slowly. She said, "Somebody tried to kill me again. The door was open and I came like they told me to—"

"Like who told you to?"

"The girl at the office. The one who phoned me. She said Mr. Conrad would be expecting me."

"Just a minute!" Conrad's voice boomed indignantly through the room. "What's all this about?"

Gold's eyes picked out the speaker. He asked sharply, "Who are you?"

"I'm John Conrad. I'm president of Apex Electric. This is my apartment. And I don't know what this young lady is talking about."

Gold said, "That's fine. So keep your shirt on. I'll let you talk later." He turned back to Lynn. "So you found the door partly open, and you walked in. What happened then?"

"Something hit me. On the back of the head."

"What kind of something?"

"I don't know."

"And from then—right up to now—you been unconscious?"

She nodded.

"About that call . . . You say somebody phoned you to come here?"

"Yes."

"A woman?"

"A girl at the office. She said her name was Margaret."

"You know her?"

"No. It must have been one of the telephone girls."

Gold looked at the others. "Any of you know a telephone girl named Margaret?"

They did some thinking. Then, one by one, they said no, they didn't know any girl named Margaret. But of course there were so many employees . . . "One of you go downstairs and get on the phone. Check with your personnel department, or whoever would know. Find out if you got a Margaret, and where I can get hold of her. Don't say why."

BRENT COLEMAN volunteered. Gold said, "I know this is tough on you, Miss Sheridan. But you know how important it is."

"I know."

"This call you got from Margaret, what was it about?"

"She said she was calling for Mr. Morley. She said—"

The president of Trent Advertising broke in. "I'm Morley," he said. "I gave no such instructions."

Max didn't seem to be surprised. He said to Lynn, "Tell me what the girl said."

"She said that Mr. Conrad wanted to see me here at ten-fifteen. He wanted to check some Apex copy I'd been working on. She said I was to walk right in."

"Did that strike you as funny?"

"No. I've worked with Conrad before."

"So the door was like the girl said it would be, and you walked in, and somebody slugged you." Gold turned that over in his mind. "Were the lights on?"

"Inside somewhere—yes. I remember seeing light as I pushed the door open. But not the big lights."

"You had been alone all evening?"

"Yes. I had a date with Alan. He was doing some work at his office and had planned to come to my apartment about nine. I got the call from Margaret at approximately 8:30. I phoned Alan and called off the date. I started working over the copy that I thought Mr. Conrad wanted to discuss." She closed her eyes wearily. "That's all I know, Lieutenant."

Alan hitched his chair closer to the bed. He put his hand on Lynn's forehead and bent down to whisper something which made her smile.

Gold got up and started talking to John Conrad.

"You don't know anything about that call, you say?"

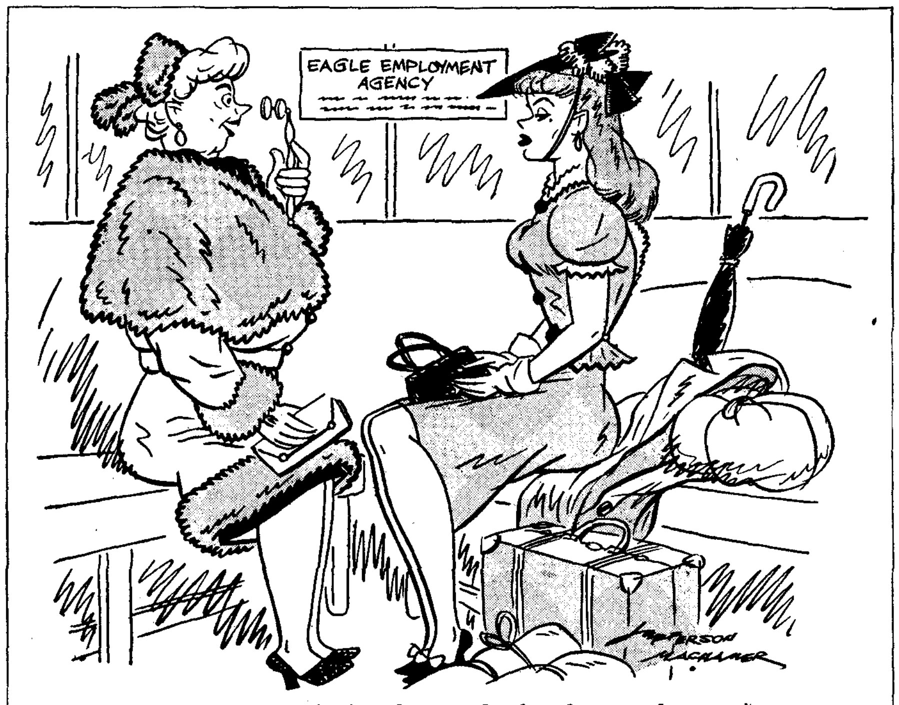
"I certainly do not."

"But you were here, weren't you?"

"No! Absolutely no! That's an outrageous suggestion!"

Max said patiently, "Look, big shot—I'm a cop, see? I ain't a very bright cop, but nosing into things like this is my job." He favored Conrad with an arctic smile. "So until you told me, I didn't know you wasn't here. Where were you?"

"At the theater. With all these people. All except *that* young man." He pointed to Alan Gordon.



"As for me, you'll do—but my husband must okay you"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER

"A little party, huh?" Gold asked.

"Yes."

"How long you been together—all of you?"

"Since about six-thirty. We had dinner. Then we went to the theater."

"I see. And you hadn't phoned Miss Sheridan and didn't expect to see her."

"Most emphatically, *no!*"

"Where you from?"

"Cleveland. Cleveland, Ohio."

"Oh! *that* Cleveland. Have you ever worked with Miss Sheridan . . . just the two of you?"

"Yes. Often. She's a damned brilliant young lady. Her copy sparkles. Sometimes."

"Then if she got that sort of phone message, and if she thought it was from you . . . she could have considered it a very natural procedure?"

"Positively."

"Any of the rest of you know anything?"

They all shook their heads. He turned his attention to Lynn. He said, "Hate to trouble you again, Miss Sheridan—but there's one more important question. Did that call sound real or phony? What I mean is: Thinking back on it, did it sound like it was put in by someone who knew the office ropes?"

Lynn said, "Yes. Definitely."

"So whoever bopped you knew what the score was at Trent Advertising. They figured you'd walk right into this if it was handled right. They made it sound like the McCoy. Cute. Cute as hell." He turned to the doctor, who had been joined by one of the police-department medical examiners.

"What would you boys say? Was that wallop on the head inflicted by a man or a woman?"

THEY watched each other warily. Then the house doctor said, "I should say, either. Anything more definite would be merely a guess."

"The stab wounds on the arm and shoulder?"

"Shallow. Superficial."

"As though whoever attacked her might have gotten panicky and tried to finish the job too quick?"

"That is possible."

Max sighed. "Well, at last I'm gettin' somewhere. I finally got it down to the fact that it could be either a man *or* a woman."

He spoke to Alan. "When Miss Sheridan broke her date with you, did she say where she was going?"

"Yes."

"You knew she was coming to this apartment to be alone with a man?"

Alan's face flushed. "I don't like that," he said angrily. "I don't like it even a little bit."

"Maybe you got a reason for not liking it. I wouldn't be knowing. The other time somebody tried to knock off Miss Sheridan, she had a date with another man. You knew about that one, too."

Lynn said pleadingly, "Don't get mad, Alan. Lieutenant Gold doesn't know either of us very well."

"But he's trying to," said Max. "He's trying awful hard."

Alan said, "I've told you the facts, Gold. You can draw your own conclusions. I don't give a damn what they are."

Brent Coleman returned from downstairs. He was a bright young man who, at the moment, wasn't looking either bright or happy. Max Gold said, "Find out anything?"

"Yes." Coleman gulped. "I checked with three people who would know. They all tell me that we have no employee whose first name is Margaret, or which could be mistaken for Margaret."

Gold shook his head, sadly. "That's just dandy," he commented. "I'm sure making progress." . . .

The ambulance sped north and east

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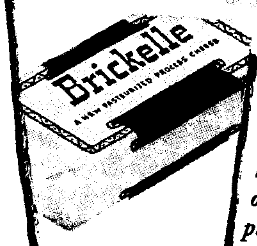
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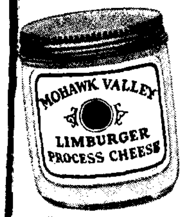
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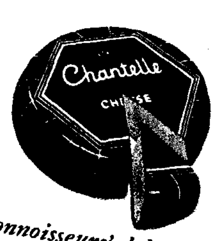
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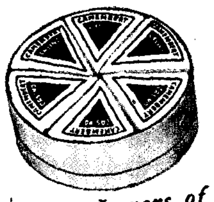

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RADIO'S RICHEST VOICE SINCE 1926

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON CO., JACKSON, MICHIGAN

Sparton of Canada, Limited, London, Ontario through the unrelenting cold of a New York winter morning. Behind the ambulance roared a police squad car in which Lieutenant Max Gold was riding.

Inside the ambulance was Lynn Sheridan. On a tiny leather seat attached to the wall of the car sat Alan Gordon.

He hated his own helplessness, shrank from the knowledge that there would have been no way of preventing what had occurred, or of foreseeing what might happen in the future. He didn't want Lynn to know how frightened he was.

He turned his head so that she wouldn't see his eyes. Ridiculous! He hadn't cried since he was a kid. Then it had been the same sort of crying. He'd get into a fight with another youngster and rage would bring tears. And the tears would make him ashamed, and that would make him more angry. Well, it was like that now. Only this time he didn't seem to be able to do anything about it. He told himself that he would—and even while his mind made the decision, it also asked questions: What will you do, Alan Gordon? How can you fight someone you don't know or prevent something you don't understand?

The ambulance swung abruptly into a driveway and came to a halt in front of a doorway marked EMERGENCY.

The police car parked, and Max Gold got out. He stood at the door of the ambulance when it was opened by the white-coated attendants. A hospital orderly joined them. In the doorway stood a crisp, elderly nurse, looking professionally cheerful.

As they carried Lynn into the welcome warmth of the receiving room, she said, "Dr. Hart is here. He's getting ready now."

Alan wanted to ask, "Getting ready for what?" He hated hospitals. He hated the aggressively antiseptic odor, the impersonal cheerfulness, the feeling of helplessness. He knew what would happen now. They'd tell him not to worry. They'd take Lynn into a room and undress her and put her on another cot with wheels on it, and then they'd roll her down a hallway. A door would close behind her, and he'd be left outside to walk up and down, up and down . . . wondering what they were doing, wondering whether they'd do too much or too little.

It all happened just that way, except that they stopped him at a desk and started asking questions. Max Gold stepped in and said to the receiving nurse, "I'll give you the dope." He looked at Alan. "You go on up, sonny. Maybe you'll do her some good."

They told Alan the room number. He went up in the passenger elevator.

AN ALERT young intern stepped briskly down the hall, stopped at Lynn's room, saw Alan standing there and gave him a reassuring smile. Except that Alan couldn't be reassured. He stood rigidly, watching the door, wondering what was going on behind it.

Then the door opened and they rolled her out. She smiled. She tried to keep it gay. She said, "Fawncy seeing you here."

He wanted to answer brightly, but couldn't think of the right words. He took her hand and walked along beside the cot. He was trying to smile, but all he managed was a grotesque grin. He went with her into a big elevator. They rose silently. The attendant let them out on the operating-room floor.

This hallway had no carpets, no paneling. Everything tiled. Sparklingly clean. Ground-glass doors, and behind one of them a brilliant light. There was a chaste inscription on that door: Operating Room No 3.

There the nurse stopped him. She said, "Sorry. We'll have to leave you here."

Alan gulped. He couldn't say anything. Lynn said, "One more, darling. For luck."

He kissed her. He waved and said, "Be seein' you, honey." His voice sounded like a croak. The intern touched his elbow and said, "You'd better go back downstairs . . ." and so Alan went back downstairs.

Max Gold was there. He said, "Let's wait in the solarium, Gordon. We can't miss seeing her when they bring her down."

Alan walked into a small, neat, glassed-in room. He fumbled for a cigarette and had difficulty holding the match steady. Gold settled into a big comfortable leather chair and motioned Alan into the one next to him. He said quietly, "Don't let it whip you down, sonny."

Alan sat staring across the room. His eyes were hard and bitter, his jaw tight. Gold's voice came to him as though from a distance. It said, "Okay. Get it off your chest. It'll do you good."

The young man turned. He looked straight at the detective. "That was a lousy thing you insinuated back at the hotel."

"About it maybe being you?" Max flicked the ash from his cigarette, missing the ash tray and then carefully rubbing it into the rug with his toe. "Why was it lousy? If you didn't have anything to do with it—you didn't. You know that angle. I don't."

"Do you think . . . ?"

"I got no opinions, Gordon. Get it out of your head that I'm trying to build up something. All I want to know is who tried twice to kill Miss Sheridan—and why?"

Alan said slowly, "If I knew why . . . Maybe that doesn't make sense to you, Max. The way I figure is that if I knew why, it'd be easy enough to figure who."

"That ain't dumb. You got any ideas?"

"Nothing that you don't know. The Claytons. Either or both."

"Could be. But I'd like more to go on. When you got only two people that add up right, it ain't always so good. I'm having them checked now."

Alan said, "Whoever attacked Lynn . . . I wonder how he got into Mr. Conrad's apartment."

"Master key, most likely. Maybe an inside job. Sure, I know; that doesn't make sense—but what does? I talked to the night clerk and the elevator boy. They don't remember anything that'd help us. It's a residential place, and people are in and out all the time. Some they know, some they don't."

Alan said, "If it had been Gloria Clayton, they'd probably remember her, wouldn't they?"

"Probably. She's a lotta dame. But it wouldn't be certain." Max lighted a fresh cigarette. He went on, in a quiet, calm voice, "Like I said at first, whoever is doing this is a smart cookie. They know a lot and they take the trouble to find out what they don't know. Take it from the beginning: Somebody was wise enough to call Homicide direct. They called an ambulance for her a few nights later. Direct. Forget the obituary in the paper—anybody could have done that, but they did it in such a way we couldn't trace it.

"They try to kill her with a rifle. They know all about the brewery. They know her Wednesday-night habits. They got an exit all planned. They wipe fingerprints off the rifle and leave it right there, figuring it can't be traced. Tonight they know about Conrad being in town. They know the plans for the evening. They know enough about the office to frame the right sort of phone call. The slickest thing yet was the gal who called saying, 'Miss Sheridan—this is Margaret at the office.' Giving a name. Suppose there ain't any Margaret at the office: Miss Sheridan wouldn't know whether there was or wasn't. She'd fall for it because it sounded authentic. Whoever it was gets into Conrad's apartment. They've set the time. They know she'll be there on the dot. The door opens, it's got to be her. They sap her. Then they get scared. They cut her up and probably think she's dead. Lotsa people get scared when they see blood. All they think about then is getting away."

He stopped. Silence held between them. "The way she was cut," said Alan, "that makes me think it might have been a woman."

"Could be either way."

Alan said, "What I'm worried about . . ."

"Yeah. I know. What gives next?"

"Somebody wants to get rid of Lynn. What's to say they won't try again?"

"They probably will."

"There must be some way of protecting her."

"We can do it for a while. But if this person is as smart as I think, they'll lay low for a while."

"Do you think hiring a bodyguard would do the work?"

"Nope. If she intends to keep on working, she's bound to go places by herself. She can't have somebody with her all the time. Especially when neither she nor the bodyguard would know what to look for."

"You're not very encouraging."

COLLIER'S "Not worth a darn, eh? Well, well—live and learn" GARDNER REA

"You don't look like a guy who wants to be kidded."

Alan said, "I've got to do something."

"What you gonna do?"

"Investigate everybody she knows or who knows her. Try to discover something in her life that she doesn't think is important."

"That might help. Just might."

"I keep going back to the Claytons. Why can't they be arrested?"

"They can. We can charge 'em. But we can't make it stick. Not on what we got now."

"So all we can do is wait for the next attempt?" Alan grew thoughtful. He said, "That reminds me."

"Yeah?"

"There's a little man works in the shipping department at Trent Advertising. His name is Lew Murray. I don't know a thing about him, except that I don't like him. He's interested in this case."

"How interested?"

ALAN told briefly of his encounter with Lew Murray at Lynn's apartment. Max listened patiently.

"Wish I'd known about this sooner, Gordon."

"It didn't seem important."

"It does now. I'll check on him."

An elevator door rolled back. Gold said, "Here she comes."

Alan stepped into the corridor. Lynn was unconscious. Beside the cot was a tall, gaunt man who introduced himself as Dr. Hart. He said, "She's right as rain. Be one hundred per cent in a day or two. Nothing really wrong, except of course the shock. I've given her something to make her sleep."

Alan said, "May I stay?"

"That wouldn't make sense. She'll be comfortable. Nothing to worry about, young man. Nothing at all."

Alan waited until they had rolled her inside her room and closed the door. Max Gold drove him to his apartment, and said good night. Alan undressed and lay in bed smoking. He knew he'd never get to sleep. Six o'clock now. Black as midnight outside.

And then he slept. He was awakened by the ringing of the telephone. He struggled up in bed and picked up the phone. It was Max Gold, his voice as sharp and bright as though he'd had eight hours' sleep. He said, "Looks like you've given us a hot lead. Remember that guy Murray you told me about last night?"

"Yes."

"Well, we checked him. His name ain't Lew Murray. It's Arthur Garret. He's an ex-convict."

Alan experienced a momentary feeling of exultation.

"What is Murray's status?"

Gold said, "Just a bush-league mug who spent three years in stir—1936 to 1939—robbery. Got time off for good conduct. Changed his name from Garret to Murray. Says that was so he could get a job. We spotted him from fingerprints. Broke him down easy. He registered for the draft under his alias. That's technically a crime, but it really doesn't mean anything. Far as we can determine, he's been rocking along like any good citizen. No bad habits that we've uncovered."

"Has he got an alibi for last night?"

"Nope. But neither have lots of other people."

"This is different, Lieutenant. He works at Trent Advertising. He knows what goes on there. He undoubtedly knew that Conrad was in town. He'd know about the Apex apartment at the Rossmore. He could have gone there, attacked Lynn—"

"Same rat race," said Gold crisply. "Motive. Why should Lew Murray or anyone else want to kill Miss Sheridan? What's in it for him?"

"What did he say?"

"Said it was none of our business. Then he claimed he was a friend of hers

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and wanted to help because he thought we were all a bunch of fatheads. Maybe he had something."

"What are you going to do with him?"

"Nothing. We can't. He served his time. He's clear. We'll work on him, of course."

Alan suggested, "Find out whether he has any women friends."

"We're doing that. He says not. Says he ain't got any friends of any sex. He could be lying."

"You'll have him watched?"

"Within reason."

Alan said thanks and goodby. He immediately dialed the number of the hospital. Then he heard Lynn's voice and the brightness of it made him feel good all over.

"Darling," she said.

"Right back at you. How you feeling, honey?"

"Kind of shook up. But all here."

"They letting you have visitors?"

"One visitor. You." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Love me?"

"Mmmm-*hmmmmmm!* And you?"

"Double."

He was feeling pretty good when he hung up. Maybe it was Lynn's cheeriness, maybe the sunshine, maybe his youth and health, maybe the belief that Lew Murray was the answer to the problem. Whatever it was, things looked brighter.

He called his sister-in-law at Trent Advertising and asked her whether she'd have dinner with him that night. Nita said, "How come?"

"They're letting me see Lynn at noon. She's fine, but they're keeping her quiet. Maybe she'll be back at the office tomorrow. So I thought . . ."

"I've got a date," Nita said. "But for my favorite brother-in-law, I'll break it. As a matter of fact, I'd like to talk to you."

"You flatter me. I'll pick you up at your apartment. What time?"

"Sevenish?"

"On the nose."

He went to the office then, and plunged into a mass of work. Technical stuff. It absorbed him until noon, and that was good. Then he hopped a taxi and was whisked across town to the hospital.

Lynn was sitting up in bed, smiling. The ugly bandage had been removed from her head, and in its stead was a small white patch. She was wearing a creamy, lacy, frothy little bed jacket. She looked breath-takingly lovely and desirable. She saw what was in his eyes, and said, "Aren't you going to do something about it?"

The nurse discreetly had left the room, so he did something about it. He bent over her and put his arms around her. Her body was soft and warm. Her lips were alive and eager. He pulled away finally and looked at her, his head swimming.

The hour passed too swiftly. They tried to keep it light. At 1:30 the nurse appeared. She said, "Sorry, Mr. Gordon . . ." and he rose reluctantly.

"Sure I can't drop in this evening?"

"The doctor says no. But I'm fit as a fiddle. I'll be home tomorrow. Maybe at the office."

He kissed her goodby. It was a fairly satisfactory kiss, but because the nurse was watching, it wasn't quite up to specifications.

PROMPTLY at seven o'clock he sounded the buzzer of Nita Gordon's apartment. She opened the door, kissed him lightly and asked him in. She was dressed for the street, and had two glasses set out on a coffee table beside a cocktail shaker.

Regarding her over the rim of his glass, it occurred to him again that she was a very exciting person. No mystery as to why Bruce had gone off the deep end about her.

Everything about her was Woman. She was daring and provocative. She was frank—at times to the point of embarrassment. But had Bruce survived the war, she would have been poison for him.

He knew approximately what her clothes cost, what the maintenance of the apartment must be. She didn't do it on her $75-a-week salary as a sketch artist at Trent Advertising. But that was no affair of his. He liked her, and she returned his liking.

They finished their drinks and he took her to a quiet little restaurant far downtown. After an excellent meal Alan said, "I suppose you've guessed that this has a purpose, Nita?"

She smiled. "Of course. I knew my charm alone wouldn't rate a dinner like this." She regarded him gravely. "About Lynn?"

"Yes. You like her, don't you?"

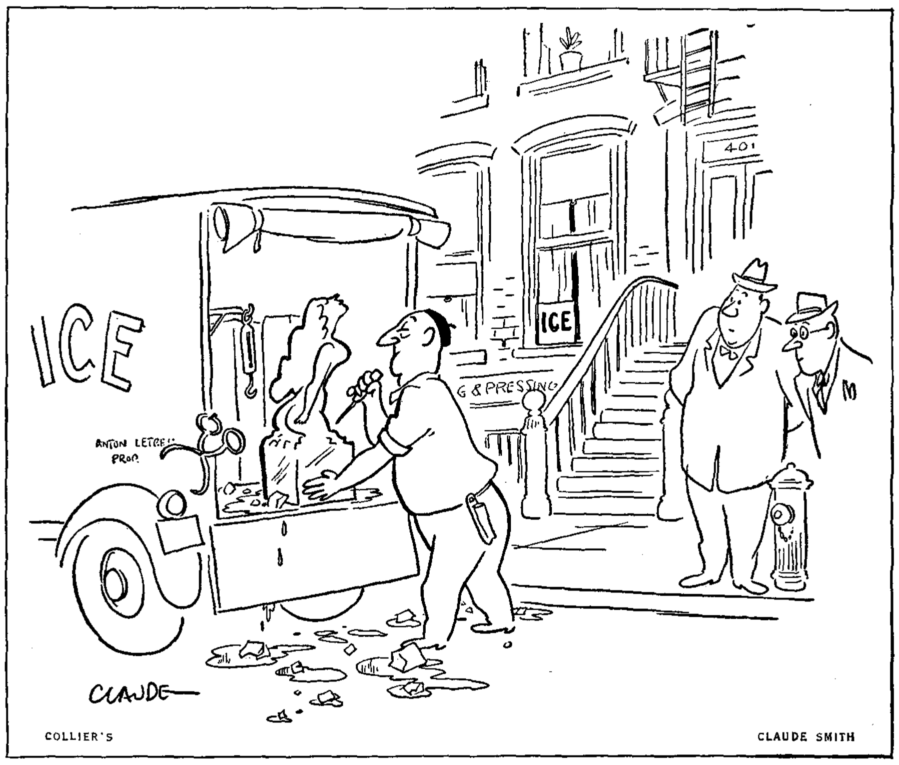
"She's a wonderful girl. I wish I'd been born that way. Now, let's have it."

He told her something about Gloria Clayton and her husband.

"You don't think . . ."

"I think lots of things, Nita. But thinking doesn't help. I want to *know.* That's where you come in."

"Well, I'm listening," Nita prompted.



COLLIER'S CLAUDE SMITH

He shoved a piece of paper across the table. "That's the name and address of the beauty parlor where Gloria works. It's in your neighborhood. I'd like you to go in for some intensive beauty work—whatever kind Gloria handles. Pick her as your operator. Get friendly with her. As friendly as you can. Play it straight across the board."

"Why?"

"Oddly enough, women like you. Those that aren't jealous or worried . . ." They smiled at each other. "You can make Gloria like you. Maybe she'll talk. But even if she doesn't, she might drop occasional remarks which would give you ideas."

Nita's deep black eyes were thoughtful. She said, "It might work."

"Try to remember anything she says—of a personal nature, that is. Try to draw her out without appearing to. There's always the off chance that you might latch onto something."

She said, "I'll do my best, Alan."

"I knew you would . . . You're a pretty good kid."

She selected a cigarette from a half empty pack on the table. He held a match for her and she inhaled deeply. Then she said, "Now it's my turn. I want *you* to do *me* a favor."

"Consider it done."

"It isn't much." She moved her handbag from the chair beside her and picked up a package she'd brought from the apartment. It was a rather small package, but it was wrapped and tied with great care, and made fast with sealing wax. She shoved it across the table. "Keep that for me, will you, Alan? Stick it in a safe or a strongbox somewhere. Anyplace where nobody except you can get at it."

"You make it sound awfully important."

NITA hesitated a long time before going on, then weighed her words carefully. "If anything ever happened to me, Alan . . . I'd want you to open that package."

"Hey! What goes on here?"

"Nothing that you'd understand. Whatever worries me is right there in that package."

He leaned forward. He said, "Look, Nita—we're family, sort of. I've got a fairly strong pair of shoulders. If you'd talk freely . . ."

"No."

"Or if you need money."

"It isn't that. Don't push me, Alan. Please."

He dropped her at her apartment shortly after eleven, told her good night and rolled off in the same taxicab.

The package she had given *him* was on the seat. He kept one hand on it, wondering what it was all about. He reached his apartment building, paid off the driver, and walked into the lobby.

A slim, wiry figure uncoiled from one of the easy chairs. Lew Murray walked forward. He said in a hard, toneless voice, "Let's go upstairs, Gordon. I wanna have a talk with you."

Alan didn't like Lew Murray or his manner. Yet there was something about him which indicated that he wasn't going to be brushed off.

Lew said steadily, "I think you better see me. It's about Miss Sheridan."

Lew entered the apartment first. Alan clicked on the ceiling light and followed him into the tiny living room. He shed his own overcoat and hat and stood regarding his visitor.

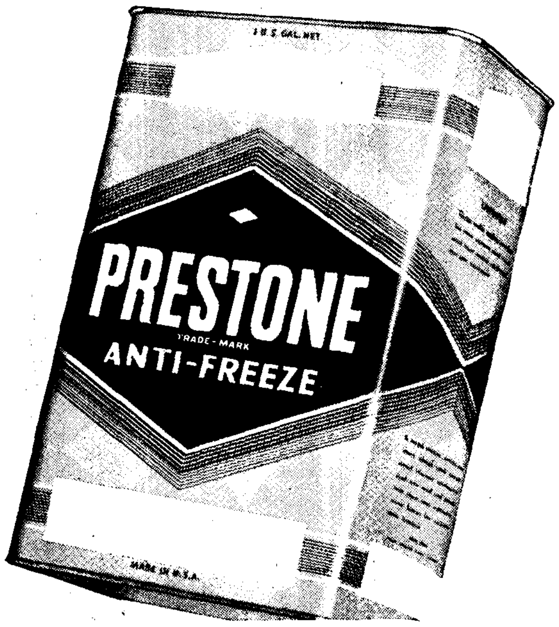
Lew wasn't making any pretense. His eyes showed unyielding hatred. He said, in a flat, hostile voice, "You're a complete louse, Gordon."

Alan didn't say anything.

"Miss Sheridan told you I was okay. She said she was dealing me in. In spite of that, you went to the cops."

Still no answer.

"You double-crossed her, and at the same time you made a damn' fool of



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1 "Prestone" anti-freeze, like most other products, depends on the utilization of raw materials and equipment drawn from many fields. Recent industrial dislocations have affected our ability to acquire and construct the new facilities necessary to meet all needs. This plant-expansion program, not authorized during the war, has of course been planned for years. It is well advanced, but the real benefit will not be felt in 1946.

2 "Prestone" anti-freeze must be produced and *packaged* many months in advance of cold weather. Last spring and summer the world-wide food shortage diverted packaging materials to the need of starving millions. So your dealer may be selling "Prestone" anti-freeze from 5-gallon cans in addition to the familiar 1-gallon cans. This shortage of packaging materials also adversely affected our ability to meet 1946 requirements.

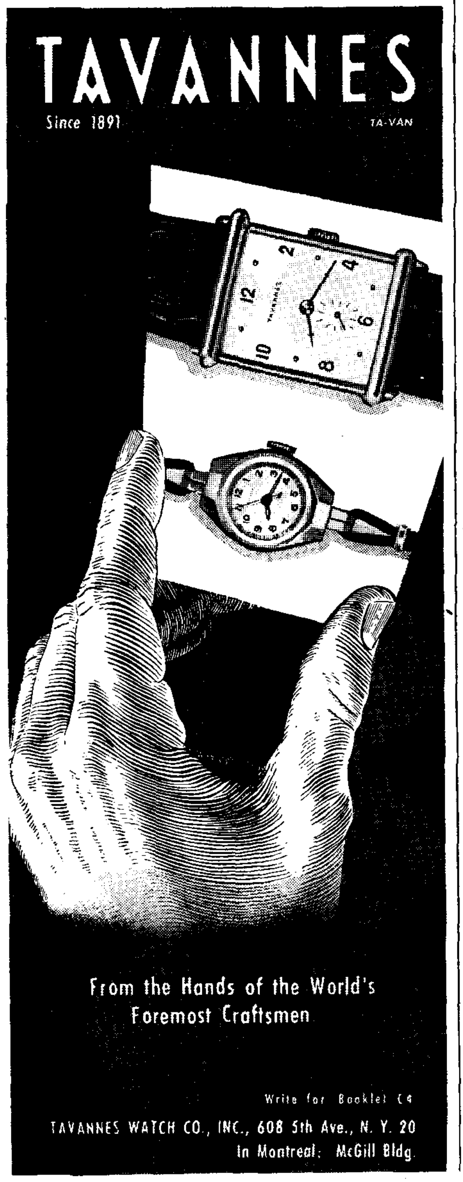
PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

TRADE-MARK

"YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!"—ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER

If Your Nose Fills Up-
Spoils Sleep Tonight
DO THIS
TO MAKE BREATHING EASIER
It's wonderful how a little Vicks Va-tro-nol in each nostril quickly opens up nasal passages to relieve stuffy transient congestion. Makes breathing easier—invites restful sleep. Grand for relieving sniffly distress of head colds, too. Try it! Just follow directions in the package.
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

SOOTHE THROAT!
Relieve Coughs due to colds
VICKS MEDICATED COUGH DROPS



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yourself, Gordon!” Lew Murray said.

Alan was burning. Lew went on bitterly, “You've messed things up. The cops are on me, now. They've got me hog-tied.”

Alan said, “You're obviously looking for trouble. What do you think you can do?”

“I dunno. But it won't be any less than you and the cops have done. I could of maybe got somewhere if you hadn't horned in with that peanut brain of yours. I'm still gonna do what I can for Miss Sheridan. And if something slips, it'll be your fault.”

“What do you know that the police don't know?”

Lew laughed shortly. “I'm supposed to pass that on to you, huh? So you can run to Max Gold with it. All I'm here for is to tell you to lay off me.”

“That sounds like a threat.”

“Ain't that too bad.” His voice trembled. “You're just another of these wisenheimers who think because a guy has done a stretch, he's always a crook. Well, if that's your angle, you go ahead and play it. But don't get in my way. I've served my time. I'm as free as you are. And twice as smart. I'm gonna see that nothing happens to Miss Sheridan.”

“If you'd tell me what you know,” said Alan reasonably, “and if it sounded good—we might work together.”

“Don't give me that. What I want you to know is that I ain't too happy about you. It's a funny thing that both times Miss Sheridan got shoved, she was with another man. I've known lotsa guys that was jealous. Sometimes when they get that way, they do things.”

Alan smiled. “It sounds as though you were trying to toss the ball right back to me. I don't know what your angle is. I don't go for your statement that Miss Sheridan's your only friend. From where you sit, she's got a lot of money. Maybe that's the way you're playing it. Maybe somebody else is using you. Whatever you're doing in it . . . I don't like it. Now get out of here.”

Murray took it straight. He said, “You're askin' for it, smart guy.”

Alan walked to the door and held it open. The wiry little man glared at him, then walked out. Alan felt uncomfortable. Lew bothered him. Even if he accepted the man's statements at face value, they didn't come out right. He had the feeling that Lew was being used as a tool for somebody else.

Lynn was a generous, trusting person. Lew had managed, Alan figured, to ingratiate himself with her. He had won her confidence, and was taking advantage of it. Whatever his plan, it had been gummed up by the police. He was sore. He was trying to frighten Alan.

Well, it wouldn't work. Alan knew that he might have the situation sized up wrong. But his way seemed the safe way. Why trust a man like Lew Murray?

THE following evening, Alan grabbed a bite at a drugstore counter, and went to Lynn's apartment. He kissed her, but she was noticeably unresponsive. He asked how she was feeling, and she said coldly that she was all right.

Papers littered the top of a gate-leg table. She had been working. On the table was an exquisite little radio . . . the tiniest, most beautiful small radio he had ever seen. Alan looked at it, and then at her.

“It's a Superba,” she explained without warmth. “We handle their advertising. They're readying a national campaign. This is a new model . . . sort of superpostwar. I'm supposed to be doing some copy on it.”

He said, “It's a little beauty. Is it good?”

She snapped the switch. The result was amazing. The pickup was magnificent, the tone clear, the volume that of a large instrument. She said, “It'll be sensational. They're going into mass production soon . . . but it'll be some time before they're on the market in quantity.” She touched it affectionately. “I'd love to own one. I suspect I've been stalling on the job just so I wouldn't have to give this one back.”

She turned it off, and seated herself on the couch. He moved over to sit beside her, but she shook her head. “Over there,” she said.

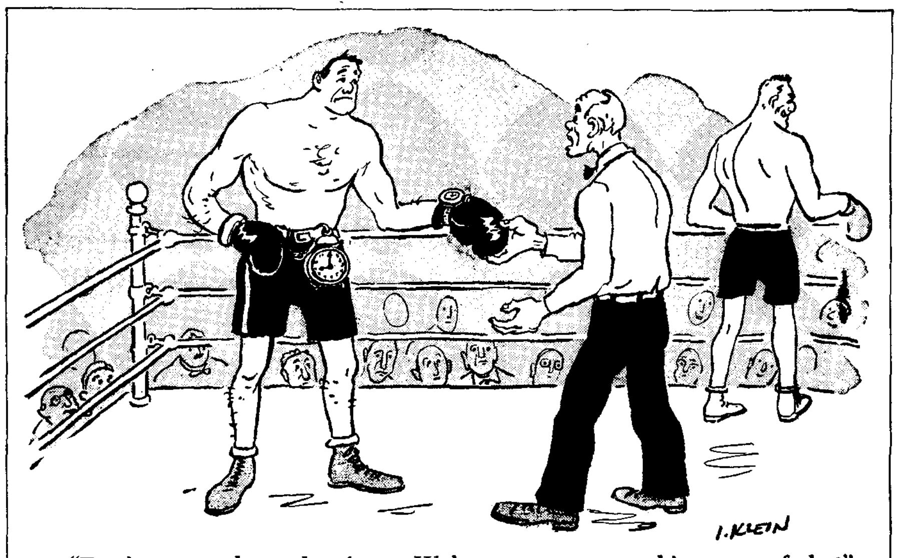
He sat down, lighted two cigarettes, passed one to her, and waited. “We may as well have this out, Alan,” she said. “I've seen Lew Murray. I knew that he was a former convict. I knew that his real name was Arthur Garret. If I had wanted the police to know about him, I'd have told them myself. You had no right to.”

“I don't trust Murray.”

“That's because you don't know him.”

“He was innocent of the crime for which he was sent to prison . . . I take that for granted.”

“No, he wasn't innocent. He was guilty. He served his time. He came out of prison determined to go straight. He had earned the right to try. He took another name. He got a menial job with Trent Advertising under that name. He lived a simple life, interfering with nobody. He had no friends.”



“Don't worry about the time. We've got someone taking care of that”

COLLIER'S I. KLEIN

“Except you, of course,” Alan said.

“Yes. And that was accidental. He had always been nice to me when I wanted special service in his department One night, about two years ago, I was working late. I needed something packed for immediate shipment. I went downstairs. I found Lew stretched out on a bench. He was ill. I got a doctor and we took him to his room. He was in a bad way. I stayed there with him that night, nursing him. The war was on then, and nurses weren't available. I looked after him until he got well. He was grateful.”

Alan said, “That part is reasonable enough.”

“We developed an odd sort of friendship. I suppose it was based on his affection for me . . . plus the fact that a woman is usually fond of someone she's been able to do something for. We had long talks. He was all tied up tight inside. He was bitter. Finally, one night he said I had a right to know about him. He told me about being an ex-convict. He told me the whole story—what led up to it, and what had happened since.”

“And by doing that, he had you a hundred per cent on his side.”

“That's not fair, Alan.”

Alan got up, crossed to the couch, and sat beside her. He said, “You've been through a lot, honey. You're not seeing things straight. I don't claim that a man is a criminal just because his foot has slipped once. I'm only arguing that you're not competent to judge. Suppose the crime for which he served wasn't his only crime. Suppose there was something else—another offense that someone knew about. Suppose they are forcing him to take part in whatever is going on. We can't ignore facts. There have been two attempts on your life. That can't be laughed off.”

“You simply don't like Lew Murray.”

“I neither like nor dislike him. But I can't figure where he belongs. He says he only wanted to be left alone. That doesn't check. Frankly, Lynn, I can't buy the idea that he's doing it just because he's fond of you.”

“Well, I can.”

SHE was leaning forward tensely, her eyes bright with anger. Alan forced himself to speak gently. He said, “Look, honey—you're just out of the hospital. You've been through a rotten experience. Let's postpone this discussion. You're upset and angry.”

“Yes, I'm angry.”

Alan said, “Murray really *has* got you eating out of his hand, hasn't he?”

“You persist in misunderstanding.”

“No, I don't, Lynn. You're being sentimental rather than intelligent.”

She said stubbornly, “I want you to let Lew Murray alone.”

“I'm not going to bother him,” Alan said. “But I'm not going to ignore him.”

She said, “I'm the one who's in danger. I have the right to decide what's to be done.”

“No, dear. I'm worried, too.”

“You should have spoken to me before you went to the police.”

“Let's be honest. Even if you had told me then what you've told me now . . . I'd have still gone.”

“All right.” She moved away from him, her manner cold. Without words, she was asking him to leave. He tried to justify her anger, even to understand it. He put his arms around her. She didn't try to draw away. She remained passive and unresponsive. He said, “I do love you, you know. Surely you'll give me as much of a break as you'd give Lew Murray.”

She said, “You're not even trying to understand. I think you'd better go.”

“And so I'm in the doghouse? What do you want me to do?”

“Let Lew alone.”

“I can't promise. I don't trust him.”

She looked straight at him. She said coldly, “Good night, Alan.”

“Good night,” he said.

He had an overpowering hunch that things were going to get a lot worse before they started to get better. . . .

The ten days which followed were not happy ones for Alan. Lynn went her way, Alan went his . . . and even when they were together it wasn't fun.

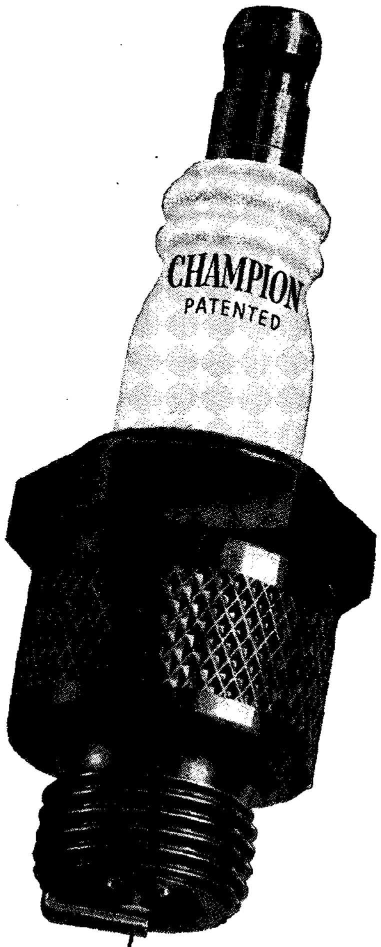
Max Gold wasn't getting anywhere. The black-eyed, efficient police lieuten-

Snap into winter...

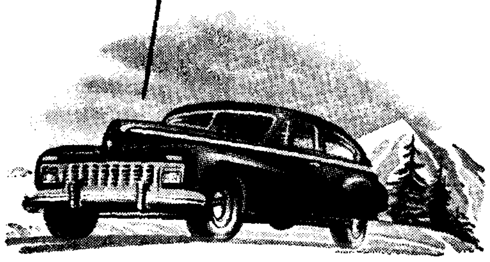
with dependable

CHAMPION

SPARK PLUGS

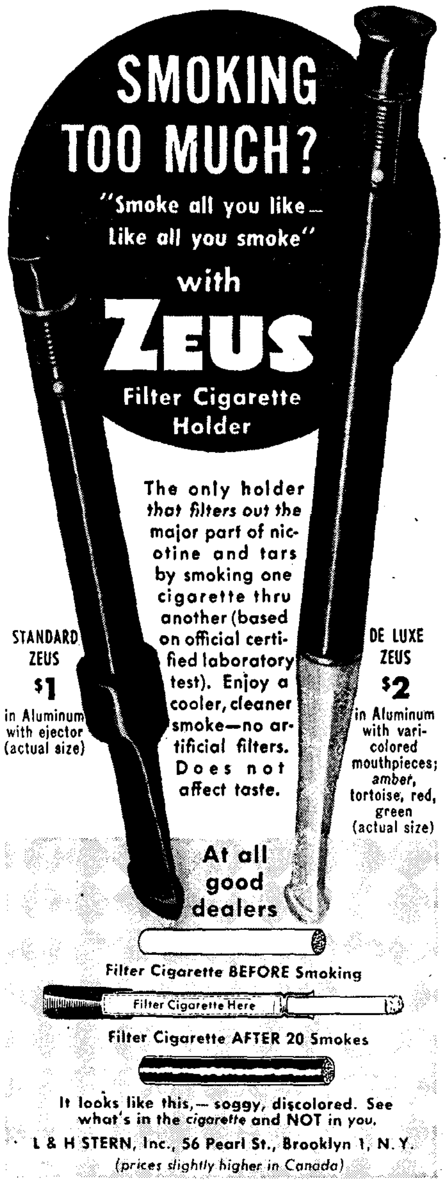


Prepare your car for winter driving by having your dealer check your spark plugs *now*. If they have lost their efficiency, insist on new Champion Spark Plugs. They will insure instant starts, in coldest weather, faster warm-ups and smoother engine performance. Champion dealers everywhere are ready to serve you with the correct size and type for your car to insure maximum efficiency and economy. *Snap into* winter with dependable Champion Spark Plugs.



FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

DEMAND DEPENDABLE
CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR



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It looks like this,— soggy, discolored. See what's in the *cigarette* and NOT in you.

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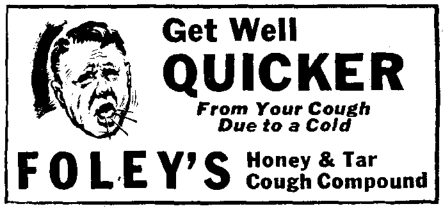

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Grand Canyon of the Colorado—silent, majestic, overwhelming in its immensity—incomparable among the world's great natural wonders! In rums, too, *one* is beyond comparison:

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ant was confessedly discouraged. The Claytons—Gloria and Floyd—and Lew Murray were checked occasionally as a matter of police routine. But there isn't much that even the best cops can do when nothing is happening.

Alan kept his word. He stayed in there pitching—but he didn't know whom he was pitching to. He saw Nita Gordon several times, and she reported excellent progress in her campaign to become friendly with Gloria Clayton. She described Gloria as an interesting woman. She had met Floyd, and dismissed him with the comment, "A no-good bum."

IN THE effort to keep his romance running smoothly, Alan extended himself. He deluged Lynn with flowers, books and candy. He took her to her favorite restaurants and ordered her favorite dishes.

He visited the office of Trent Advertising one afternoon and was told that Lynn was tied up in conference and would be unavailable for at least another half-hour. Ellsworth Morley picked that time to pass through the plushy inner waiting room. He was convoying an important client to the elevator.

Morley returned from the elevator, having rid himself of his client. He saw Alan and stopped to shake hands. Alan said, "I'm glad of this chance, Mr. Morley. I want to ask a favor."

"Certainly, young man, certainly. What is it?"

"This is probably out of line. If it's against office rules—forget it. It's just a thought I had on something which might please Miss Sheridan."

Morley made a gesture which indicated that anything which pleased Miss Sheridan could be considered done.

Alan described the tiny, exquisite Superba radio on which Lynn had been preparing copy. Morley knew all about that, of course. Alan wanted to know whether it would be possible for Mr. Morley to have someone contact the proper authorities at the Superba factory to ask whether they'd be willing to sell one. Now.

Morley said it was a fine idea. He was sure it could be done. He'd tell his secretary to write to Mr. Johnstone of Superba immediately.

Alan said, "And could it be sent to me—at my apartment?"

"Why?"

"Well, Miss Sheridan and I are engaged. It'd be fun surprising her."

Mr. Morley told him not to give it another thought. He said he could promise that the radio would be sent direct to Alan from the factory. He made a note of Alan's address and apartment number. Then he said good day, and vanished.

Nita suddenly came out of Larry Anderson's office looking strikingly beautiful and not at all like a business woman. She saw Alan and came straight to him.

She told him that she was having a few friends at her apartment Saturday afternoon for cocktails. Mostly from the office. Not a party, really. She wanted him to bring Lynn. He said he'd try. He didn't sound sure.

Lynn appeared then, dressed for the street. Nita halted her and repeated the invitation. Lynn was hesitant, but Nita said, "Will you kindly snap yourself back to normal? This isn't any reception. It's just a few friends from the office. Six o'clock. Leave when you want."

Lynn said evasively, "Well, I'd like to . . ."

Nita made a sound which wasn't very polite. She said, "That doesn't go with me, young lady. And in case you think it wouldn't be seemly . . . perhaps it would interest you to know that Larry is bringing Carol."

Lynn held out her hand. "Sold!" she said. "I'll be there with Alan."

Nita moved on. Lynn and Alan started through the huge outer reception room. Waiting for the elevator, Lynn said, "I like Nita. She enjoys life so much.". . .

The rest of the week moved more smoothly, more pleasantly. Lynn was recovering from her jitters. On Friday night Alan made some real progress.

They were in her apartment, after having seen a movie. She took one of his hands between both of hers and said, "I want to make a speech, Alan."

He could tell from her tone that he was going to like it.

"I've been silly," she said. "Maybe you have been, too . . . a little. We've got to quit being that way."

He laughed. "You mean we've been too damned polite to each other. Is that it?"

"Definitely. And I hate it."

"Okay, Lynn. You asked for it. Now you're going to get it."

His arms went around her. The next five minutes accomplished plenty. Alan leaned back and looked into her eyes. He said, "Now I've lost all my desire to go home."

She made a joking answer. It wasn't a very funny joke, but they both laughed . . . because they'd suddenly decided that nothing in the world mattered except that they were together and in love. When he finally told her good night and left the apartment, he was treading on air. He got home, telephoned her . . . gave her ten minutes' respite, and telephoned again.

"Did you find a diamond ring in last week's trash?"

COLLIER'S BOB GALLIVAN

In the morning he phoned her before breakfast, and she phoned him in the middle of his shaving.

Later in the morning, at his office, Alan got another telephone call. It wasn't from Lynn, though. This time Nita was on the other end. She said brightly, "All set for this afternoon, Alan? Lynn coming?"

"If I have to drag her."

"Swell. It'll do her good." Nita's tone changed slightly. She said, "Look, Alan—not this evening . . . tomorrow morning maybe . . . I've got something to tell you."

"Important?"

"I don't know. It's an idea I got from something Gloria Clayton said. I'll have more dope before my party. Gloria's coming over to my place to make me look gorgeous. I'll do some more talking then."

SATURDAY afternoon Alan and Lynn reached Nita's apartment house at five minutes after six. As they turned into the lobby they saw a big limousine whirl up. Larry Anderson helped his wife out of the car She looked tiny beside his handsome bulk, accepted his help adoringly. She shook hands with Lynn and Alan, and said, "We're five minutes late, and it's my fault, too. Larry was ready—"

"And cussing you out, I suppose?" Alan said facetiously.

"Oh, no. Larry never does anything like that. We'd better go up, hadn't we?"

They rode up to the ninth floor and then rang the bell of a door marked "C." There was the sound of someone inside and the door was swung back. A young man whom Alan had never seen stood there. He said, "Oh . . ." and then, by way of explanation, "I thought it was Nita." He looked at the blank faces and hastened to explain: "She's gone out somewhere. Be back in a minute, I guess. The door was open, so we barged in. My name is Mason. Lee Mason."

The Morleys were there, looking neither happy nor unhappy. Brent Coleman and his wife were standing near the artificial fireplace.

Nita had fixed up a table in the corner with drinks and cocktail shakers and a vacuum jug full of ice cubes. She had arranged pretty little sandwiches in pretty little stacks. There was a dish of cold cuts ringed with red and white coleslaw.

The guests stood around and waited. They were all listening for the door, waiting for their hostess to return. Aimlessly they chatted, marking time.

Nobody seemed quite sure whether to take a drink, or to wait for Nita. Lee Mason suggested that as Nita had fixed the drinks, it was up to them to do something about it. He picked up a cocktail shaker and started pouring Martinis.

THE drinks helped. As early as the second or third sip, tongues loosened. Alan noticed plump Mrs. Morley standing by the closet door. She seemed to have been entirely forgotten in the new gaiety.

He poured a cocktail and carried it to her. She was effusively and coyly grateful. Then her sleeve caught on the knob of the closet door and most of the Martini splashed onto the floor.

"Oh, I'm so awkward." Alan laughed and said it was his fault, a statement which she surprisingly accepted. Alan went into the bathroom, took a towel from the rack and returned with it.

Mrs. Morley had moved away. Alan went to his knees and started mopping up the liquor stain. Then he looked at the towel.

There was more than alcohol on it. More than dust.

In the middle of the towel, there was a dark red stain. He drew in his breath sharply. He rubbed the floor again, near the door. Another stain—and this time he knew.

He got up, and stood with his back against the door, looked across the room and caught the eye of Larry Anderson. Alan made a little gesture with his head. Anderson understood, and came toward him.

Alan showed Larry the bloodstains on the towel. He said, "It must have come from inside the closet."

Anderson frowned.

Alan said, "Stand in front of the door, Anderson. Screen it. I'll go in."

Larry did what he was told. Alan went behind him, and opened the door.

He didn't open it far. He didn't have to. The closet was brightly lighted by a bulb which hung from the ceiling. On one side were hangers, holding dresses and coats and fluffy negligees. On the opposite side were shelves containing dishes and glassware, and a half-dozen silly little hats.

But Alan wasn't looking at the dresses or at the shelves. He was staring at the floor, and for an awful moment he felt that he was going to be sick.

A woman was lying on the floor. Face down. There was a red splotch just below her left shoulder blade. The red extended down to the floor and reached out toward the door.

Larry said, in a choked voice, "It's Nita!"

Alan knelt beside the body. He looked up at Larry Anderson. Neither said anything. They both knew that Nita Gordon was dead

(To be continued next week)

NOTHING CAN SHAVE *Faster, Smoother, Closer* THAN THE NEW POSTWAR REMINGTONS

Whether you're giving or getting an electric shaver this Christmas, remember:

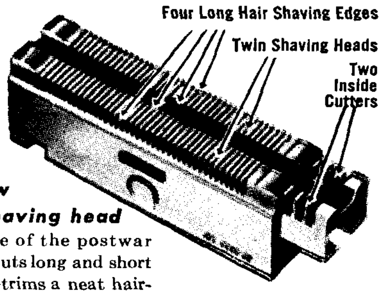
The new postwar Remingtons are the fastest, most efficient shaving implements known to man. Whether you choose a Remington Foursome, Threesome or Dual, you are getting a shaver that will really shave — fast, close and smooth. All Remingtons operate on AC and DC, and they come in handsome, satin-lined presentation cases.

THE REMINGTON FOURSOME with the sensational Blue Streak head is Remington's latest and finest model — five years ahead of any shaver you've ever seen. It has two highly effective round heads, plus the new Blue Streak twin shaving head — the equivalent of four single-head shavers. $19.50.

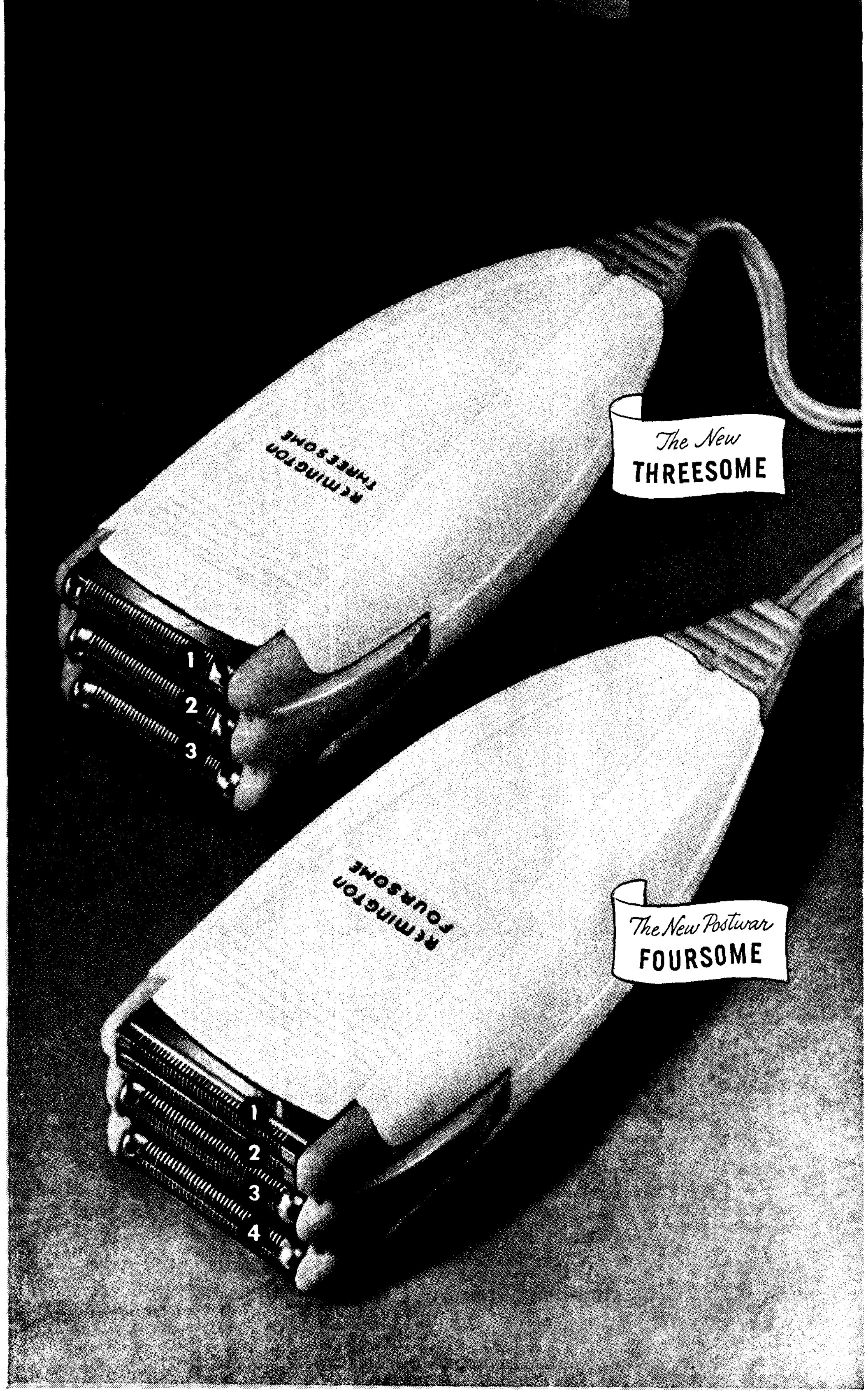
THE REMINGTON THREESOME has three precision-ground heads . . . three sets of cutters driven by an improved, more powerful motor. Like all Remingtons, it's sturdily built for years of daily service. $17.50.

THE REMINGTON DUAL is your best buy in two-headed shavers. Effective, powerful and easy-to-handle, the Remington Dual costs only $15.75.

Remember, all Remington shavers have more than one head — and it was Remington Rand that pioneered the great multiple-head principle. Remington Rand, Inc., Electric Shaver Division, Bridgeport, Conn. Service stations in 86 cities. In Canada, Remington Rand Ltd., Toronto.



The sensational new Blue Streak twin shaving head is an exclusive feature of the postwar Remington Foursome. Cuts long and short hairs with equal ease—trims a neat hairline around sideburns and mustache.



REMINGTON
ELECTRIC SHAVERS
PRODUCTS OF *Remington Rand* INCORPORATED

COUNT HEADS WHEN YOU BUY AN ELECTRIC SHAVER

HE LIKES FISH

White-haired Mr. Orsinger will do anything for a gag—so long as there's a press photographer near by. Here he plays nursemaid to a baby alligator, an idea that is downright sober compared to some he's had

BY ERNEST L. BARCELLA

Fred Orsinger runs the Federal Aquarium with a sharp eye for publicity. Some of his stunts may be pretty fishy, but they pay off

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY LOFMAN-PIX

APRIL-FOOLED victims who telephone the Federal Aquarium in Washington and ask to speak to Mr. Pike always come out ahead of the game. They get to talk to fun-conscious, sharp-witted Fred G. Orsinger, probably the only aquarium director in the nation who doesn't choke on the Mr. Pike gag. On the contrary, Orsinger is so delighted by it that he is likely to do a nip-up on a chandelier, pluck a pike from one of his exhibits and have it photographed at the telephone.

There's method in his zany madness. For Brother Orsinger, besides being Uncle Sam's Number One fish keeper, is also a fisherman for publicity. Publicity for his aquarium. And since he does business in the world's hottest news spot, where competition for front-page play is fierce, he's willing to do—and does—anything for a gag. He's got a million of them. Such as the fur-bearing trout; Percival, the Potomac sea monster; honest-to-goodness four-legged plumbers; walking fish; fighting fish; and a pickerel with a toothache.

This white-haired laughing boy of sixty-nine holds the somewhat prosaic title of Director of the Aquarium in the Interior Department's Fish and Wildlife Service. But that's the only prosaic thing about Orsinger, who is a plumber by trade, an ichthyologist by avocation, a public-relations genius by nature, and a jokester at heart.

Congress pays him $5,400 a year to run the aquarium. But Orsinger is doing—gratis—a publicity job that would bring him twice that salary with a public-relations firm. He has made the Federal Aquarium the most publicized fish institution in these United States. His piscatorial public-relations theory is simple: "Fish, like people, make news." Orsinger doesn't wait for reporters to seek him out. Whenever an idea hits him, he phones local city desks and volunteers intelligence calculated to start newsmen beating a path to his door.

His favorite device is to link an idea with a current news event.

During the depth of the depression, Orsinger received three baby alligators. With elaborate christening ceremonies, he dubbed them Pay Cut, Furlough and Dismissal, to match the economic events of the times.

Back in the carefree days when nudist colonies were front-page news, he breathlessly phoned city editors that nudism was flourishing right here in the nation's capital. Reporters investigated. Ensuing editions reported that a nudist named Salvelinus Fontinalis was holding forth in the raw at the Commerce Building. Not merely parading in his birthday suit, mind you, but showing off in elegant transparency. It turned out that Salvelinus Fontinalis was an albino trout with a diaphanous body.

In 1934 when the world was set on its ear by the birth of the Dionne quintuplets, Orsinger pulled out all the stops with a multiple-birth whopper that just happened to be fact—750,000 babies born all at once. And, just to give it the right touch, Canadian babies—Ontario herring. That one cracked the front pages and brought hundreds of new converts to the aquarium.

Orsinger staged a wedding gag his very first day on the job in 1932. He married off Spencer, the sturgeon, to a finny floozy named Miss Vessie. There was a mock ceremony, a wedding cake and bits of beef hearts to lure Spencer to the altar. Also enough publicity to lure new customers to the aquarium.

Spencer's untimely death five months later was the occasion for some Orsinger moaning at the bar of publicity. Spencer's mortal and mounted remains now rest in honored glory in the National Museum—a tribute to his Orsinger-inspired popularity.

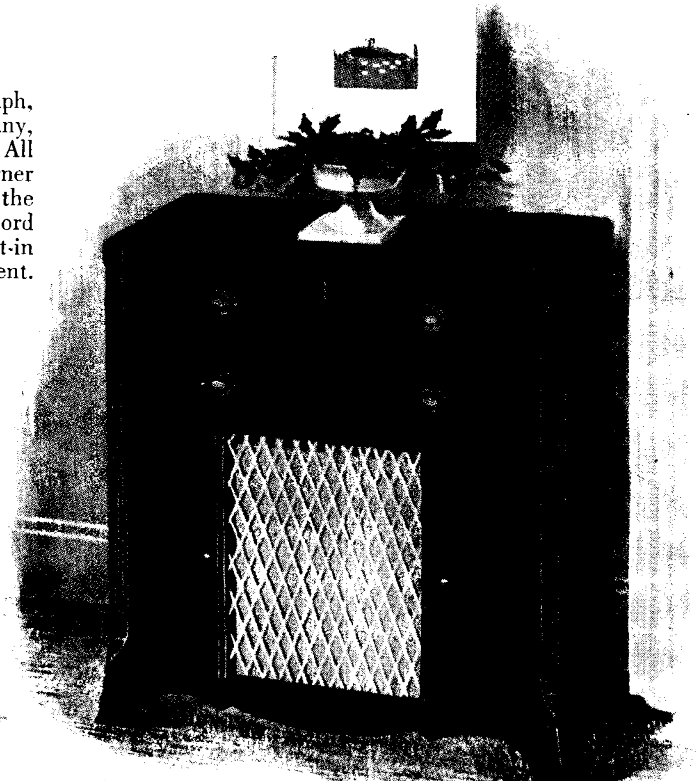
Each May, Orsinger trots out his sure-fire publicity stunt—his campaign to make people eat oysters in R-less months. His

(Continued on page 48)

This Christmas you can give picture-clear *Strobo-Sonic Tone* in beautiful modern and period radio-phonographs

How the master cabinetmakers of the 18th century would applaud the beauty and the craftsmanship of these Stewart-Warner radios! And how the great music masters would marvel at the beauty of their Strobo-Sonic Tone! For now the art of fine cabinetmaking is matched by the brilliance of superlative radio performance. Fine woods, handsomely worked, they will always be in good taste. And the all-new Stewart-Warner radios they hold are the peak of electronic perfection. Thrilling beauty—for you to *see* and to *hear*—never achieved in prewar radios regardless of price!

Commode radio in the beautiful Chippendale style, all-mahogany. Five tubes plus rectifier, 2 broadcast bands, accurate push-button tuning.



Console radio-phonograph, all-walnut or all-mahogany, in the Sheraton tradition. All the great Stewart-Warner radio features, with the automatic finger-tip record changer. No-lift top; built-in record compartment.

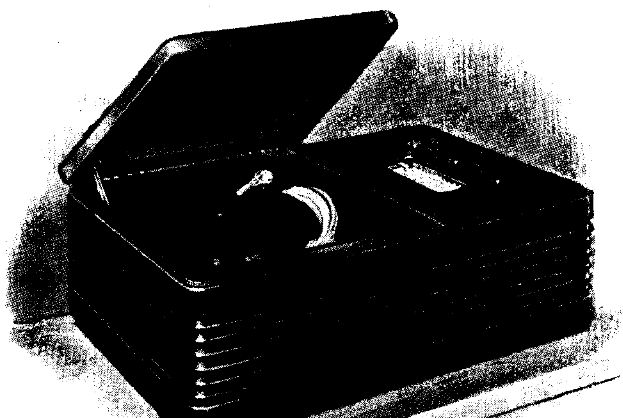
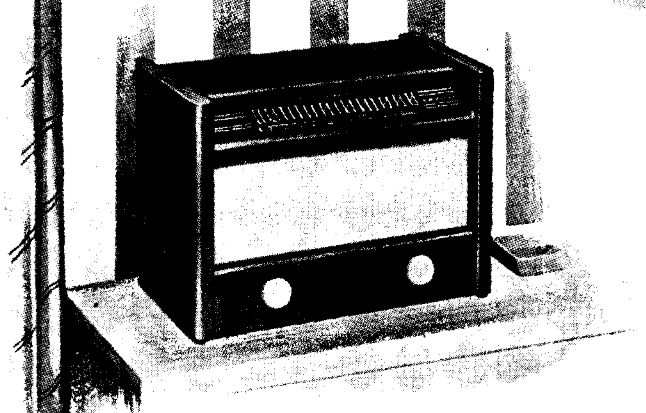


Table radio-phonograph in the smart, modern manner. Plays up to 12 records automatically. Big, undistorted radio or record volume for dancing. Attachable legs quickly make it the Consolette.



The Headliner! An all-new table radio that's beautiful, simple! Three smart finishes in modern woods. Illuminated dial. New Strobo-Sonic brilliance plus big-set power.

STROBO-SONIC TONE
Music in its true dimensions, rich and picture-clear! Exclusively Stewart-Warner.

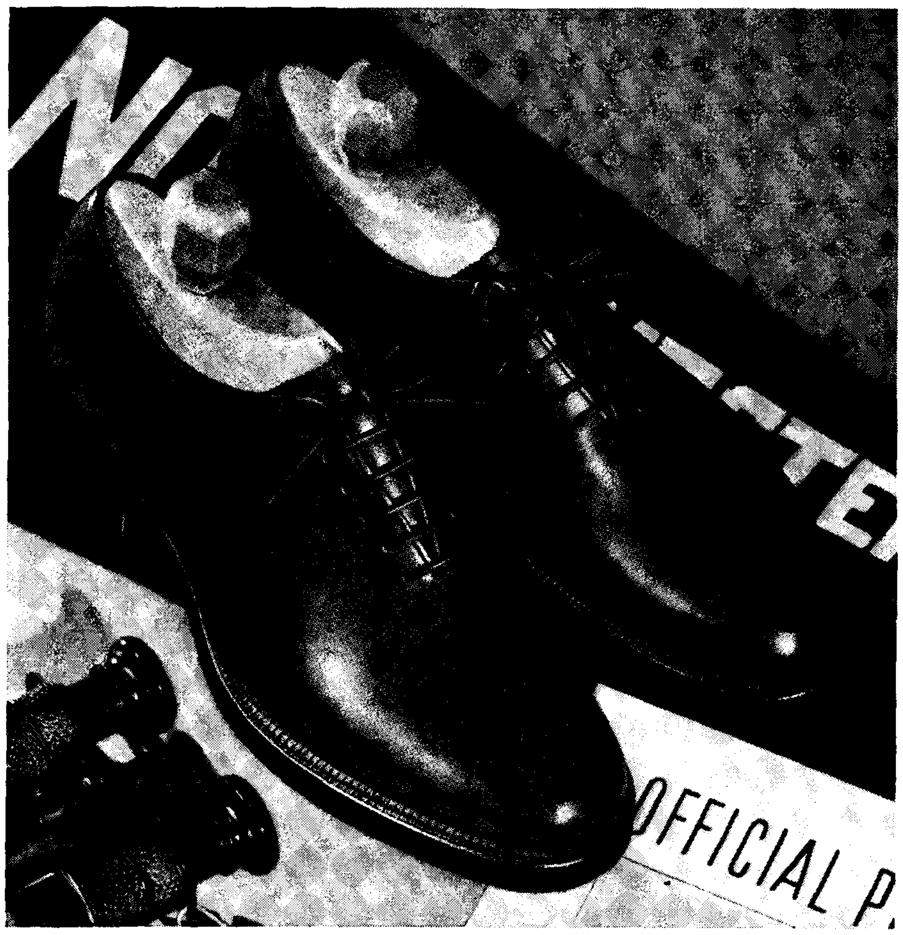
Stewart-Warner

Radios • Radio-phonographs

CHICAGO 14, ILLINOIS

talk about

looks, mister...



Better see

THE John C. Roberts Shoe

MELLO-STRIDE FEATURE

Particular about your shoes? Then the smart, up-to-the-minute styling and finer materials of the new John C. Roberts Shoe will really appeal to you.

And for comfort, many styles feature exclusive Mello-Stride construction: built-in flexibility--rigidity where you want it--and a soft leather innersole that won't crack or curl!

See this grand new shoe at your John C. Roberts dealer's. They're built by Friedman-Shelby, a division of International Shoe Company, world's largest shoemakers, St. Louis 3, Mo.

...also Robertson Shoes at lower prices.

Easy to look at!

Easy to wear!

Why not slip into a pair?

organization, the Association for Eating Oysters in Any Month You Want To, kicks off the campaign with an oyster supper early in May.

When Orsinger launched the first campaign a couple of years ago, he did it with some trepidation lest he get a call-down from his boss, then Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes. But the Old Curmudgeon rose magnificently to the occasion and authorized a spokesman to issue this deathless pronouncement:

"If the Fisheries Bureau (Orsinger's department) is for oysters in summer, Mr. Ickes is for oysters, first, last and all the time."

Orsinger is at his best in summer, when pickings are lean for Washington reporters. A few years ago Eddie Gilmore, Moscow correspondent, was looking for a good warm-weather feature.

"What about a fur-bearing trout?" he asked Orsinger.

Orsinger, a fast man with an idea, picked up the ball and ran.

"I got just what you're after, Eddie," he said, reaching for a catfish with one hand and a telephone with the other. He phoned a local furrier and ordered one small fur coat with a concealed zipper. The coat was a perfect fit. Mr. Catfish became Mr. Fur-bearing Trout and was placed on display. Gilmore's ensuing story on this freak of nature hit front pages coast to coast.

But there were skeptics in the crowd, particularly among scientists in the Interior Department's Fish and Wildlife Service. They pooh-poohed the whole idea. Orsinger wired a friend at Salida, Colorado, and asked him to send a trout via express—but make sure the bill of lading read "one fur-bearing trout." The friend complied. Confronted with this "documentary" evidence, Orsinger's scientific colleagues subsided.

Orsinger also dreamed up a mythical creature named Percival, in the early summer of 1945. Peace was just around the corner. Fanciful tales were creeping back into the newspapers. Tulsa, Oklahoma, burst into print with one about flying rabbits which dive-bombed coyotes. Virginia boasted a tick so big it carried a dog on its back, instead of vice versa. New England commanded attention with two tall sea-monster yarns—one from Swampscott, Massachusetts, the other from Edward Shaw of Winthrop, Massachusetts, who swore to the existence of an 81-pound monster with hands growing out of its stomach, eyes as big and red as the setting sun, and a mouth like the business end of a bulldozer.

That was all Orsinger needed. Hell's wheels, he proclaimed to the press, why, these people were just talking about minnows. Hadn't they heard about Percival—a 130-footer with a pompadour, a handsome face, phosphorescent knobs on either side of his head, a childlike weakness for lemon drops and a peculiar fondness for Tschaikovsky? For two years, Orsinger said, Percival had been cruising around right out there in the Potomac.

There was something else that set Percival apart from the Winthrop monster. No hands.

But some newspapermen had to be shown, among them a lighthearted fellow from Missouri named Frederick C. Othman, a Washington columnist. Othman proclaimed he would risk his hide for his public and join Orsinger in hunting down Percival via rowboat (charter fee 25 cents per hour). Daily bulletins on the forthcoming monster expedition stirred the customers into a frenzy.

Came the big day, Orsinger-Othman Explorers, Inc., dissolved in mid-Potomac when Othman questioned Orsinger's eyesight and Orsinger insisted: "It is not, either, a log; it's Percival."

That was the last Orsinger ever saw of Percival who, insulted by the presence of a stranger, slithered off to sea.

A Long-Suffering Spouse

Sweet, white-haired Mrs. Orsinger sometimes wishes all the rest of her hubby's charges would do likewise. The onetime Chicago Operetta (Burgomasters) star has had all she can take of fish. Every day since she changed her name from Miss Ollie Sullivan to Mrs. Fred G. Orsinger 43 years ago, she's had to cook fish for her husband. Furthermore she's surrounded by fish—living and otherwise.

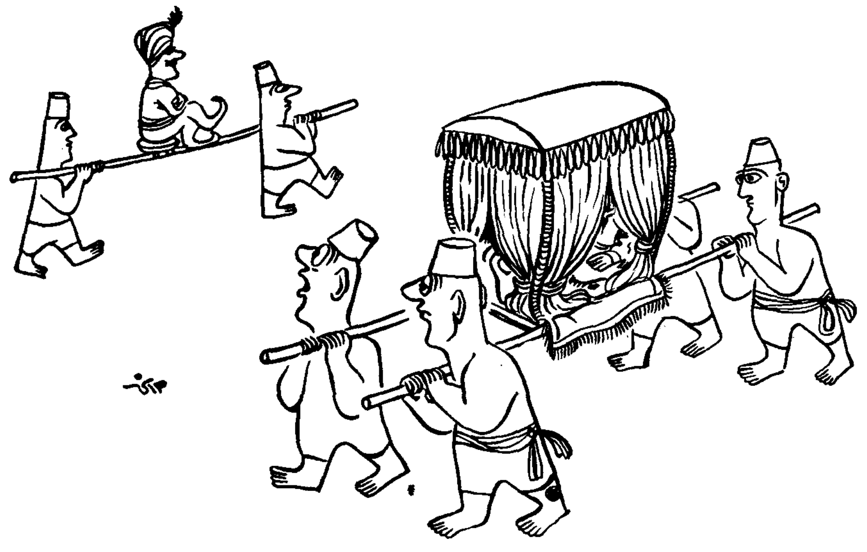
Ash trays, serving trays, candle holders, salt and pepper shakers, even the wooden chopping board in the Orsinger kitchen are cut in the shape of fish. The living-room walls are lined with tiny shelves fairly sprouting piscatorial knickknacks.

Ma Orsinger grudgingly concedes she'll have to put up with fish as long as her husband finds fun and a living in them. Fish have been fun for him since he started a guppy collection in his native La Salle, Illinois. He's been making a living at them since the depression wrecked his bank account for the third time in 1931 and busted his steam-fitting business at Glen Ellyn, Illinois. When he got a job at Chicago's Shedd Aquarium, his hobby became his vocation.

Orsinger thinks it's a wonderful way to make a living.

Occasionally, he still gets his ears pinned back for some stunt that irritates more dignified officials. But he always comes up with a brand-new idea.

Orsinger once got slapped down by the late Secretary of Commerce Dan Roper. It all started quite innocently. Orsinger, visiting the Tampa, Florida, aquarium, impishly suggested that Tampa's Siamese fighting fish were fine specimens, all right. But New Orleans had the champs.

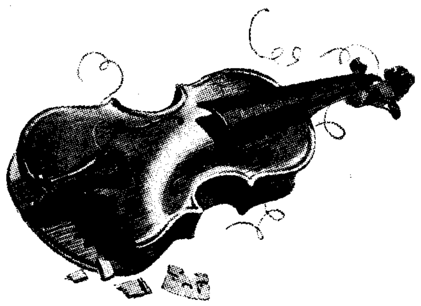


COLLIER'S "Look! A motorcycle!" VIRGIL PARTCH

It can kill a man!

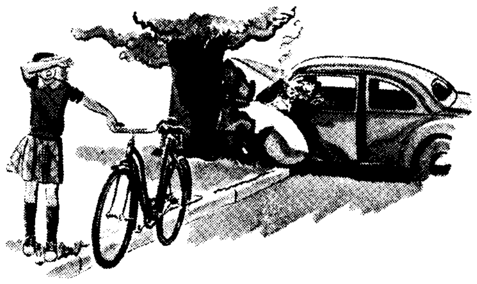
Maybe you think only an *imaginary* foe can fall before your lad's toy Tommy gun. But when Junior leaves it lying on steps or sidewalk, it becomes a deadly weapon in *reality*. Someone passing by may trip on it and be injured seriously—even fatally. And then *you* may face a costly damage suit.

Hundreds of everyday occurrences like this can get you into serious trouble. But there's *one* way to keep safe—Hartford's Comprehensive Personal Liability Insurance. It gives you $10,000 worth of protection for as little as $10 a year!



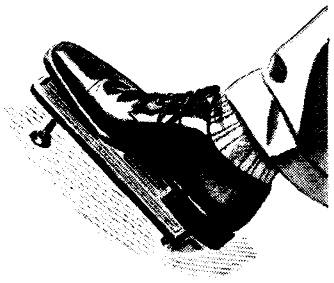
Unfinished symphony?

Musical instruments usually cost considerable money. Protect this investment with Hartford Musical Instrument Insurance, in the companies that write "practically every form of insurance except personal life insurance."



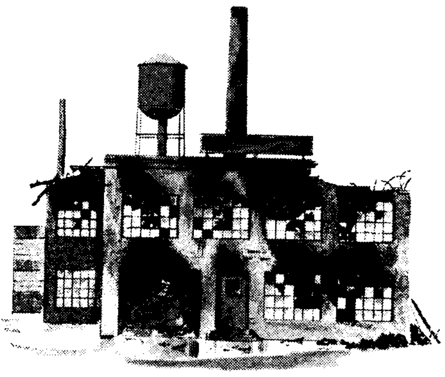
Bike wrecks car!

A swerve, a crash . . . and who's going to pay for the wrecked car? If you're that child's parent, it *may* be *you*... unless you're covered by Hartford's Comprehensive Personal Liability Insurance.



Step on it...*but gently!*

There's dynamite in that accelerator! Better take it easy! Protect yourself with Hartford Automobile Insurance. It covers damage suits, fire, theft, collision . . . and pays your *own* and passengers' medical expenses, too!



Gutted by fire

Production and earnings stop—but *not* income if Hartford Business Interruption Insurance was carried covering earnings against loss by fire or other specified causes.

Hartford Insurance

Hartford Fire Insurance Company • Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company
Hartford Live Stock Insurance Company

Writing practically all forms of insurance except personal life insurance • • Hartford 15, Connecticut

Winter Wonderland

IN OLD QUÉBEC

Crisp tonic air . . . dry powder snow . . . skiing at its glorious best at Lac Beauport Snow Bowl and nearby Valcartier . . . skating and tobogganing, too. And you can spend fascinating hours just "seeing the sights" and exploring quaint shops for handicrafts and homespuns.

In the heart of this 17th century city, the historic Chateau Frontenac offers everything to make your stay complete. Gay social life, blazing log fires—relaxation in an old world atmosphere amid modern comforts. "It's a Canadian Pacific hotel."

For full information consult any Canadian Pacific Railway office or your own agent.

Canadian Pacific

SPANS THE WORLD

He said the same thing—in reverse—at New Orleans. First thing he knew (and it was not sheer coincidence) he was promoting a national championship fish fight right smack in the nation's capital.

But the Washington gendarmes stepped in. Seems there's a District of Columbia ordinance forbidding cockfights or any other form of exhibition battle involving animal, bird, mineral or fish. Orsinger was summoned to the police chief's office (all the while not forgetting to keep the news desks posted). The chief laid down the law to our hero—if the fight goes on, the joint gets raided and Orsinger gets pitched into the clink.

"You just try it," Orsinger flared. "This fight is being staged in the Commerce Building. That's federal property. Local police are out of bounds there."

The chief was stymied. But details got into the newspapers. Roper read them, called in Orsinger, called him down and called off the show.

Another time, the little man with the big ideas almost got himself into a jam with the local plumbers' union. When a friend griped about clogged drain pipes, Orsinger offered a solution.

"Alligators!" he cried. "Baby alligators. You see, alligators can't walk backward. You put 'em in the drain pipe. They have to keep going or die. They don't want to die. So they march right through and pretty soon your drain pipe is all cleaned—for free."

The friend said he would take a couple and departed. Orsinger reached for his phone and reported to city desks his colossal new plumbing discovery. Press associations spread the tidings. Picture services offered photographic evidence—Orsinger holding a baby alligator at the mouth of a drain pipe.

That's when the plumbers' union stepped in. It threatened to picket the aquarium, until Orsinger explained that it was all a gag and, besides, he was a member of the plumbers' union himself.

Washington has come to expect such things of Orsinger. He came to town in 1932 on what was supposed to be a month's loan from the Shedd Aquarium. Uncle Sam's piscatorial palace then was virtually fishless.

But once Orsinger opened up his vast storehouse of ideas, the Federal Aquarium rapidly became a show place. He stayed on, by invitation, to become aquarium director. Starting out with scarcely a score of fish, Orsinger fashioned an aquarium which now houses forty-eight species totaling more than 1,500 adult fish.

His fish eat well of a diet that includes beef hearts, salt water and fresh fish, oatmeal, spinach and worms. All at a cost of only $600 a year to Uncle Sam. There's dessert, too—paprika. That's Orsinger's way of restoring pigmentation which the fish lose for lack of sunlight. Orsinger has devised special hospital tanks for ailing specimens. He even provides some of his fish with a playground—a fish ladder on which Chinook salmon and trout do their daily dozen and train swimming upstream.

Orsinger, with a Ziegfeldian touch, has arranged his aquarium so the fish can show off at their best. Their glass houses are dramatically lighted in Technicolor tints. Spectators get the feeling of being beneath the water looking right into the fish's home. Orsinger has pioneered natural habitat conditions, with tanks arranged to give depth perception and each tank containing a proper assortment of snags, coral, rock or sand and sea growth. It's all very soothing.

Whenever the late Hugh Johnson got his dander up, as he often did in the NRA days—he would go storming out of his Commerce Building office and head straight for the aquarium. Visits with Orsinger and his fish worked wonders on him.

Trout for President Roosevelt

Orsinger was one of the late President Roosevelt's favorites too. Mr. Roosevelt had a weakness for fish—especially trout. Word got around to Orsinger, who subsequently made a ritual of trudging to the White House with a bucket of rainbow trout for the Presidential dinner table. Before the trout went into the frying pan, Roosevelt would dip his hand in the bucket and fondle the fish. Orsinger also supervised the construction of a fish pool at the late President's hideaway near Thurmont, Maryland.

Not long ago a young girl reporter, out hunting up her first feature story, wandered into Orsinger's precinct. She noticed a pickerel bleeding at the mouth and thought something should be done to help the poor thing. She buttonholed Orsinger, who listened with feigned horror and then exclaimed: "Ulcerated tooth. It must be extracted at once."

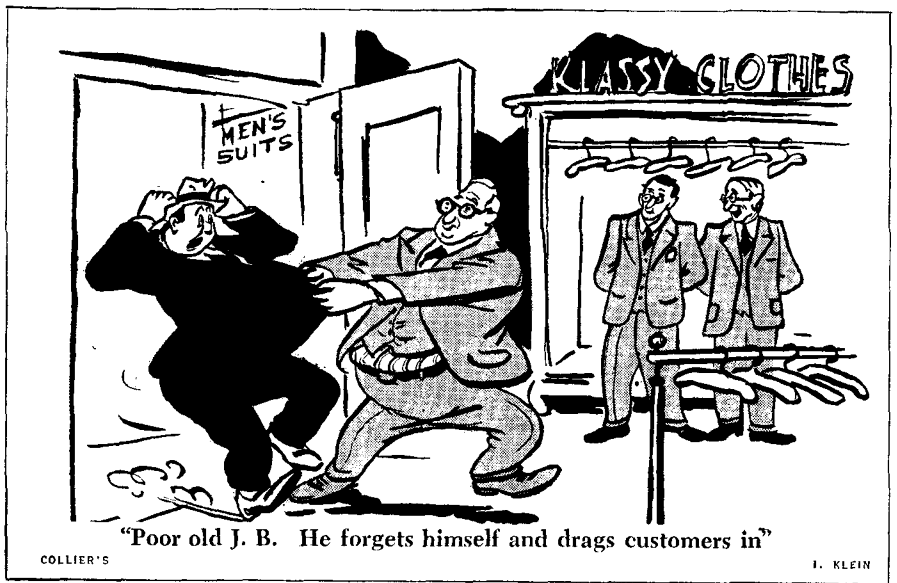
Orsinger agreed to delay the operation while the pretty reporter phoned her office for a photographer. Then, with hip boots and forceps, Orsinger stepped into the tank with the aching pickerel and proceeded to yank while the photographer recorded for posterity the first dental surgery on a pickerel. Probably the last, too, because pickerels can't get a toothache. No teeth.

Orsinger explained—long after the picture showed up in most newspapers—that this particular pickerel simply had bumped its snout against the glass and suffered a nosebleed.

Since Orsinger's been on the job, the aquarium has averaged 150,000 visitors a year for 15 years. Even Abie's Irish Rose can't beat that kind of box office.

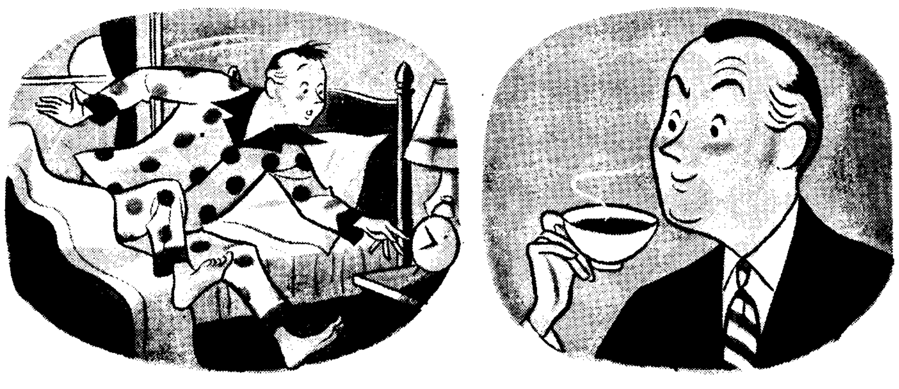
Orsinger won't be around next year. He reaches retirement age. Then he can do what he's always wanted to do leisurely—a little fishing.

THE END



"Poor old J. B. He forgets himself and drags customers in"

COLLIER'S I. KLEIN



When everybody's in a hurry . . . and tastes are critical . . .

Try this new instant coffee made especially for breakfast!

NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL REAL BREAKFAST COFFEE! GRAND FLAVOR—AND NO WAITING!
SURE! INSTANT BORDEN'S WAS MADE FOR BREAKFAST —NOT JUST FOR OCCASIONAL USE. IT'S 100% PURE COFFEE —NOT A MIXTURE!
Borden's INSTANT COFFEE

IT'S NO SECRET to anybody how *convenient* instant coffee is—especially in the morning, when the whole family's in a hurry.

"But," you say, "how good is this instant coffee? Show me an instant coffee that tastes as good as my favorite ground coffee—and I'll serve it every day."

"Fine," says Borden. "Either Borden's has it, or you don't pay. It'll taste every bit as good as your favorite ground coffee—for breakfast every day in the week—or your money back!"*

You see, Borden's was *made* for breakfast—not just for occasional use. It's all coffee—not a half-and-half "café"-type mixture! And what coffee! Serve it by the cup or by the pot—to the whole family—for every meal. If you don't love it, the treat's on us!

IMPORTANT:

Don't use too much Borden's. Remember, Borden's is 100% pure coffee. Use ½ to ¾ of a level teaspoonful.

Tastes as good as your favorite ground coffee—or money back!
100% PURE COFFEE
Borden's INSTANT COFFEE
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

© THE BORDEN CO

* Use at least half a jar of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tastes as good as your favorite ground coffee, send us the jar with the unused contents, and we'll cheerfully refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
DELICIOUS
Drink it
STRAIGHT
DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
Blackberry
Flavored
Brandy
PREPARED AND BOTTLED BY
MANY, BLANC & CO., INC.
CHICAGO, ILL.

DuBOUCHETT BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY 70 PROOF

A Grand All-Time Favorite—this DuBouchett Blackberry Flavored Brandy! The *real fruit* gives this delectable drink its flavor, aroma and color—selected, lusciously ripe blackberries, pressed, then leisurely percolated through the brandy. This same incomparable process produces DuBouchett's other three fruit flavored brandies—*Apricot, Peach* and *Cherry*.

Chill-Chaser Supreme—Hot Rock and Rye! And here is how to make it.

1 jigger DuBouchett Rock and Rye
1 thick slice of lemon. Fill glass with hot water and sprinkle with nutmeg.
Also marvelous "straight", if you prefer.

DuBOUCHETT CREME DE MENTHE 62 PROOF

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
Creme de Menthe

DuBouchett Creme de Menthe Frappe! It's delicious "straight", of course, but for a change, just try this method. Pack shaved ice in a suitable glass. Pour over the ice enough DuBouchett Green—or white—Creme de Menthe to fill the glass. Serve with two small straws.

DuBOUCHETT PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS 60 PROOF

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS
LIQUEUR

An Unforgettable Taste-Thrill—DuBouchett Peppermint Schnapps. This is another year-after-year favorite, its delightful flavor achieved by distilling fine imported peppermint. Its principal use is as a "straight" liqueur, wonderful after meals—or any time!

DuBOUCHETT ROCK AND RYE 70 PROOF

DuBOUCHETT
MANY, BLANC
ROCK & RYE
AN OLD FASHIONED FAVORITE
MANY, BLANC & CO. INC.
CHICAGO, ILL., U.S.A.

The products featured above are typical of the forty-two fine cordials and brandies in this line—well known to connoisseurs as *quality leaders.*

FREE . . . You will be intrigued by the many uses for cordials, shown in this handy recipe book. Write for Booklet **A.**

DuBOUCHETT

Cordials by DuBOUCHETT Many, Blanc

(PRONOUNCED
DOO-BOO-SHAY)

PRODUCTS OF MANY, BLANC & CO., INC., CHICAGO

HOUSING: DIXIE'S DILEMMA

Continued from page 13

Returned veterans and their families, therefore, crowd the towns and cities. There's hardly an apartment, a house or even a furnished room for rent in any Southern town of any importance.

The South's housing problem is further complicated by the Negro factor. Little enough is being done to house Dixie's homeless white population and even less to shelter its Negroes, veterans or otherwise. Therrel tried to set up 100 trailers for Negro G.I.s but couldn't find vacant land to put them on. Atlanta has plenty of park area which could have been used for the purpose but the city fathers objected. In adjoining Fulton County, where Atlanta's rich white folks live, there were 34 square miles of unused land. But it couldn't be used for temporary shelter camps for Negroes or whites no matter how well insulated with wooded tracts, spacious lawns and garden walls.

Breaking the Color Line

Those Negroes who can afford to do so are buying houses in white districts. They do so out of sheer desperation and are fully aware, some of their leaders told us, of the possible consequences. The Atlanta Housing Authority recorded one case in which a prominent Negro bought a home occupied by white tenants whom he was obliged to evict. For several days, until the white folks found another home, both families lived under the same roof in different wings of the house, a hitherto unheard-of situation in the South. In this particular case the families concerned were reasonable people and what might have been another violent moment in relations between black and white passed unnoticed. But leaders on both sides of the color line foresee racial strife in the competition for living space. Obviously Negroes need housing but equally obviously, with politicians like Talmadge, Bilbo and Rankin in power, there will be less inclination to do anything about it than ever.

"Gene Talmadge," explained Dr. Guy Johnson, executive director of the Southern Regional Council, "was elected governor of Georgia by white folks, rich and poor, who liked what he said about white supremacy. The well-to-do agree with Talmadge that the Negro must be kept in a condition in which he can be exploited. They want to return the South to the days when maids, cooks, nurses and labor generally could be hired for a few cents a day. And the poor whites, who compete daily with Negro workers, need somebody to be better than. Housing for Negroes? Not a chance."

But the South's housing problem isn't merely one of finding homes for hordes of Negroes, or for war veterans, white or black. It is an all-inclusive problem of how to house all people earning less than $8,000 to $10,000 a year.

The overcrowding extends to the mansions of the old families. Colonels and their ladies are hosts, not always willing ones, to a new generation of colonels and ladies and their offspring. The enforced proximity is wearing everyone down and straining and breaking family ties among the rich as well as the poor. Some Old Families without platoons of kinfolks and with rooms to spare aren't above soaking visitors as much as $8 or $10 a night for the privilege of sleeping in their big and often horrendous houses. Southern hospitality is, in general, all that you've heard, but it falls short of a room and bath.

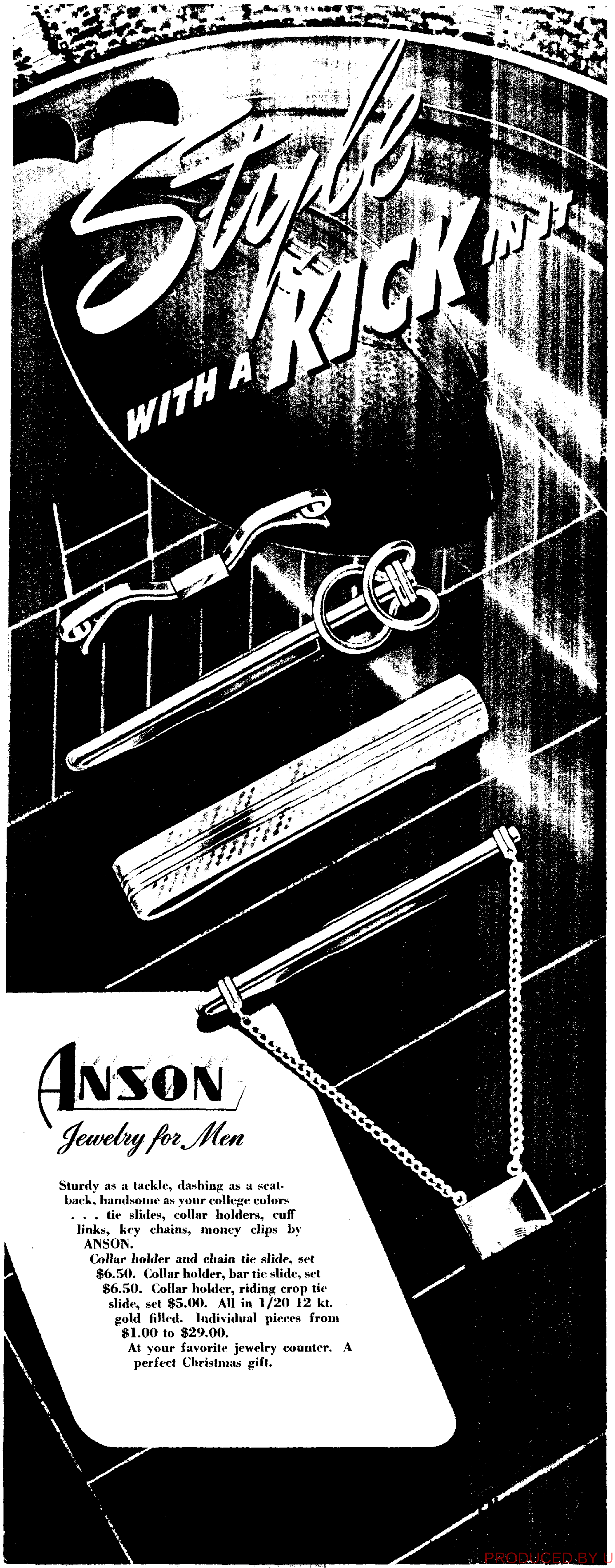
Many old families rent or sell their estates' barns, carriage houses, stables or former slave quarters. In cities like New Orleans it's fashionable to live in what were the outbuildings of plantations or city estates. One enterprising woman bought up a number of such buildings, primped them with inside plumbing, sloshed them with whitewash, decorated them with old buggy lamps and red-painted doors and sold them to bank presidents, editors and other socially acceptable people. She paid from $2,000 to $4,000 each for the buildings and sold them at anywhere from $12,000 to $20,000. One damyankee of our acquaintance paid $17,000 for his place.

"I got," he says, "$4,000 worth of house and $13,000 worth of charm."

Since there are no living quarters to rent and what there are for sale are within the reach only of the rich, where do Southerners live? They live, for the most

COLLIER'S "Mama, he's looking at those perfume ads again!" DON TOBIN

ANOTHER SNOW MAN BEHIND THE EIGHTBALL!
MANAGER
- THAT NIGHT
I KNOW I'VE GOT ENOUGH ON THE BALL - BUT I JUST CAN'T GET A RAISE.
APPEARANCE COUNTS, TOO. WHY DON'T YOU TRY JERIS! GET RID OF THAT LOOSE DANDRUFF AND STOP LOOKING LIKE A SNOW MAN.
LOOKS GOOD! FEELS GOOD! SMELLS GOOD! AND ALL MY LOOSE DANDRUFF IS GONE!
JERIS
2 WEEKS LATER
HURRAY FOR YOU HURRAY FOR YOUR NEW RAISE! AND 3 BIG CHEERS FOR JERIS!
HE'S A SUCCESS! A REAL BALL OF FIRE NOW! THIS IS THE END FOR ME.
JERIS KEEPS HAIR WELL-GROOMED
FREE OF LOOSE DANDRUFF
ANTISEPTICALLY CLEAN
AND IT'S NON-GREASY
JERIS Antiseptic HAIR TONIC
NOW JERIS KEEPS MY HAIR WELL-GROOMED - ALWAYS FREE OF LOOSE DANDRUFF



Sturdy as a tackle, dashing as a scat-back, handsome as your college colors . . . tie slides, collar holders, cuff links, key chains, money clips by ANSON.

Collar holder and chain tie slide, set $6.50. Collar holder, bar tie slide, set $6.50. Collar holder, riding crop tie slide, set $5.00. All in 1/20 12 kt. gold filled. Individual pieces from $1.00 to $29.00.

At your favorite jewelry counter. A perfect Christmas gift.

part, in slums—either the individual-unit slums of the rural areas or in the great mass slums that eat at the vitals of most Southern cities like scabrous cancers. Atlanta, one of the finest cities of the South, is, by recent official measurement, exactly 60 per cent slum.

Southern slums achieve a viciousness comparable only to that of the so-called depressed areas of the Balkans, the Caribbean islands or India. You expect to find such rat harbors in less highly developed societies but not in America. In Atlanta you walk for blocks along streets lined with jerry-built one- and two-story shacks and big sag-roofed barracks beyond the help of paint or patches. Not even the live oaks, the willows, camphor trees and crepe myrtles that struggle in the foul atmosphere mitigate the ugliness of Southern slums.

Design for Crowded Living

Four families live in two-roomed, two-storied houses. As many as ten mill about in the barracks which were originally built for two large families. You can always tell how many families live in the places by the number of mailboxes and gas and electric meters. The meters are usually the only modern appliances visible inside or outside those "homes."

New Orleans is worse. It's worth the life of your car to try to drive down one of the city's unpaved slum lanes such as Terpsichore or Abundance—repeat Abundance—Street. You can break an axle or lose a wheel in the craters that pock the roadway. The city is built on low land. The subsoil water level is often as close as 18 inches to the surface. Hence there are no basements. The shacks and the barracks, leaning against one another as though for support, are spiked up on stilts. Blue mold feeds on their foundations and beams.

The soil under the houses is foul with rotting refuse and human sewage. Rats rule the streets and houses at night. Mothers fight them away from their children. Sometimes there's only one outside toilet for as many as 10 families, and often, in the Negro areas, there's none. Entire blocks of slums have been condemned as unfit for human habitation by the city's health department, but New Orleans hasn't the money to clear them and build new homes.

The city's new reform mayor, the youthful and energetic De Lesseps Story Morrison, who recently blew a graft-ridden political machine out of office, estimated that it would cost $1,000,000 merely to clear six of New Orleans' blocks of slums. Morrison inherited a budget deficit of $1,500,000 from his predecessor, the Honorable Honest Bob Maestri. Morrison gloomily admitted that he can't do anything about slum clearance without considerable federal help.

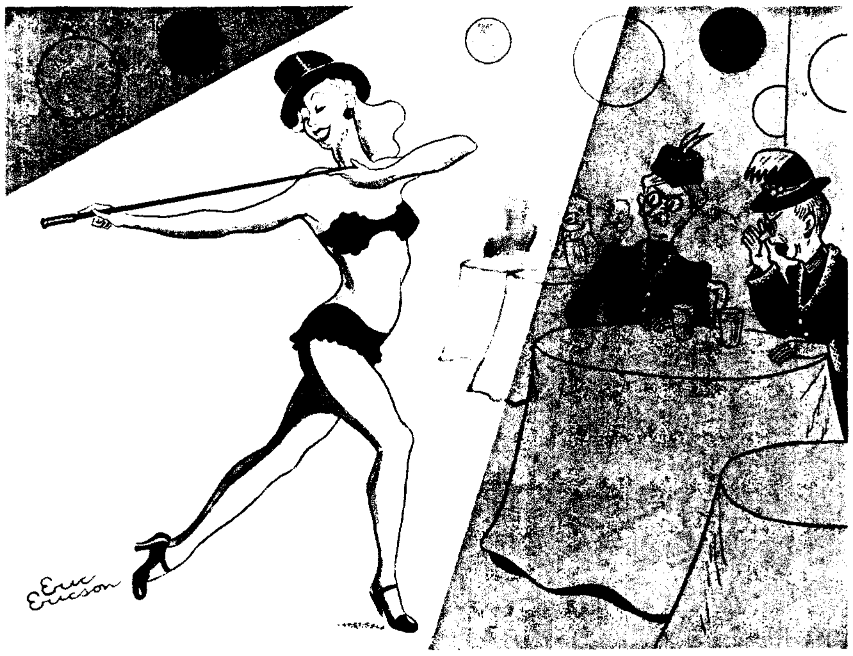
Out of New Orleans' slums come the large majority of its murderers, rapists, thieves and juvenile delinquents. According to the Council of Social Agencies, five or more crimes are committed by slum dwellers for every one by persons from decent homes. These proportions are roughly true not only for other Southern cities but for communities throughout the nation. Sociologists like Clifford Shaw and Henry McKay long ago established the relationship between poverty and inadequate housing and crime. A typical criminal-court calendar in Atlanta recently listed about 275 cases, all but 20 of which involved men, women and children born and raised in slums. In nine slum areas in Washington, D. C., containing only about 14 per cent of the capital's population, more than a third of all the city's crimes originated.

Urban and rural slums also mean disease and deaths. According to the Southern Regional Council, the ill-housed South accounted for 42 per cent of the 7,267 women who died in the United States in 1942 from causes directly due to pregnancy or in childbirth. Deaths from syphilis, tuberculosis, pneumonia and influenza, kidney diseases and premature births were higher in the South than in the nation as a whole, the Council ascertained.

The South's slums, like slums everywhere, are often owned by reputable realtors who bought some of the hovels for as little as $900 and have earned $300 a year in rent for decades without putting a cent's worth of improvements into their properties. Too often, local housing authorities have found, Southern slums are owned by some of the best families who are not aware or don't care where their incomes come from.

But what can the South do about its appalling housing shortage? In the next ten years, according to National Housing Agency estimates, America should build and modernize about 15,000,000 houses and apartments to provide all Americans with decent homes. Of this total, say such astute realtors as Atlanta's Charles Palmer, who has made a lifelong study of housing conditions in the South, Dixie needs at least 3,000,000 units.

But are the South's building industry and the South's financial resources up to the job? Or must the federal government step in? The answer to those questions, by real-estate men, builders, bank-



COLLIER'S "I'll bet that's all she has on!" ERIC ERICSON ers and the heads of building-and-loan associations on the one hand, and by more enlightened political leaders, editors and businessmen on the other, were contradictory.

The first group—realtors and money-lending friends—insisted that their home-building industry could produce "all the housing that's needed" and were vigorously opposed to "government interference with private enterprise" or to "subsidies of any kind." They frankly feared a drop in real-estate values and profits if the scarcity of homes were reduced. They were also afraid that government guarantees of loans for home construction such as would be needed in any national program to stimulate home building would force interest rates down. Since the advent of FHA, interest rates on mortgages have dropped rapidly from 5½ per cent to 4 per cent on government-guaranteed loans. Moneylenders worry that this might become a general trend.

Jay Schoen, one of the biggest building-and-loan association brokers in New Orleans and in the South, was one of those who objected to such government "interference." New Orleans has about twenty building-and-loan associations. In no other city in the country is so large a proportion of home construction financed by such associations. Schoen said he was against public housing for the low-income groups.

"I'm in favor of slum clearance," he said, "to make way for public housing for the underprivileged. But I'm opposed to public housing as such, because I believe the job can be done by private enterprise. Private industry can build the houses, and private finance can finance their construction."

But, as burly Bill Guste, attorney for the New Orleans Housing Authority pointed out, private industry and finance have not built enough houses for the city's growing population for generations. The city needs, immediately, 30,000 homes. So far this year less than 500 new houses have been built and these have sold for from $7,500 to $10,000, beyond the reach of all but the upper middle classes. The birth rate for homes is equally low elsewhere in the South. Atlanta needs 16,500 houses. In 1946 its local building industry put up less than 300 homes, worth about $2,500 each and sold (to veterans) for from $6,000 to $7,000.

Builders blame the Office of Price Administration and the shortages of labor and materials for the snail's pace of home construction. The OPA contributes to the shortages by not allowing manufacturers of materials "a sufficient margin of profit as an incentive to production," they charge.

Gaming Places Get Materials

But nowhere in the South does there seem to be a shortage of either materials or labor with which to erect gas stations, freezing plants, bus terminals, shops, cafés, night clubs and, where the law permits, gambling establishments. Nearly half a million dollars' worth of materials went into the construction of Mr. Frank Costello's roulette-and-craps emporium in Jefferson Parish, Louisiana, across the river from New Orleans.

Dixie's housing shortage, moreover, didn't originate yesterday. Its builders didn't build houses when there wasn't any OPA and when there weren't any man-power or other shortages. One New Orleans builder, in business for 25 years, frankly admitted that when he or others of his trade say they can build "all the houses needed" they mean "all the houses that can be sold at what the trade will bear." In the South, as elsewhere in the nation, this means houses selling at from $10,000 upward—well beyond the reach of the bulk of the people.

Southern builders have one justifiable complaint: Lumber is scarce in the South. The South produces 40 per cent of the country's lumber but home builders complain that they can't get a board foot of it with which to build low-cost houses. Atlanta's yards are stacked with lumber. But it finds its way into black-market channels and thence into nonresidential construction out of town and, often, out of the state.

Lumber dealers usually can't be blamed for the disappearance of their stocks into illegal operations. There are numerous loopholes in the government's Veterans' Emergency Housing Program through which black marketeers freely wriggle. Any veteran, for instance, can obtain what's known as an HH priority for materials with which to build a house. There's nothing, lumber dealers say, to prevent him or his contractor from presenting that priority certificate to half a dozen suppliers. The lumber and other materials thus accumulated are then sold at several times their market value to other contractors and builders who've run short on a job. Such jobs usually are nonresidential or commercial construction—a department store or night club—where costs merely mean so much more which can be charged off against taxes.

Timber and the Black Market

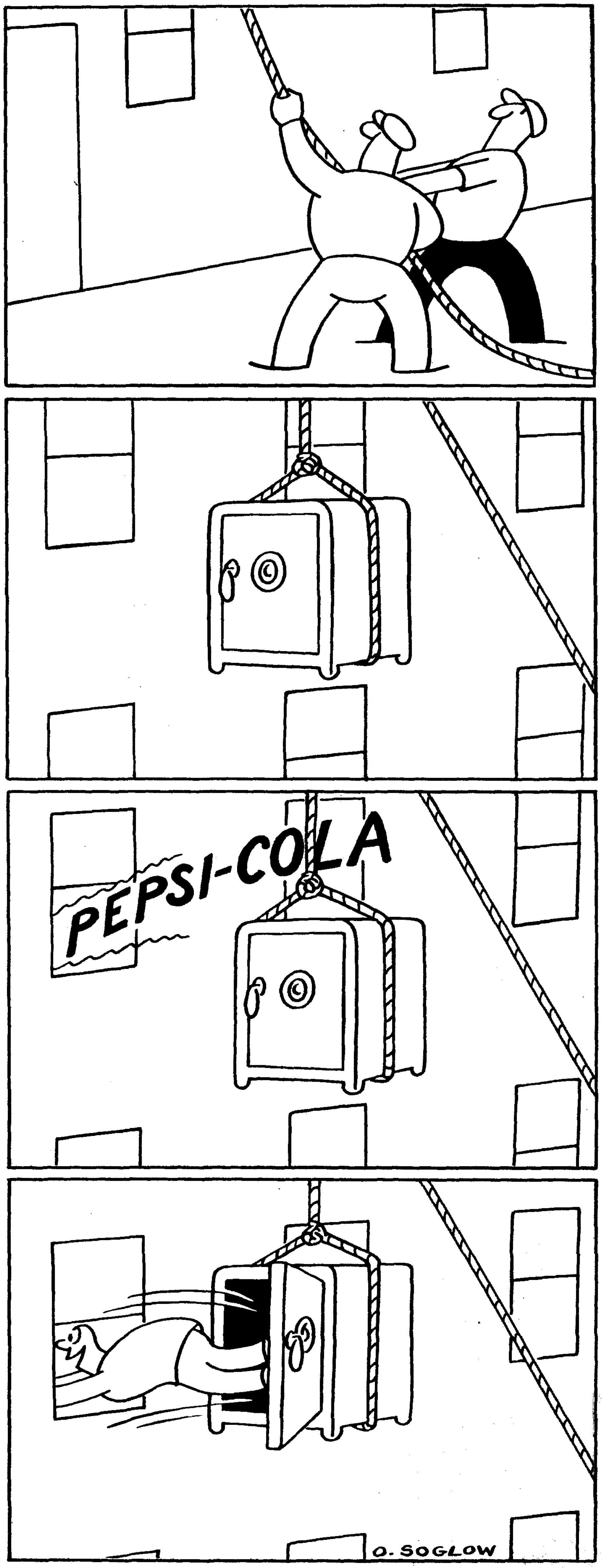
In addition, a flaw in the pricing law has helped to make the South the biggest area for black-market operations in lumber in the nation. There are ceilings on lumber and lumber products. But there are no ceilings on the trees themselves. Landowners, even small farmers, owning tracts of timberland can sell their trees for what they'll bring, which, down South, is plenty. Wildcat sawmills, operating on such tracts, have mushroomed all over Louisiana's forests.

Some of these fly-by-night operators can cut as much as 60,000 board feet of lumber a day. Lumber worth $95 on the legal market brings as much as $350 a thousand board feet in illegal circles. Hundreds of trucks are constantly scouring the countryside for lumber. Their drivers buy and pay cash on the spot and no questions are asked. The wildcat operators have, therefore, a ready market. They have no permanent addresses. They keep no books. It's virtually impossible for even the augmented enforcement staffs of the OPA and the Civilian Production Administration to keep up with them. The best they can do is to make routine checks of known, established firms, and the vast majority of these are obeying the law—and losing money or barely breaking even.

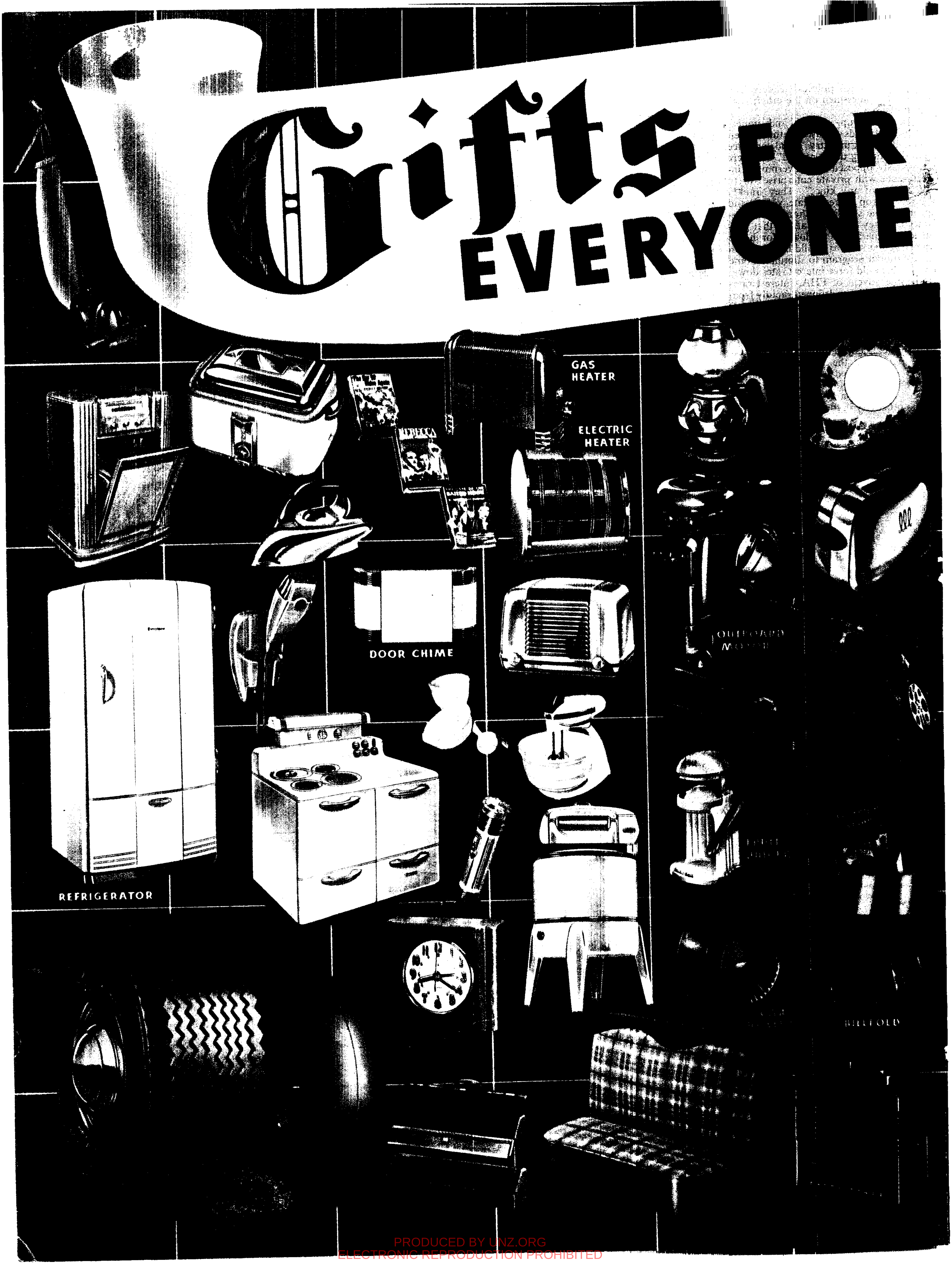
Reputable lumbermen like J. Cornelius Rathborne, in Jefferson Parish, estimate that at least 50 per cent and possibly as much as 75 per cent of all the lumber sold and bought in the United States at present travels through black-market channels. All of it, they estimate, goes into those race tracks, stores and other commercial buildings approved by the Civilian Production Administration before Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt cracked down on such construction last August. As a result, home building lags, is practically at a standstill. Houses started this year and even in 1945 are incompleted or being finished at a painfully slow rate.

The South's chief problem isn't, however, how to provide the kind of homes that builders would put up for the few well-to-do with the lumber and door frames, kitchen sinks and nails that are moving in the black market. Living quarters are desperately needed by those millions of Dixie's wage earners unable to buy even the cheapest kind of house and able to afford only the lowest rentals.

Studies made recently by the Southern Regional Council disclosed that the average low-income white city family is able to pay only from $92 to $125 a year for rent. Such families actually pay twice or three times as much with a consequent



Gifts FOR EVERYONE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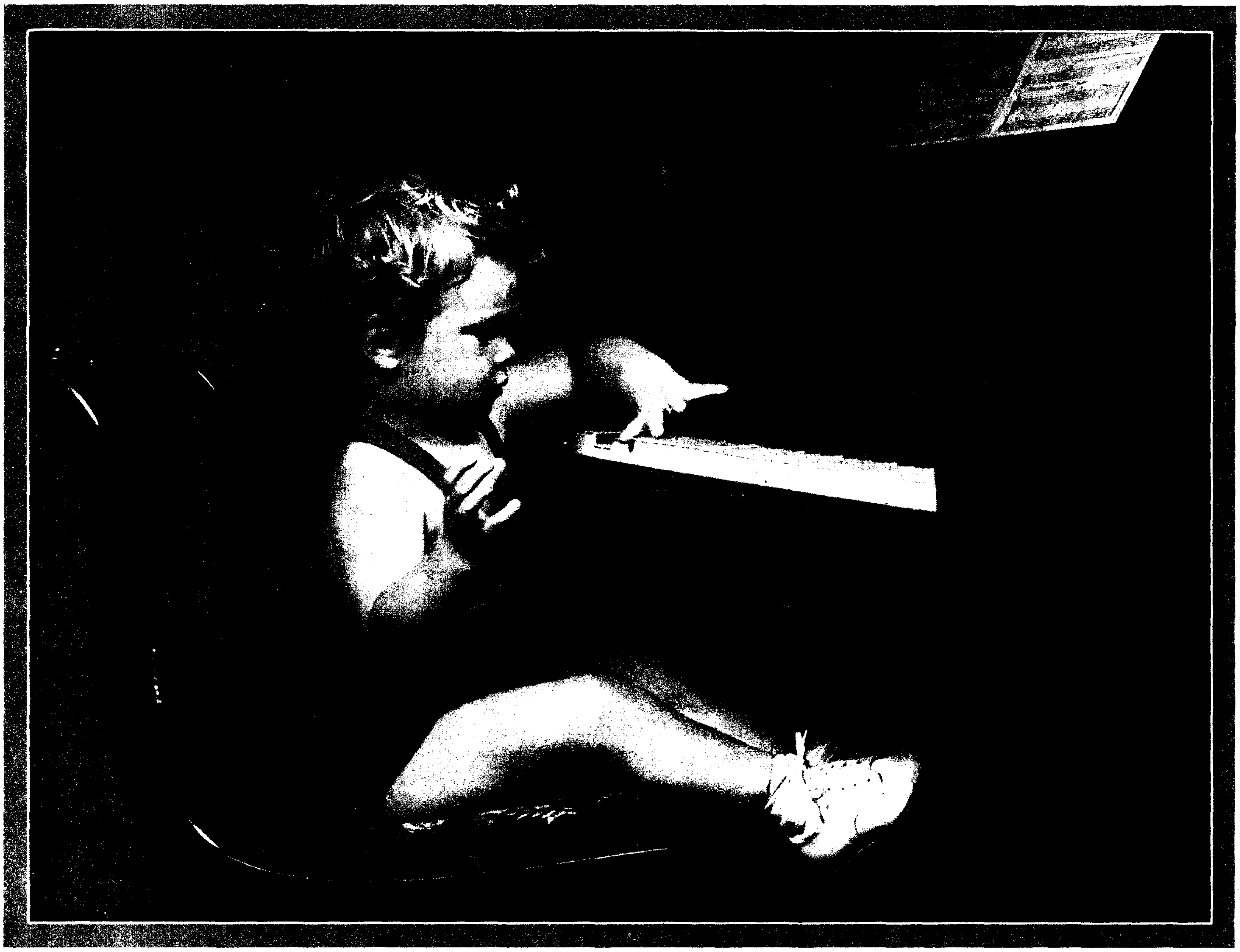

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reduction in the quantity and quality of food and clothing they buy and a resultant increase in disease.

Negroes are, of course, worse off than the whites. They can afford, the Council determined, less than $85 a year for rent. But we found Negro families living in one-room former Army huts 10 feet by 10 feet, containing one rickety double bed (in which a man, his wife and ten-year-old daughter slept), a cheap dresser, a tin sink with one tap and a two-burner gas stove and paying $7 a week or $364 a year. Incomes of such families range from $500 to $750 a year.

Such families, Negro and white, subsist on boiled greens and occasional pieces of side meat. They live on beans, rice and, when they can afford it, dried fish. In 1942, of the 1,513 deaths from pellagra (caused by improper diet) in the United States, 1,373 occurred in the Southern states.

South Handicapped by Poverty

There's much more involved, according to the South's more progressive leaders, in the solution of the housing shortage than the provision of living quarters for Dixie's masses. The South means, they point out, a third of our nation. The country obviously can't have economic well-being if two thirds of it is well off and one third is economically moribund.

The predominantly agricultural South, in the words of Georgia's outgoing Governor Ellis Arnall, needs new avenues of employment and industrialization if it is ever to come up to the rest of the country in health, prosperity and happiness. Slum clearance and revival of the dormant home-building industry would contribute enormously to the South's economic reconstruction.

Charles Palmer, a quiet, professorial little man, who operates Atlanta's most modern office building and is a stanch supporter of free enterprise, believes housing could "draw wealth to the South" by providing employment and a huge market for raw materials produced in the South.

"With money from outside," said Palmer as he stoked his pipe, "and with the labor and materials already available here, the lopsided economy of the South and the lopsidedness of the South's relationship to the rest of the country could eventually be righted. About half of the housing in our region is substandard. At least 3,000,000 houses down here lack even the minimum requirements for good health.

"Okay, we need at least 3,000,000 dwellings. Even at the high costs prevailing today these can be built for about $5,000 each. We've got, down here, enough labor and material to build approximately 75,000 units a year. We could build 3,000,000 homes, therefore, in 40 years and the program would cost about $15,000,000,000.

"That kind of money could only come from federal sources. The South can't finance any building programs, even over a 40-year period, to the tune of $15,000,000,000. Besides, it's a national responsibility to see to it that the country's people are decently housed.

"The federal government could provide the financing. Britain's government did as much for its people before the war—and before any Labor government was in power. So did Holland's. Government subsidies produced 1,475,000 city homes in England and Wales in 20 years, and Britain has a population smaller than the South's. Holland, with a quarter of the South's population, added 685,000 homes to the 1,300,000 it had before World War I.

"I'm not advocating 'government in business' or any such nonsense. I merely propose that the government draft and pass into law an over-all housing program which would stimulate slum clearance and the construction of low-rent apartments and homes for those who can't afford to buy or rent now. The actual work should be done by private industry and the financing by private banking institutions in so far as possible."

Palmer was advocating, of course, public-housing projects. Proposals like his cause the hackles to rise on the necks of Southern bankers and realtors, who shout "socialism" and denounce such projects as uneconomic. But the books prove them wrong. Slums cost money to maintain. Before Atlanta's rat harbors were cleared to make way for Techwood and other housing projects, for Negroes and whites, the city paid annually nearly ten times as much for free hospitalization, extra police services, fire calls and prevention of juvenile delinquency than it collected from those areas in taxes. Slums, furthermore, keep fire insurance rates up. One fire in 1917, which started in a Negro slum, destroyed 1,936 buildings valued at $5,500,000—almost half as many as General Sherman burned back in 1864.

Slum clearance also means increased real-estate values for adjoining properties. Three parcels of real estate in the vicinity of Techwood, Atlanta's first project, sold later at increases of from 150 to 300 per cent.

The National Home and Property Owners Foundation (and other powerful real-estate lobby groups) oppose public housing, according to their own literature, as "unjust taxation" and "improper expenditure" of federal funds. But the advocates of public housing retort that the social, economic and actual financial benefits derived by the people and the municipalities far outweigh any outlays of taxpayers' money.

By No Means a Federal Charity

Public housing, although financed by the federal government, isn't, they assert, mere large-scale federal charity. The projects are almost completely self-sustaining. Their initial cost is liquidated over 20- and 40-year periods by the income from the rents collected from the tenants. The rents gradually pay off the cost of construction by repaying to the government the amount of the original loan and the interest thereon.

The income from the rents also partially defrays the cost of maintaining the properties, title to which is not held by the federal government, but by local housing authorities created for the purpose of operating the projects. This income is used first to pay off the bonds which financed construction of the project; what's left goes toward operating expenses. If there is a deficit in operation expenses, the government pays it. But when the construction loans are finally paid off, the subsidy ceases. The income is more than enough to pay for the upkeep of the communities. Every director of every housing authority we visited was convinced that federal-housing projects for people who can't afford other living quarters can be made completely self-sustaining through efficient administration.

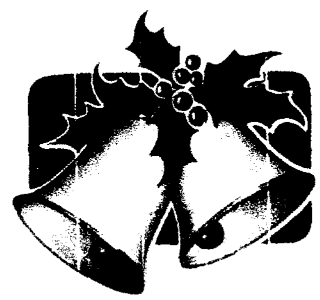
Public housing may or may not be the answer to the housing shortage in other parts of the country. But Southern experts agree that it's the only way out for the South.

Whether opposition to public housing can be overcome, however, is another matter. From what politicians like Talmadge say, it would seem not. Gene likes slums.

"Slums," said Gene back in 1932 and 1933, when the government was making its first efforts at improving housing conditions in the South, "don't hurt nobody. In fact, slums are good for people. It takes strong people to survive 'em. Take Jack Johnson, for instance. He came from the slums."

THE END

Get Set for Christmas



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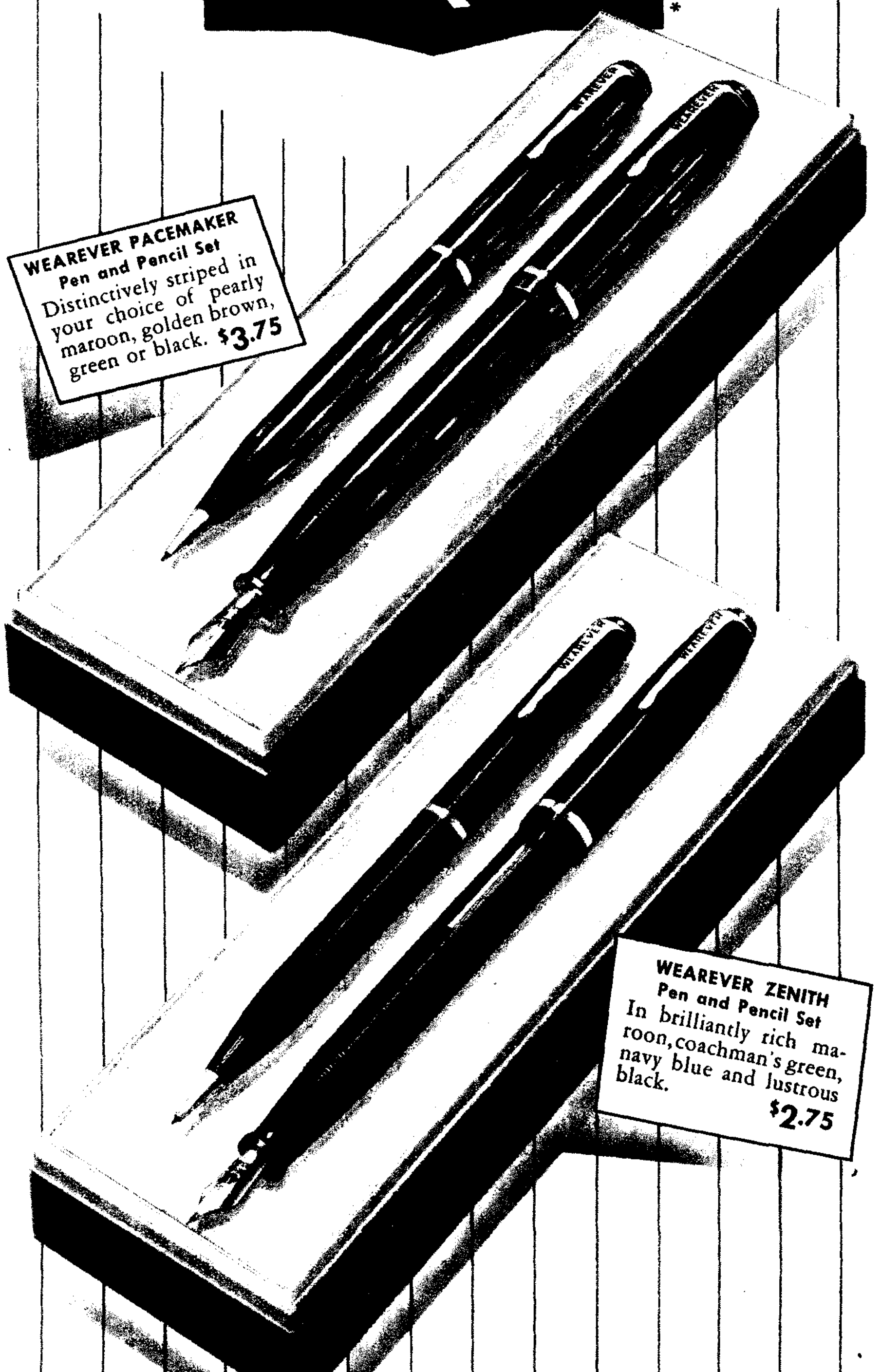

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WHY CAN'T THEY READ?

Continued from page 23

They battle illiteracy on all fronts, working with children, teachers, parents, welfare workers, doctors, nurses, speech specialists. They inspire closer follow-ups on physical examinations. They found that the trouble with one fourth-grade boy who could not read was that he was almost blind. He was transferred to the School for the Blind. The trouble with a girl was deafness—but a tonsillectomy restored her hearing to near-normal. They give intensive personal attention to students most in need of help, handling about 40 cases at a time, discharging them as rapidly as possible to make room for others.

It is obvious, however, that no matter how hard they work, these five cannot give each of St. Louis' 90,000 students individual reading instruction. The solution, Kottmeyer says, is to train every teacher to be a reading specialist herself—and this is what the Clinic is doing. It is easy, Kottmeyer says, for a teacher to learn how to give a few simple tests which measure a child's reading capacity. After that, he continues, it is a simple matter to supply the child with work materials *at his own level*, and never mind his age and grade.

"If a 15-year-old boy in the seventh grade reads at the fourth-grade level, there is no sense in giving him seventh-grade textbooks. No matter how he sweats, he can't learn out of them. You mustn't insult him with baby stuff either, all about the dear little twins and the picnic they had with their mommy. Instead you give him some of this good material the textbook companies are getting out now, where the subject matter is big-boy stuff but the language is easy. He'll love it, and he'll learn."

Too Interested to Be Unruly

When Kottmeyer was holding forth in this way to one grade-school teacher, she protested: "But I can't run a ten-ring circus in a 40-child classroom, with everyone doing something different."

"Oh, yes you can," said Kottmeyer, "and it'll make things easier for you, too. Your children will be so happy with their new success that your discipline problem will disappear. You can leave your classroom for an hour and not worry."

In Kottmeyer's opinion, practically all the literature fed to seventh- and eighth-graders is beyond them: Paul Revere's Ride, Rip van Winkle, The Great Stone Face, A Christmas Carol and other standard items. The sentence structure is too intricate, the vocabulary too large, the language too remote from contemporary speech. The opening sentence of The Courtship of Miles Standish contains 44 words, while Kottmeyer considers a 17-word sentence just about as big a bite as an average eighth-grader can swallow.

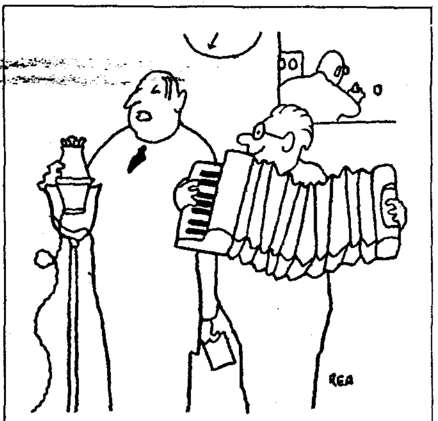
"Go ahead and give the standard stuff to your best readers," he advises teachers, "but don't try to stuff it down the throat of the whole class. All you'll do is turn them against reading forever."

In the high schools, the Clinic works to persuade every teacher to become a teacher of reading. Each subject has its own vocabulary, and when the teacher assumes the students will pick those words up as they go along, the clinicians assure them they assume wrong.

The Clinic program for the littlest children, in kindergarten and first grade, is the most promising of all, because here no mistakes have been made as yet, and hope is high. Here the basic rule is that no child shall be made to tackle reading until he is ready for it, no matter what his age. He must be ready physically, mentally, and emotionally—healthy enough so that school is an adventure, not a burden; intelligent enough so that his mental age is 6½ years; mature enough to be self-reliant, rather than babyish. If he is not ready in all of these ways, his first, highly important school experience may be disastrous. He will try, and try—and fail, and perhaps never get over it.

The Clinic tested some 4,000 first-graders for "readiness," and found that more than a third were not ready at all. So the unready group did not get any reading instruction at all (How some of the parents yelled!). Instead they were given kindergarten activities and physical build-up programs. So far as possible speech defects were corrected, with 12 speech specialists going around from school to school drilling away the baby talk and the lisping that stand in the way of reading. (A speech specialist knows lots of tricks. If a child persists in saying "I am doe-ing to town," instead of "I am going to town," the specialist may change the "d" to "g" by pressing her hand far back under the child's chin as he utters the sound.)

While all this goes on, parents are urged to help. They are advised: Let your child have the experiences he will read about in primers. Take him on a picnic—the story-book kids are always having picnics. Take him to a farm, a zoo, the grocery store, the post office, the firehouse. Teach him "stop" and "go" signals and his own address. Read him stories, teach him rhymes, and above all answer all his questions.



"Mr. Pinelli will now play one of his own compositions. See if you can distinguish it from the Blue Danube"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

In St. Louis, seven-year-olds are often passed on to the second grade, whether or not they have started on reading, and there again, they are given only such work as they are ready for. Grade divisions are getting blurred in St. Louis. Some eight-year-olds there have not yet been exposed to a primer. But Kottmeyer insists that the long way around is the short way to reading—and even the parents are beginning to think he is right.

For the children of St. Louis are learning to read, and to like it, just as Superintendent Hickey hoped they would. In every grade, tests show a gradual steady improvement. Tests given in June, 1943, showed that out of a group of 4,000 eighth-graders, almost half were retarded by a year or more, with 300 reading at the fourth-grade level *or below*. In 1944, a corresponding group of eighth-graders, who had had a year of the new kind of instruction, did better by far, with fewer than a third showing retardation, and *none* of them illiterates. A group of 600 high-school students after a semester of remedial instruction showed an average reading gain of a year.

As the good fruits pile up, it appears that assembly-line instruction is done for in St. Louis, forever.

THE END

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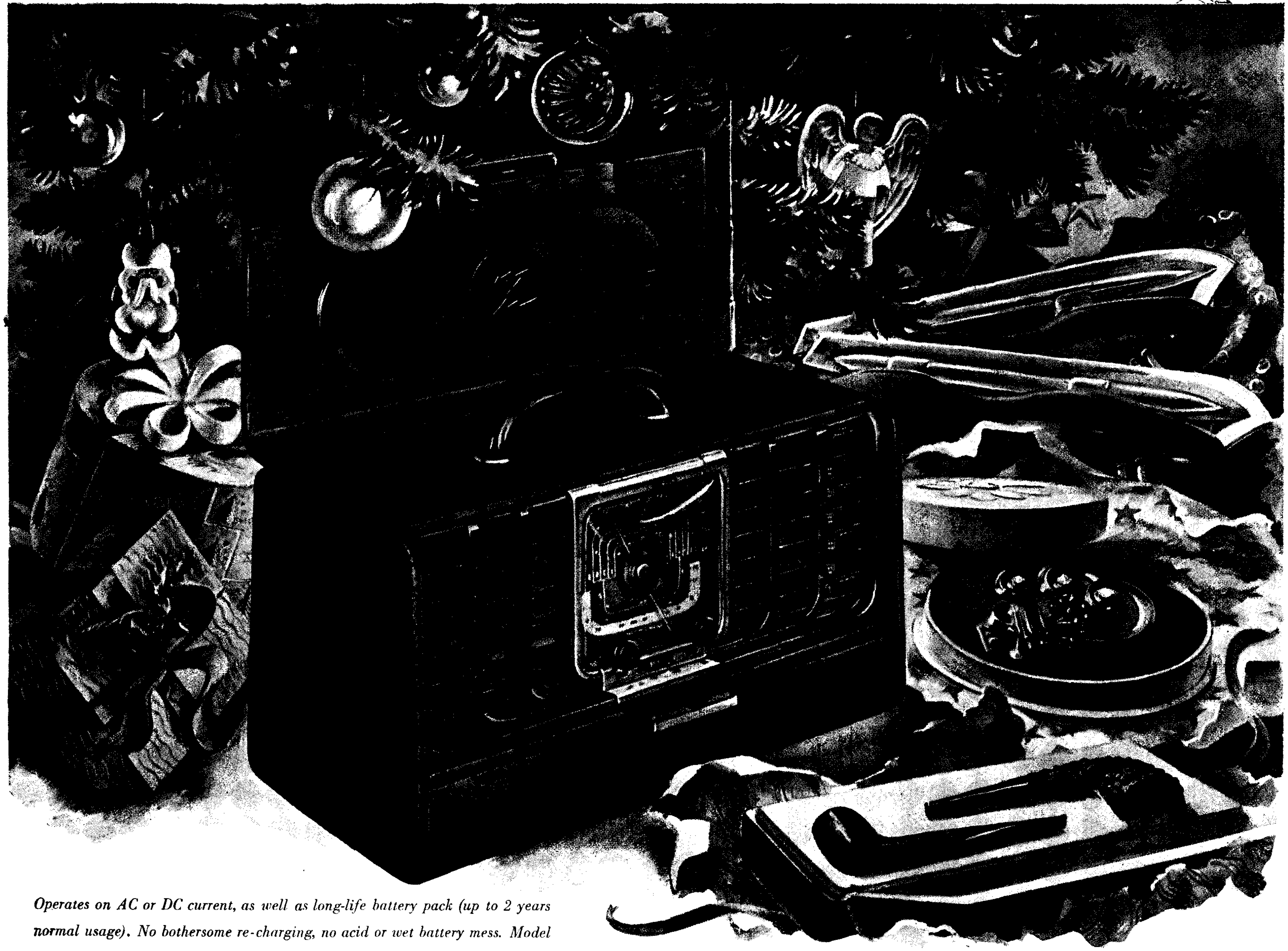

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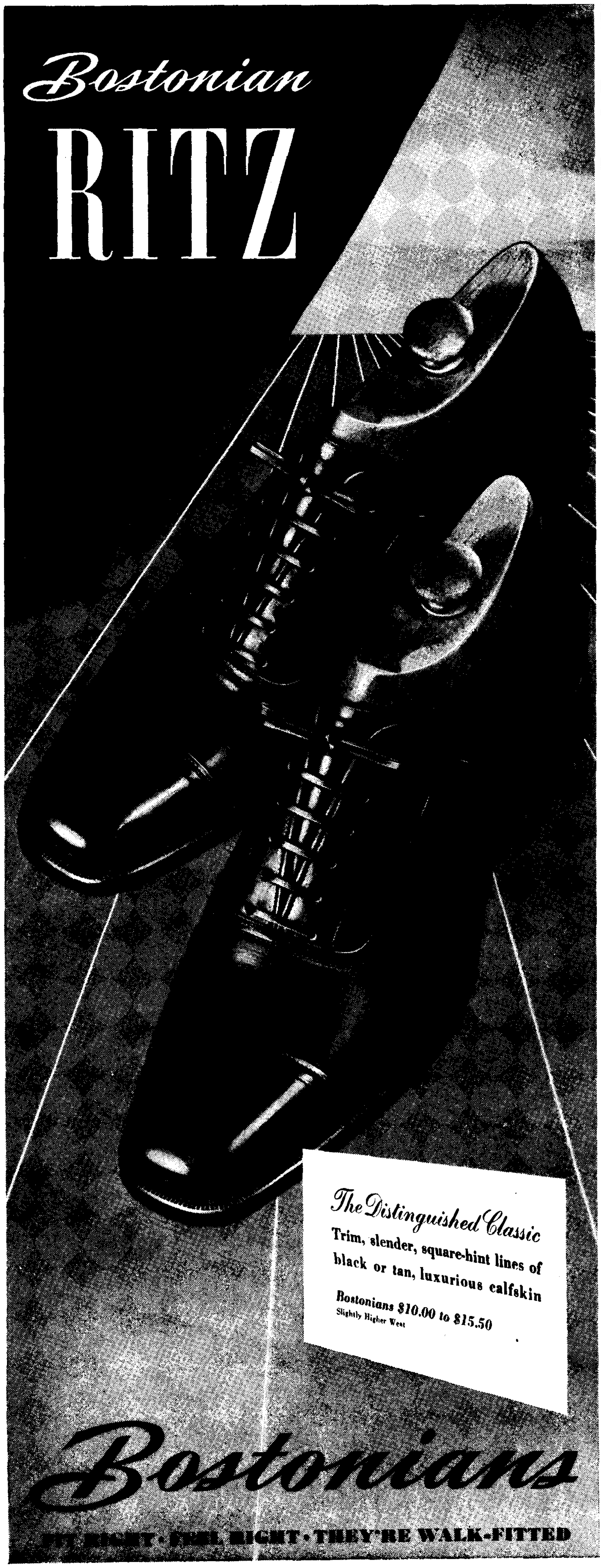
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ESSENTIALLY OLD-FASHIONED

Continued from page 26

of happy families living in scientific wonder. A subtitle identified Harvey Graham as president of it all. Jennifer arched an eyebrow. She had anticipated that Harvey would have a good job. But not that good.

A door opened and some variation of an angel in tailored slacks and a soft blouse appeared. She inquired in a modulated voice what Jennifer wanted, nodded and led the way to Harvey Graham's private office.

It would be an inaccuracy to say that Harvey Graham sustained a shock when Jennifer walked in. But he was surprised. The episode of the hat had annoyed him and he had retained an impression of a stupid little thing smiling a silly smile. But here was something else again. Here was something neat and smart in a light brown suit that had not come down off any bargain pipe rack. Here was a pleasant smile and hazel eyes that rang that tinkling little alarm bell that is standard protective equipment in every bachelor's soul.

HARVEY GRAHAM looked at the hat Jennifer took from a box. "That hat hasn't been cleaned or blocked. I don't believe you even stepped on it. What's the idea?"

Jennifer nodded unperturbed. "Could you have thought of any better way for me to find out who you were and where I could find you—and then get in to see you?"

The little bell sounded. "General Quarters!"

"What do you want?" Harvey asked.

Jennifer shrugged nice shoulders. "Who knows? Maybe just a job."

Harvey grunted. "The Future Incorporated employs only people who can think things through. Your ruse for getting in here was clever as far as it went but you didn't think it all the way through. If you had you would have had the hat cleaned and blocked so I wouldn't have known it was a trick."

"I wanted you to know it was a trick," Jennifer said calmly. "If I'd had the hat cleaned you would have taken it and I would have been out of the door and your mind in no time. This way we're having a nice argument and you're giving me your undivided attention. I am essentially an old-fashioned girl, Mr. Graham, but I do think things through. A girl has to, you know."

Harvey blinked and looked at Jennifer more carefully. Small nose with a freckle or two. Wide mouth and a good chin. He avoided looking into those hazel eyes. "Stand up," he said, "and turn around slowly."

Jennifer obliged. "Five-four," she said casually as she pivoted. "One hundred and nine. Thirty-two, twenty-three and thirty-three around the important places reading from top down. Satisfactory?"

Jennifer watched for the blush that should go with the unruly tuft of hair that was still sticking up in back of Harvey's head. Harvey blushed. Jennifer smiled. Deep inside Harvey the little bell started clanging wildly. "Battle stations! Stand by to repel boarders!" The Future Incorporated, on the other hand, whispered, "You couldn't do better! Brains, looks and personality!" Harvey pulled the switch on the little bell.

"Go see Miss Talbott in Personnel," he said. "Tell her you're taking over screening of salesmen. That's a new department I've been planning. Then go out and get measured for slacks and shirts. The shirt not too loose, please. Fawn-colored slacks. You start at forty a week and pay for the clothes yourself."

"I'd rather not wear slacks, Mr. Graham. I am essentially—"

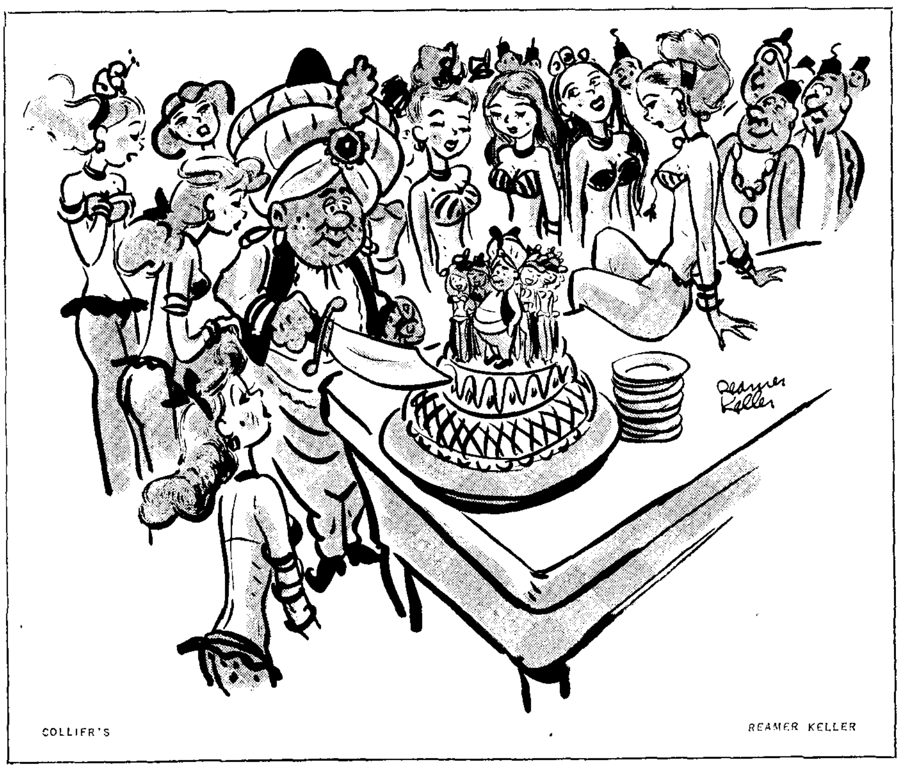
"An old-fashioned girl," Harvey finished acidly. "I know. It sticks out all over. The Mother Hubbard gown you wore last night and your shy manner scream to heaven how old-fashioned you are. Nevertheless here you wear slacks. *It's policy. Female employees of The* Future Incorporated wear slacks the country over. Just a small point indicating the emancipation of the women of the future. Slacks are not associated with housework, and our houses are designed to do away with drudgery." Harvey pointed a long, large-knuckled finger at Jennifer. *"You wear slacks!"*

"Yes, Mr. Graham."

"Your job will be to screen salesmen who come here. There are three kinds. There are those with whom we have been dealing. The receptionist knows them and will take them directly to the departments concerned. The others will be brought to your office. You will decide whether they have anything we want or not and will direct them to the proper department if we do, but see that you don't send any time-wasters in."

"Yes, Mr. Graham."

"The most important group will be



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OF
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TAKE TIME TO *Check Up*

on the things that make travel most enjoyable

Americans have never traveled as much as they do today . . . have never been as well able to afford travel.

But they are *also* beginning to look at price tags again—beginning to ask, *"How much am I getting for my money—in scenery, in service, in comfort, in convenience?"*

That's the kind of question Greyhound welcomes, because Greyhound ranks high in all the things that make travel enjoyable.

If you are planning any trip, get out your pencil and check each of these points with us . . . then compare with any other transportation.

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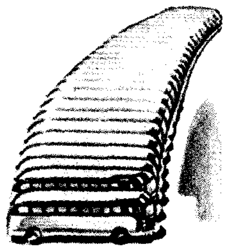
Passengers say Greyhound's adjustable reclining chairs are the most restful to be found in any transportation. Coaches are easy riding—new comfort innovations are on their way.



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MORE SCHEDULES?

This is easy to check! Call your Greyhound agent about departures from your town—you'll almost surely find more frequent schedules, better timed.

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Greyhound is easily first! Its motor coaches follow the great highways of all the 48 states and of Canada—help you to meet the Real America in its own front yard.

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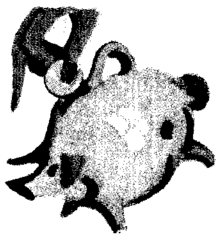
Greyhound leads in this—by a big margin! It connects America's great cities with literally thousands of smaller towns and farm communities—makes 'em all near neighbors.



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MORE ECONOMY?

Correct! Everyone knows that Greyhound fares are lower than those of any other type of public transportation—a fraction the cost of driving your own car.

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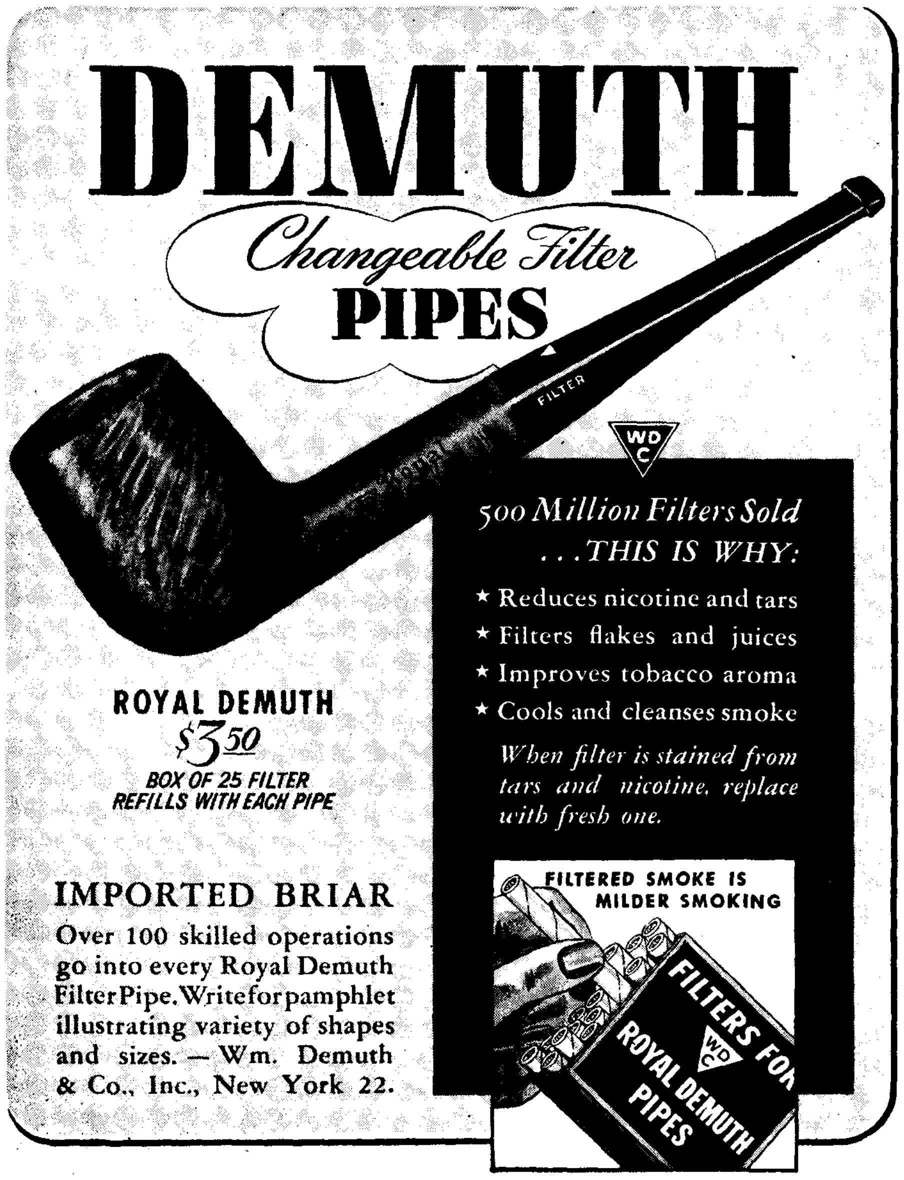
Sportsman
ESSENCE OF BAY

From the West Indies' Virgin Islands comes a new Grooming Essential. Its fragrance, extracted from the Green Bay leaf, has long been a masculine favorite. You'll like Essence of Bay—for its aroma, for its refreshing skin sensation. 8 oz., $1.

Sportsman
GROOMING ESSENTIALS
DISTINCTLY MASCULINE DECIDEDLY CORRECT

Gift Packages, $2 to $10. At Better Stores. JOHN HUDSON MOORE, INC., 663 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 22



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...THIS IS WHY:
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When filter is stained from tars and nicotine, replace with fresh one.

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Over 100 skilled operations go into every Royal Demuth Filter Pipe. Write for pamphlet illustrating variety of shapes and sizes.—Wm. Demuth & Co., Inc., New York 22.

those we don't want to buy from. Most firms just boot them out. We are going to make use of them. There are a lot of them and they see a lot of people and they do a lot of talking. You're to listen to them, turn them down so they like it and then get them enthusiastic about The Future's prefabricated homes. Give them pamphlets, a smile and send them on their way to talk about The Future Incorporated instead of sex and the weather. Free advertising by experts is what you are supposed to develop. I think you can do it—in your own old-fashioned way."

Later in the day Personnel brought a card to Harvey. "Jennifer Morgan . . . born Salem, Mass., April 4, 1921, honor graduate Boston U., majored in psychology and business administration. Three years with brokerage firm of Maucaully, Simonds & Becker as typist, clerk and private secretary successively, last salary $45 per week, highest recommendations. Remarks: Will not give reasons for voluntarily leaving M, S & B to work in a night club. Inquired if H.G. is married, as well as several other questions about his personal characteristics indicating intelligent desire to understand her employer."

Harvey grunted. To Miss Talbott, who was tall, brunet and capable, he said, "Under Remarks add, 'May be slightly unbalanced.'" Harvey ignored Miss Talbott's raised eyebrows as he handed the card back. Fifteen minutes later he found that he had been doodling on his scratch pad. Slender hourglass-shaped figures covered the paper.

In one of them he had written in the figures, from top to bottom: 32,23,33. He flushed a brick red as he crumpled the paper and hurled it into his wastebasket.

AT THE end of two months Jennifer was aces with Engineering, Design and Purchasing. The new salesmen she allowed to filter through all knew their business and had products worth considering. Sales was doubly enthusiastic. Already two orders had been directly traceable to interest aroused by Jennifer's unwitting missionaries. There was no telling how much more interest had been or was being developed which would ultimately help sales directly or indirectly. Without saying anything about it to Harvey, Miss Talbott erased all reference to Jennifer's possible state of unbalance. Miss Talbott checked with Accounting and then sent a memo to Harvey recommending that on the basis of performance as indicated, Jennifer's pay be raised immediately to the full budget allowance of $50 per week instead of making her wait to get it in the usual small raises over a period of a year or more. Harvey Graham heaved his loose-jointed person erect by sections from his chair and went down the long corridor to look into the matter personally.

Jennifer's office was in keeping with other offices in which the outside world made contact with The Future Incorporated except that it was possibly a little more so. There was, of course, the projector behind the wall to show all manner of shots about prefabricated houses and the wonders contained therein. There were the tinted acoustical walls and the soft, changing hues of the indirect lighting. There was also Jennifer behind a huge, unpainted and softly gleaming aluminum desk placed diagonally away from a corner of the big room. The vastness of the desk made Jennifer seem smaller and daintier than she really was. It emphasized The Future Incorporated belief that women should be the jewels for which all else was a streamlined setting. When Jennifer rose from her chair at Harvey's entrance she was exactly that and when she smiled Harvey understood how a salesman could forget what he had come in to sell and become enthused about what Jennifer had to say. In slacks and a soft white shirt that was not too loose the thirty-two, twenty—Signals over! The little bell clamored frantically and Harvey drew a deep breath.

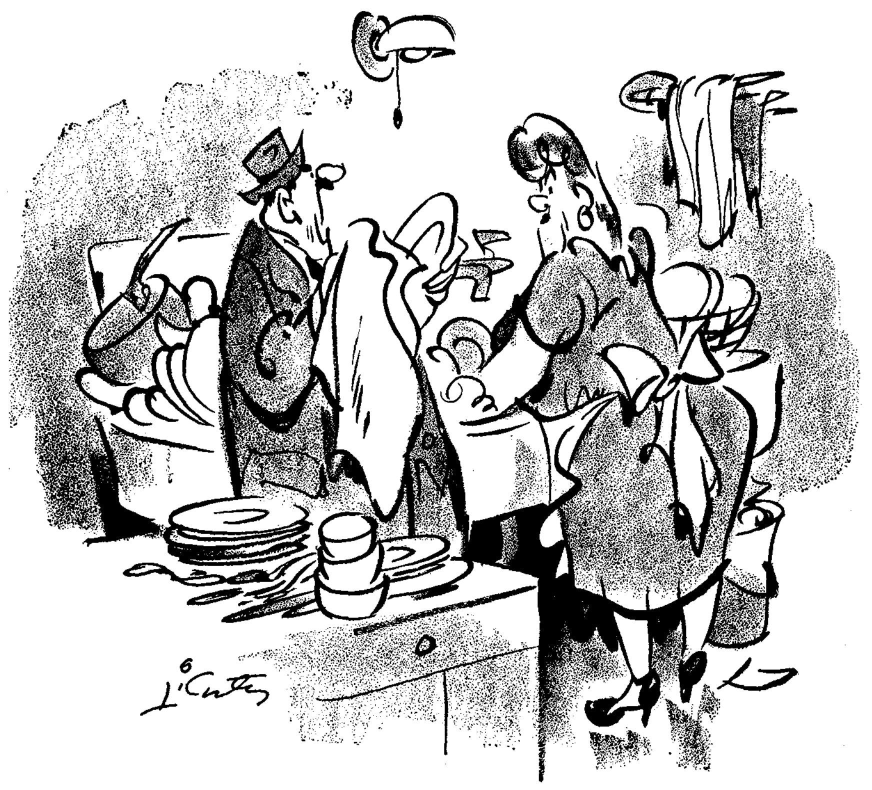
"I've been wondering when you would drop in to see your new department," Jennifer said.

"I believe in letting people have a chance to show what they can do," Harvey said, sitting down on the chrome-and-leather chair beside her desk.

Jennifer pushed a button and a section of the desk opened to reveal cigarettes, lighter and ash tray. The ash tray was connected to a vacuum system which inhaled smoke, ashes and butts. Harvey took a cigarette.

"You seem to have been doing very well," Harvey said.

"Thank you, Mr. Graham. But anyone could. Your houses have so many novel features to arouse interest. Novel-



"I hope you haven't forgotten I came in to demonstrate a vacuum cleaner"

COLLIER'S GEORGE LICHTY

Caution prevents a painful surprise...

...AND SO DOES

LUBRI-*Caution!*

A little thing, like hot soup, calls for caution. A big thing, like car care, calls for special caution. Because, if your car quits running you'll be painfully surprised especially when you get your repair bill. So, give your car LUBRI-Caution—it's as easy as 1-2-3.

1. Have your car lubricated regularly—every 30 days at a reliable place.

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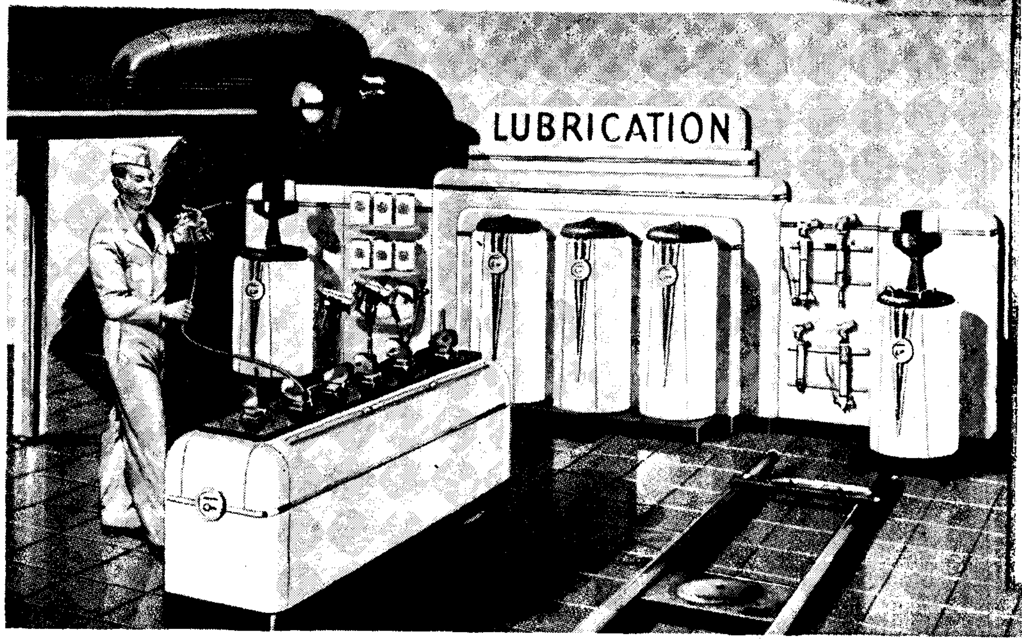
3. ABOVE ALL—be sure the *right equipment* is used. Even the finest lubricant can't do its job unless it reaches the part it's supposed to protect. But the service man who uses Alemite Power Equipment assures positive lubrication by forcing lubricants into every friction point under *high pressure.* It's made by the leader in the lubrication equipment field—the same people who make the lubrication system on your car ... *Alemite.*

Yes—it's easy as 1-2-3. And LUBRI-Caution always pays off in fewer repair bills.

A Typical Installation of Alemite Power Lubricating Equipment



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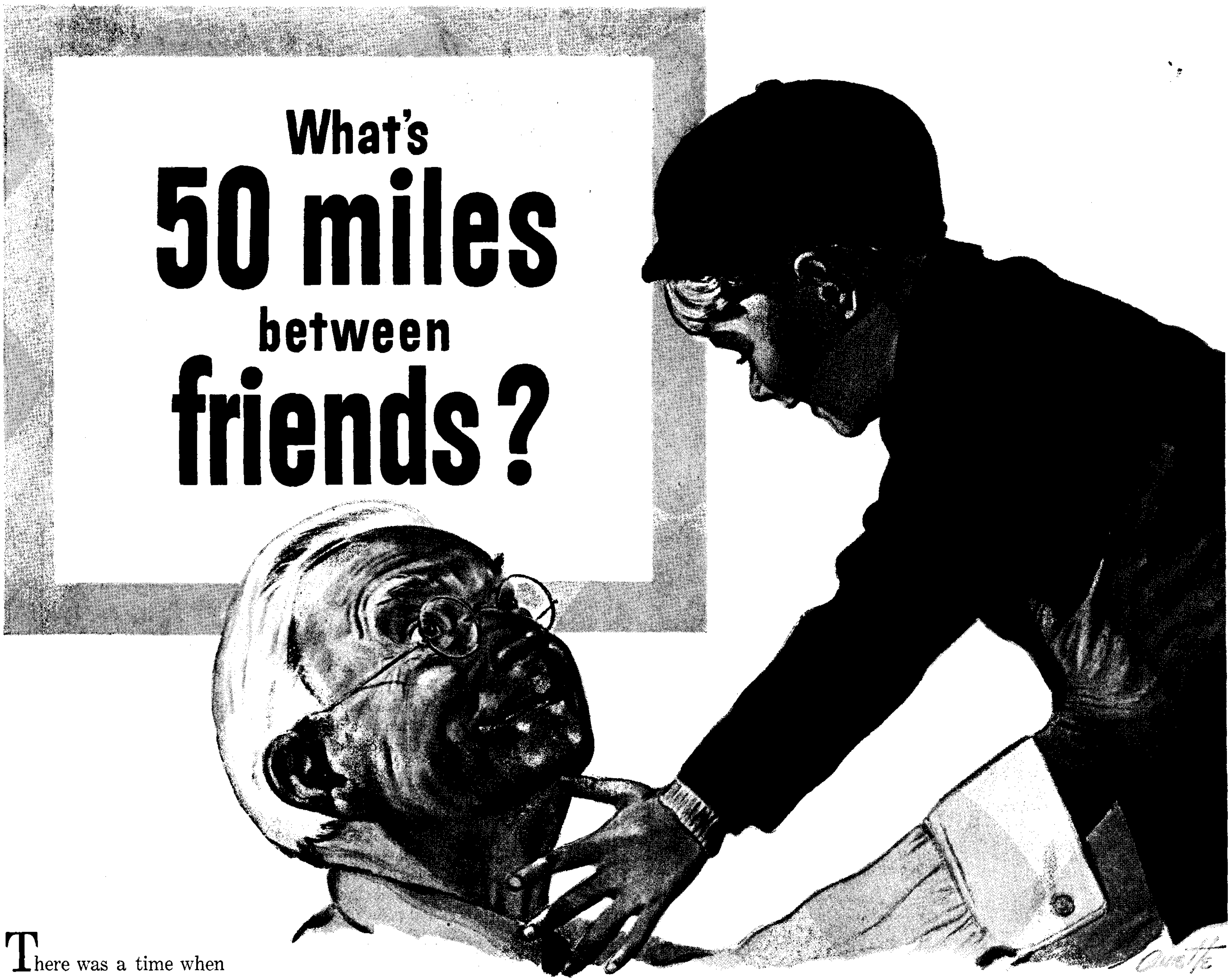
What's 50 miles between friends?



There was a time when it was an almost insurmountable obstacle.

Now Grandson and Grandpop are buddies who can see each other every other week or so.

What worked this wonderful change?

It's not enough to say the automobile—because the original automobile alone didn't. Many of us can remember when 50 miles was a long, tiring trip over not-too-good roads.

But companies like General Motors saw that as they made cars better, sales would increase. More cars would be used—roads would be improved—distances would be shortened.

So regularly, year after year, they set aside part of their earnings to improve their product and widen its usefulness to the public.

In a steady, never-ending pursuit of progress, they put their time, effort and money into improving everything about the automobile.

Obviously, only a prospering business could do this. Without earnings, there would have been no money to pay for improvements—or for the better factories and more numerous jobs that came with them.

How big have these earnings been? Well, as an indication, since 1917, a 29-year stretch, General Motors' hundreds of thousands of stockholders have received in dividends an average of about 7½¢ from each sales dollar. (In war years they got only 3½¢.)

Not much to pay, is it, for the benefits derived! Not much of a price for knocking down the barriers of distance—for giving Grandpops a chance to know their Grandsons, and vice versa.

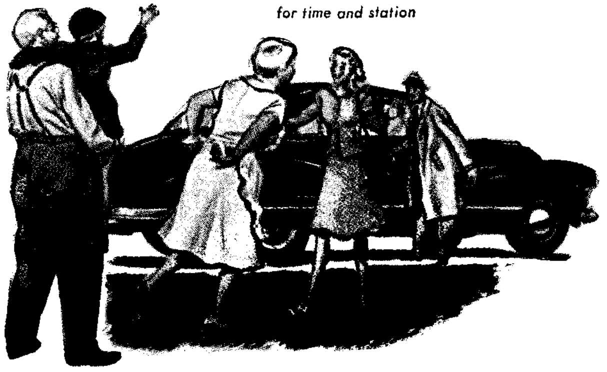
That's why we say *all the people* profit when a business prospers.

GENERAL MOTORS

"MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE"

The People profit when a Business prospers

On the Air: HENRY J. TAYLOR, coast to coast twice weekly. See your local newspaper for time and station



CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE • GMC TRUCK & COACH • GM DIESEL

ties always appeal for a short while, you know. I throw on the projector, let them flip their ashes into that down-draft thingumy, talk to them and they go out in quite a lather to show people the pamphlets I give them. People are quite childish about gadgets."

Harvey scowled a little. "Gadgets? Novelties? Our homes are not novelties, Miss Morgan. We are building permanent homes for the future."

"They'd make marvelous motels. Have you considered that angle? Small, light buildings with a few ingenious widgets in them. You could sell them in lots of a dozen."

Harvey Graham forgot the pleasant tingling Jennifer's nearness had been causing. His jaw thrust out angrily. "Motels? Miss Morgan, The Future Incorporated is not concerned with motels. It is interested in family residences. Choreless homes. Do I make myself clear?"

"Yes, Mr. Graham." Jennifer smiled pleasantly. "Of course, I wouldn't live in one of them myself."

"Oh, you wouldn't?"

"No. You see, I am essentially—"

"Don't say it!" Harvey barked.

"Well, I do like a fireplace. A nice, big fireplace."

Harvey snorted. "Vestigial remnants of a dead era. They smoke, collect dirt and make work. Primitive."

Jennifer nodded. "Some primitive things are nice. Did you ever sit with a girl before a big log fire with all the other lights out? You don't get the same mood in a laboratory."

Resolutely Harvey refused to visualize himself before a big fire with a girl. "Laboratory?" he said.

"Uh-huh. That's what you are really building. Efficient workshops. Your double-paned windows are even hermetically sealed so they can't be opened to let the breeze in."

"Breezes carry dust," Harvey growled. "In a sealed, properly air-conditioned house you don't—"

"You don't get the scent of lilacs or roses you plant outside. Spring is the same as winter. It's all very ideal, if you happen to like it."

"Only you don't like it?"

"Mr. Graham, I am—"

Harvey Graham stormed out of the office before she could finish. On the way to his office he stopped at Personnel and demanded Jennifer's card again. He regarded it thoughtfully for a while and then, with a hard look at Miss Talbott, wrote under Remarks, "Definitely unbalanced."

"And don't erase it!" he said.

Miss Talbott reddened. "I suppose this means you won't approve my memo about Miss Morgan's salary increase?"

"Of course I'll approve it. What's that got to do with this?"

Miss Talbott stared with a certain feeling of confusion at the door Harvey slammed behind him as he went out of the office.

The next morning, after a restless night during which a small girl in a Puritan dress threw a huge fireplace at him brick by brick while he struggled frantically to escape through a window which would not open, Harvey Graham came to a large decision. He called Jennifer on the office telephone.

"You'll have lunch with me this noon, Miss Morgan."

Jennifer did not wear slacks to lunch. She changed to the simple printed frock she had worn from her apartment to the office that morning. The manner in which the frock effaced itself but emphasized Jennifer would have told the knowing that it was not quite as simple as it seemed. Harvey did not know about frocks. But he was surprised at how demure Jennifer looked and he was a little ashamed of the rage into which he had flown the day before. Damn, he'd been a brute, to a sweet, innocent—Hold it! He, Harvey Graham, was a man who built homes for the women other men married. She, Jennifer Morgan, was his employee in charge of screening salesmen. This was a business conference.

OVER the fruit cups Harvey said briskly, "I'm quite concerned about your ideas. I mean, as an employee of The Future Incorporated."

Jennifer nodded. "I thought you would be."

A slight frown made a perpendicular crease between Harvey's eyes. "Oh, you did, eh? And maybe you also know what I am going to do about it?"

"Of course. You're going to try to convert me."

The crease deepened. "For a small girl you know a lot."

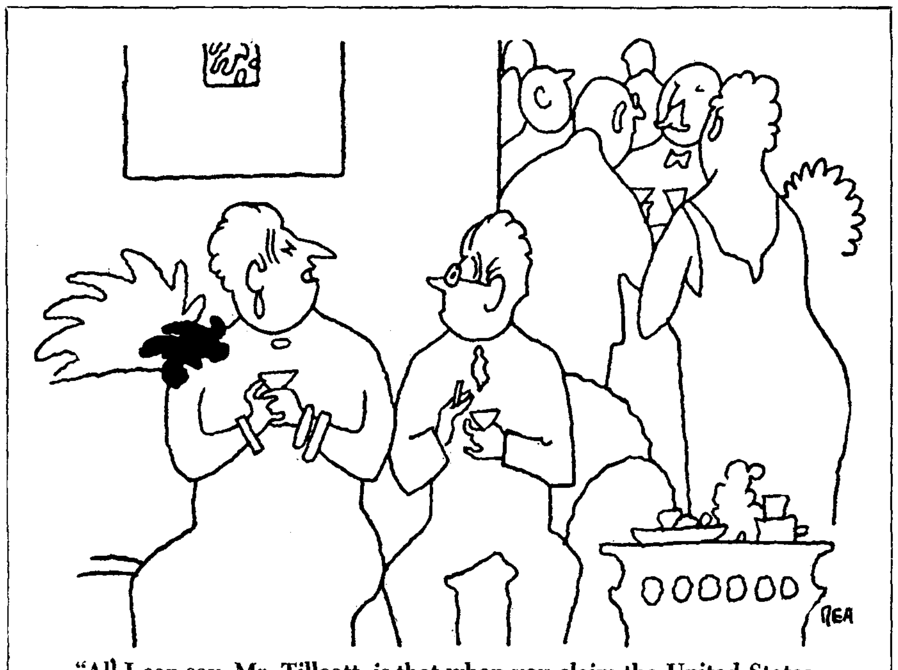
"Five-four isn't too small," Jennifer murmured. "It's probably because you're so tall that I seem that way. Don't you think?"

"I'm beginning to wonder what I do think," Harvey muttered. He pushed back the pleased feeling that she thought he was so tall.

"Anyway, it's easy to know what you'd do. I can tell by the way your hair sticks up in back."

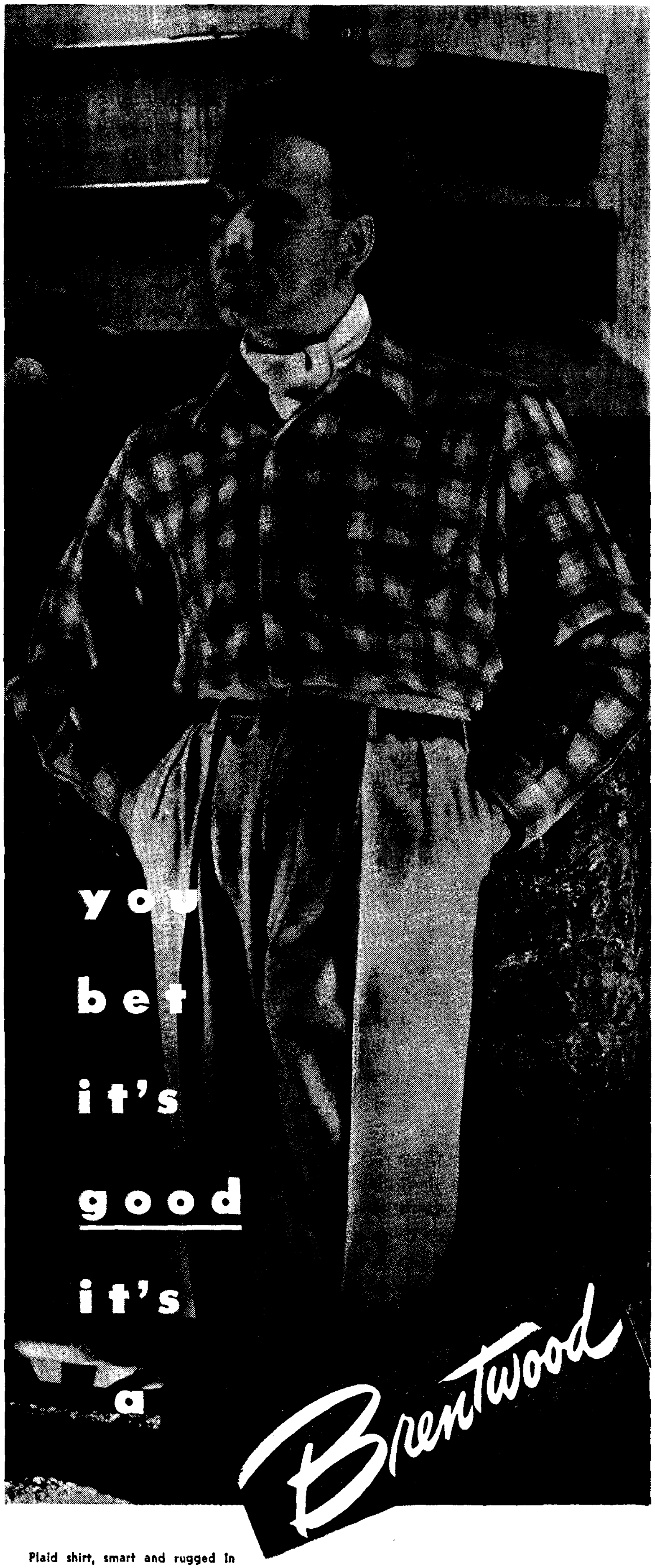
"Huh? By the way my which does what?"

"You're one of the nicest persons I've



"All I can say, Mr. Tillcott, is that when you claim the United States has a popular government, you are most definitely overlooking me"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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DON Q

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"Oh? They are? You learned that in Psychology Four, I suppose?"

"Oh, no! That's just instinct. Old-fash—"

"Stop it! One more word and I'll hit you! Maybe you can tell me just how I propose to convert you?"

This time Jennifer shook her head. "No, I don't know that. But I'll bet it will be an all-out try."

"Miss Morgan, you're not—"

"At luncheon you could make it Jennifer. You have to use first names to reach people."

"Reach people?"

"That's what you're trying to do, isn't it?"

Harvey looked a little confused. "I am? Well, maybe I am, at that. Anyway, I was about to say, Miss Mor— Jennifer, that you're not kidding about an all-out try. You gave me the idea when you said I was building laboratories. Well, I'm going to put you in a test tube, an old-fashioned one, for about two weeks. If you'll co-operate you'll be converted one hundred per cent to modern houses."

"I'd love to co-operate, Harvey," Jennifer said softly.

THE place to which Harvey drove Jennifer three mornings later was on the north shore of Long Island. Protected from the highway by several acres of woodland, a largish Cape Cod cottage squatted in the center of an acre of lusty lawn engaged in abandoned competition with equally lusty dandelions and other prolific weeds. Sparkling in the early morning sun, Long Island Sound stretched away to the distant Connecticut shore.

"It's lovely!" Jennifer said, getting out of the car.

Harvey grunted. From the trunk compartment of the car he produced Jennifer's suitcases and boxes packed with what she would need to stay in this cottage for two weeks. The cottage was furnished. It had plumbing, electricity, gas water heater and kitchen stove but was otherwise as picturesquely old-fashioned as her heart could desire. Two weeks of keeping house in it followed by a week in an almost completed Future Incorporated job in Westchester would forever more make her right-minded about houses and give her just that much more to tell salesmen she was supposed to indoctrinate. So Harvey told Jennifer.

The rooms were low-ceilinged and musty with the smell of stale air, but they were furnished with a miscellaneous assortment of furniture in reasonable condition.

"Go open all the windows while I decide where to begin," Jennifer said.

She was seated in a deep chair speculatively regarding the large fireplace in the living room when Harvey returned from opening the windows. There was a cobweb caught across his forehead and he was looking a little petulantly at his dusty hands.

"I'll make out a shopping list," Jennifer said. "When you come back from the village we'll dig into this."

"We?"

"Naturally. You wouldn't call sterilizing the test tube part of the experiment itself, would you? Opening a house isn't part of normal housework either."

"I suppose not," Harvey said dubiously. "Only I'm not exactly dressed for it and I didn't bring . . ."

"I brought dungarees and an old shirt for you. Borrowed them from the apartment superintendent."

"Oh," said Harvey. "You think of everything, don't you?"

While Harvey drove to the village Jennifer changed to a playsuit. Like the frock she had worn to luncheon it was designed to efface itself and emphasize Jennifer. It did both much more thoroughly than the frock had. She regarded her reflection in a big mirror with satisfaction. Nice legs, she mused. When Harvey returned from the village he took one look at her, blushed and went quickly to another room to change into his own working clothes.

"First," she said, when Harvey reappeared, "I want the kitchen and bath done. Then the living room. After that we'll clean one of the bedrooms. Is there a lawn mower?"

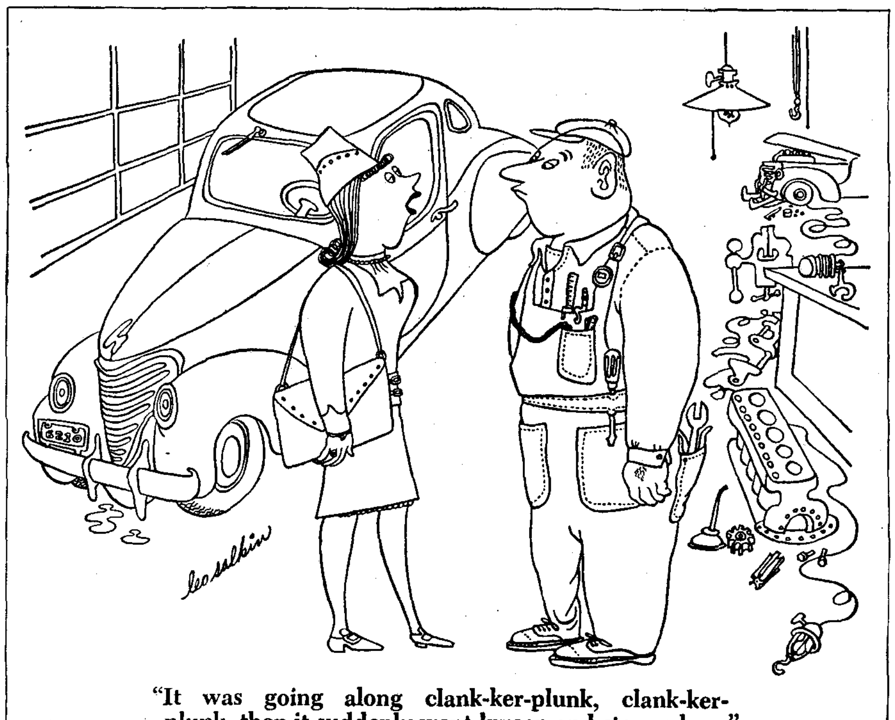
"In the tool shed," Harvey said.

"This afternoon you can cut the lawn."

By noon the kitchen had been scrubbed and the bathroom shone. Jennifer's room had been made ready for her occupancy that night. It was the first time in Harvey's life that he had made or helped to make a bed and he perspired more freely than ever as Jennifer told him exactly how she liked the crisp white sheets to be tucked under the corners. Jennifer glanced at him out of the corner of her eye. A flicker of a mischievous grin touched her lips.

"Anyone," she said, "would think that we—"

"Anyone couldn't help thinking,"



COLLIER'S "It was going along clank-ker-plunk, clank-ker-plunk, then it suddenly went kweep and stopped . . ." LEO SALKIN

WHAT SPARKLING WATER MAKES DRINKS TASTE TWICE AS GOOD --AND COSTS HALF AS MUCH?
EVERVESS YES! YES!

EVERVESS . . . Yes, Yes!

- **Yes . . . Evervess is Bonded for quality!**

Bonded by a famous SURETY COMPANY to be as fine as *any* sparkling water at *any* price—or money back! Lots of *long-lasting* sparkle!

- **Yes . . . Evervess—a dime-size bottle for a nickel!**

12 full ounces—enough for 2 or 3 mixed drinks. Cheaper *per drink* than many so-called "economy" size bottles! Get a half dozen in the Evervess carrier today!

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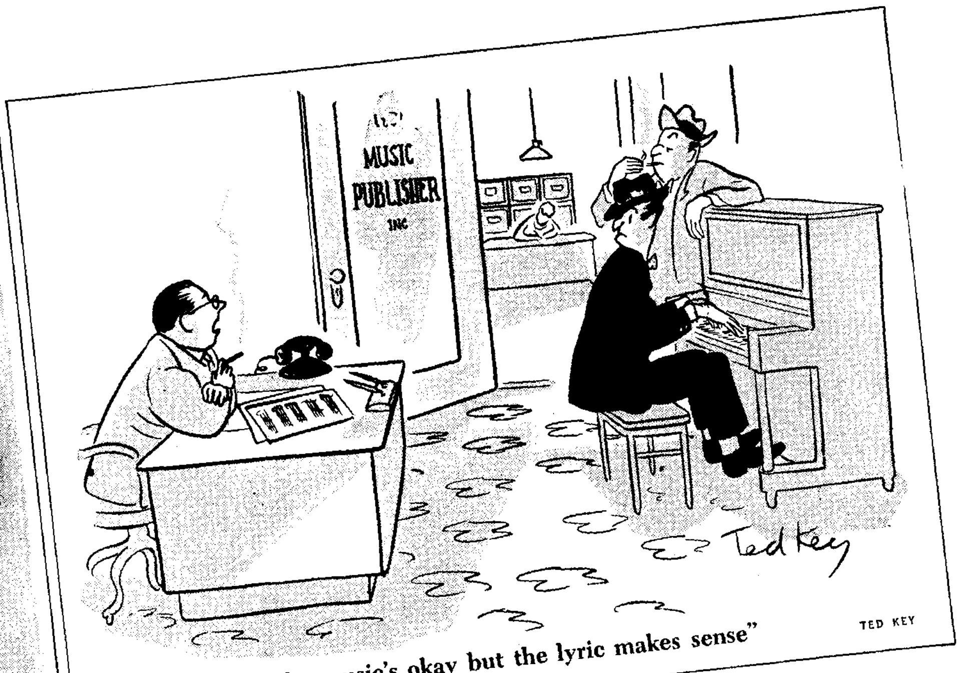


"The music's okay but the lyric makes sense"

Harvey muttered. "Hell, this is no place for me."

Jennifer considered the bed critically and ran a measuring eye over Harvey. "It really *should* be longer for you," she said thoughtfully.

Harvey fled.

Jennifer served lunch of cold cuts, cheese, bread and cold beer on a card table on the terrace overlooking the Sound. Harvey collapsed with a grunt in his chair.

"Tomorrow," he said, "you can contact me at a convalescent home. Is this sort of living what you call fun?"

Jennifer laughed. "It leads up to it," she told him.

"Like hitting yourself with a hammer leads up to how good it feels when you stop, eh? You know, this enshrining of old-fashioned ways is actually a new idea. In the old days no one stayed in a wigwam any longer than it took to get into a house. Candles didn't last when lamps came in. They gave up your fireplaces as soon as they could get stoves."

Harvey looked at Jennifer. "And look at you! The high priestess of the old-fashioned way sitting there with your bare legs and—and—"

"Oh, they had legs and bosoms in the old days too," Jennifer said.

"I think," Harvey said, rising quickly, "I'll get at that lawn."

The lawn mower in the tool shed was not in the best condition and the lawn was rank. At the end of two hours the grass nad the appearance of having been lightly gone over by some goats of desultory appetite. Harvey was sweating and swearing softly under his breath. From within the house Jennifer watched him straighten up wearily and place a hand against the small of his back. She smiled complacently as she turned on the water heater. When Harvey had said she thought of everything, he had had no idea how completely right he had been.

THE sun was low in the west when Harvey finished going over the lawn the second time. The second cutting was prompted as much by a growing realization that he had to stay as far away from Jennifer as possible as the fact that the lawn looked worse after the first cutting than it had before he started on it. Didn't she have any idea how lovely she was? Didn't she know that it was going to be impossible for him to maintain an impersonal employer-to-employee relationship if she kept this up?

Jennifer met him at the door and allowed her eyes to widen. "Oh, it looks lovely now!" she said admiringly. "But you must be terribly tired. I've drawn a hot bath for you. Go soak the lameness out for a while and I'll have some Martinis ready when you're through. You can have supper here before you go back to town."

Harvey started to refuse—to say that he had to get back right away. But the words died on his lips. Every muscle and bone cried out for that bath. "We'll see," he said, keeping his eyes averted. "Let me at that tub."

Dropping off his clothes, Harvey noted that the shelf under the mirror held a razor, shaving cream and after-shave lotion. There was a fluffy white bath towel and a clean face towel. A faint, refreshing scent of pine rose from the tub. Bath salts, he thought desperately. Didn't the innocent little fathead know that she could make herself more desirable than a man could resist? For a moment Harvey hesitated. It would be far, far better to put his clothes right back on and get out of there immediately. A crick in his back settled the matter. With a deep sigh Harvey Graham stepped into the tub.

JENNIFER had changed when Harvey came back into the living room. So had the room. Daylight was fading fast and the room was dark. Dark except near the fireplace. The breeze coming through the open windows was cool, but Jennifer had built a fire in the hearth. The flames flickered cheerfully and reached up into the chimney. A table was set with clean linen and a tantalizing scent came from the kitchen. Jennifer was sitting on a couch she had pulled toward the fireplace. On a coffee table before her were glasses and a pitcher of Martinis.

"I thought we'd eat in this room," Jennifer said. "By candlelight after cocktails."

She was wearing a flame dress and her hair was swept back to reveal two small, elfin ears. She reached out to pour Martinis, and Harvey watched the soft gleam of her smooth, round arms. She was the loveliest thing he had ever seen. And the setting was perfect for her. She was right: There was no laboratory mood in that room.

Jennifer looked up, smiled and patted the couch beside her with her hand. With all his relaxed and tired body Harvey Graham longed to sit down there with her. But he knew exactly what would happen if he did and took that cocktail. There was a point beyond which a man was no longer responsible. She would hate him everlastingly for taking advantage of her trusting faith in him. It was the most Herculean effort of will in his life that enabled Harvey Graham to shake his head.

He left immediately after dinner. When he had gone Jennifer sat down again on the couch with the polite smile still frozen on her face. Then she exploded. She threw herself face down on the couch and kicked her legs furiously. She gave out with squeals of rage. It was a long time before she began slowly to regain self-control. She sat up and stared into the fire. What on earth could a girl do if what she had already done had not been enough to make the big ape understand that she loved him? Jennifer looked at her hands. There were blisters on each of the small palms. And two interminable weeks to go alone in this rattrap cottage!

Jennifer swore softly under her breath and the words were sincerely unladylike.

HARVEY did not sleep well that night. He roamed his apartment restlessly. Away from the cottage and from Jennifer the spell was still on him and he knew that it always would be. How did a man go about making a girl fall in love with him? Harvey looked at his face in a mirror and turned away moodily. There certainly wasn't anything in that haphazard collection of features to make a girl want to look at it every morning for the rest of her life.

Harvey hit the office after the manner of a small tornado the next morning. He called for the plans of the Westchester house. Construction said they could finish it in two to three weeks. Harvey called in Engineering and drew lines on the plans. He glared at Construction and gave them ten days to finish the job. The acoustical walls of his office could not absorb all the howls of protest. Harvey stood firm. Ten days. . . .

It was too dark on the evening of the eleventh day for Jennifer to see what the outside of the house looked like when Harvey turned his car into the drive. But she was not especially interested. She knew it would be a nicely balanced assembly of geometric bulks with sun decks. The car went over a metal plate buried in the gravel drive and the garage doors opened automatically.

"Handy in case of rain," Harvey said.

Jennifer did not reply. All the way from Long Island she had been noncommittal. Yes, she had gotten along nicely in the cottage. No, she had not found the work too bad. She would rather not go into the matter now. It would all be included in a comparative report she would write for him after she had been in this Westchester house for a week. Harvey had lapsed into a baffled silence. Somewhere, he suspected glumly, his experiment had broken down. Not that he cared any longer about that part of it. It was the change that had come over Jennifer that filled him with unhappiness. There was no bounce in her.

Harvey carried Jennifer's suitcases into the house. He looked, she thought, like a redcap in mufti, and a small smile flickered momentarily on her face. The house was exactly as she knew it would be. The tinted acoustical walls, the cushioned floors, the indirect lighting and all the built-in conveniences to reduce work to a minimum were in full glory. The rooms were big and the furnishings modern and in exquisite taste. It was nothing new to Jennifer. But her reaction to it was new. New and startling.

When she stepped into the living room which at the moment was bathed in a soft, amber light she felt suddenly as if she had come home.

All the weeks during which she had thought she was selling salesmen she had been selling herself as well. This house which was a superproduction of modernity for demonstration purposes, for the good people of Westchester to come to visit and marvel in, was home. But it was more than just the house itself. It was Harvey standing there like a great awkward crane holding her luggage and looking at her with that sort of wistful, worried look that made it home too. The house was Harvey. Earnest, sincere Harvey trying to give people something better.

An overwhelming relief swept through Jennifer. It was all so simple after all. There she was. And there was Harvey. And Harvey was helpless at the moment, still holding the bags and looking hopefully at her for some sign of approval of all this. His hat had somehow worked over onto one ear. Jennifer went up to him, took his hat off, smiled and stood up on tiptoe. And kissed him.

"It's wonderful!" she said.

WHEN the room stopped spinning Harvey found that he had dropped the suitcases and was holding Jennifer.

"Jeepers!" he said in a dazed sort of way. "Just like that!"

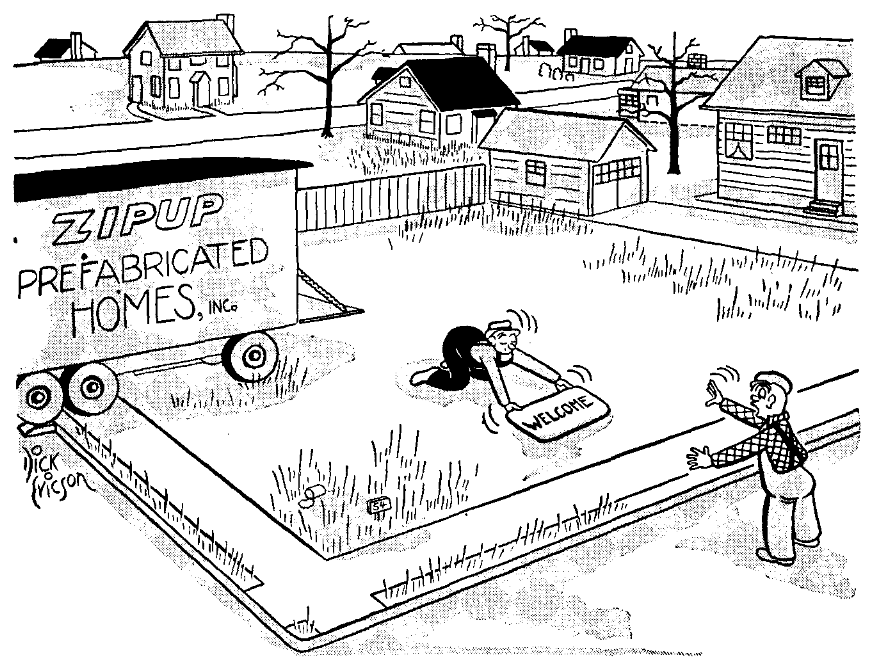
Jennifer chuckled. "Just like that," she repeated. "In the good, old-fashioned way, darling."

Harvey shook his head and let her go. He went over to the windows and turned a crank. The windows opened and the cool evening breeze came through the room. He pushed a button and wall panels slid back to reveal a huge fireplace with logs ready to burn. He turned off the lights, lighted the fire and led Jennifer to a couch.

"And all this I had built in wasn't necessary?"

Jennifer wriggled a little closer to him and the tip of her nose tickled his ear. "It wasn't necessary—but it helps."

THE END



COLLIER'S "A little to the left, Joe . . . Hold it!" DICK ERICSON

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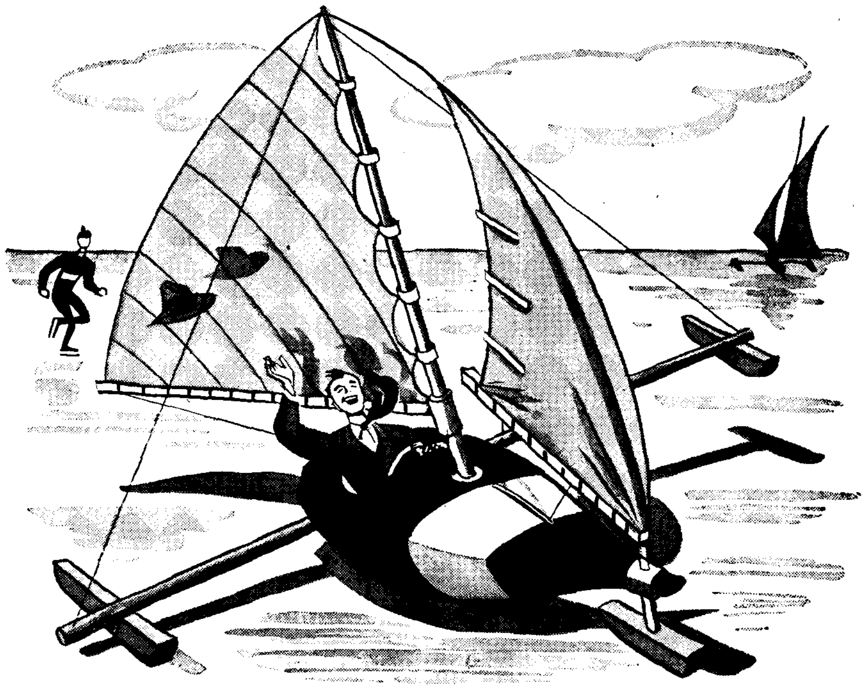

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NO PRISSY IS CISSY

Continued from page 21

and one stayed only overnight. But the idea of a woman editor—a society woman at that—was sure to make even circus-minded Hearstmen slightly upset.

But Knox begged them to stay in line. "You know this won't last long," he assured them. "She'll be out of here in a year."

Their misgivings were confirmed three days later. At home Mrs. Patterson had begun to think about Alice Roosevelt Longworth, an influential teacup wit, daughter of a former President and wife of a House Speaker, with whom Cissy had crossed social swords since girlhood. And as Mrs. Patterson thought about it she got an idea. She fussed about looking for writing paper. None handy, she took a telephone book and on the back of it wrote her first story for the Herald.

Pleased, she went to the telephone and called Veteran Editor Michael W. Flynn. She had written something, she said. Would he please print it in the paper. Print it in a box and on page one because Mr. Hearst said that nobody read anything unless it was on page one. It was to be signed Eleanor Patterson.

The story was an attack on Mrs. Longworth disguised as political comment. It was badly worded but short and it smacked Washington right in the face. It had precisely the effect Mrs. Patterson anticipated: it made some people mad, it amused others. It made all of them talk. It made them buy the newspaper—her newspaper. Mrs. Patterson now says it was a brash and ridiculous thing to do. But she doesn't say she wouldn't do it again. And in the sixteen years since, she has been consistently clubbing important people editorially with words which are both colorful and abusive and which make people buy the newspaper—her newspaper.

Many Newspapers in the Family

As a newspaperwoman, Cissy derives the maximum benefit from whatever value there is in family association. She is the sister of the late Joseph M. Patterson, founder of the extravagantly successful New York Daily News—it was he who nicknamed her Cissy. Colonel Robert R. McCormick, publisher of The Chicago Tribune, is her first cousin. Her father was Robert Wilson Patterson, who rose from reporter to editor in chief of the Chicago Tribune, second largest newspaper in the country. Her grandfather, Joseph Medill, founded that paper and made it one of the world's richest. Medill had met her grandmother while she was setting type in the paper shop of her father, James Patrick, who had carried a printing press over the Alleghenies to Ohio in order to establish the paper.

Long before Eleanor was born on November 7, 1884, the Tribune, plus a marriage with the harvester McCormicks, had made the family rich and influential. It was not inappropriate that certain members of the family should enter politics and such genteel occupations as the diplomatic service. To provide a proper setting for their Washington life, Cissy's father and mother had Stanford White, the noted architect of the period, build a money-no-object house at 15 Dupont Circle. The house was completed in time for Cissy's debut, a decorous and dazzling affair.

In those days as now, the proper caper for any rich young girl was to put herself in the way of as many eligible males as possible. So in the autumn after her debut, Cissy accompanied her uncle, Robert S. McCormick, ambassador to Austria-Hungary, to Vienna. In this vividly gay city any American heiress would automatically get a pretty good whirl. As niece of the ambassador, and one who was presented at court, Cissy was kept busy fending off the passes of poor but eager nationals of half the countries of Europe. There was one who didn't fend off easily. He was Josef Gizycki, a Russian Pole, a cavalry officer who was also a real count. The family didn't like him, but Cissy did.

When Uncle Bob was appointed ambassador to Russia and moved to St. Petersburg it seemed a good chance for the family to get Cissy away from the importuning Pole. But he followed right behind. In 1904, still only 19, she demonstrated her determination by marrying him over her family's violent protests and moving to his estate in Poland. Almost immediately she discovered that the count made a much more desirable suitor than husband. Nobody has ever accused Cissy of not having guts, and she stuck it for three years. Then she took her year-old daughter, Felicia, and headed for America.

On a trip through the South, which resulted in a series on the nation's ill-fed third, Cissy poses with two women she found working in fields

But Gizycki didn't give up so easily. He followed, caught up with her in England, took Felicia, raced back across Europe, hid the child in a convent and announced that she was going to stay put. It looked as though he had Cissy stopped. As the legal father he could put his daughter in a convent if he wanted to.

In those days Cissy lacked a newspaper but she didn't lack connections. It took two years, but one morning the count woke up to discover that the Czar of Russia had personally ordered him to give up Felicia. At that time the persuasive power of the Czar was roughly equivalent to that of Stalin today—and for the same reasons—and the count responded with alacrity. He later discovered that the Czar had been prompted by no less an institution than the government of the United States.

But though Cissy got back her daughter she didn't quickly get rid of her count. It was not until eight years after her triumphant return to the U.S. in 1909 that she finally succeeded in divorcing him in Chicago. Wiseacres of the period reported the count received a settlement of $500,000.

Cissy's life in the ensuing years followed the pattern of the idle rich of the era with special personal overtones. She traveled, she gave and attended endless parties, she became known as a crack marksman, a great swimmer, a long-distance walker. She wrote two novels: Glass Houses, published in 1926, based on the career of William E. Borah, and Fall Flight, published in 1928, which was a thinly disguised account of her own European adventures.

In these years there occurred two events which were to affect her later life. One was her impulsive marriage in 1925 to Elmer Schlesinger, a Chicago attorney and counsel to the U.S. Shipping Board. Schlesinger was an old, trustworthy, wealthy but not too romantic friend with a gift for persistence to which Cissy suddenly succumbed, agreeing to an immediate ceremony by the city clerk in the Municipal Building in New York. The marriage was not particularly successful but it gave Cissy an opportunity to reflect on her discontent, and when Schlesinger died of a heart attack in 1929, Cissy's determination to make her mark had crystallized.

The second event also occurred in 1925. It was the marriage in San Diego of her daughter, Felicia, to a young newspaperman named Drew Pearson. This marriage wasn't successful either but from it issued her grandchild, Ellen, who was to become a prime object of Mrs. Patterson's parental devotion. Out of it arose also her close relationship with Pearson, who was to become her most hated enemy, and who was to be singled out for one of the most relentless journalistic attacks of modern times.

Cissy Patterson's principal characteristic is her inflexible determination to do what she wants to do when she wants to do it. Occasionally this has gotten her into situations which called for unusual physical courage, a quality with which she is considerably endowed.

After her separation from Gizycki she spent many months on her 140-acre hunting camp near Jackson Hole, Wyoming. While riding in the mountains it is sometimes necessary to dismount and lead your horse past places where loose rock or shale makes footing precarious. At one such point Cissy's guide told her to dismount. She ignored him. He pleaded and even threatened, but Cissy insisted on sticking to the saddle for the rest of the trip, knowing that at times the slightest slip meant certain mangling and probable death. This stubborn demonstration, later frequently repeated, proved nothing except that she had the right to exercise her own will, which like the right of a grizzly bear to be unmolested, is now quite freely granted by people who come in contact with her.

But this willfulness is the key to her incredible newspaper operation. In Washington she is known as an autocrat who will cut off any offending head without a second thought. Not many people are aware, though, of her endless day-to-day work to improve her paper according to her lights. One measure of success is that the Times-Herald has the largest circulation in the city. Another, equally pertinent, is that the Times and Herald together were losing $1,750,000 a year when Mrs. Patterson took them over. Now the Times-Herald earns $1,000,000 a year before taxes and is appraised at around $8,000,000.

After editing the Herald for seven years, Mrs. Patterson leased it from Hearst in April, 1937, because she objected to his orders to print material with which she disagreed. She had already more than doubled its circulation but it was still losing heavily. In July, she also leased the evening Times. And in 1939, to prevent Eugene Meyer from buying the Herald and scrapping it to give his Post the morning field without competition, she bought both the Times and the Herald, and in part payment canceled a large personal debt that Hearst owed her.

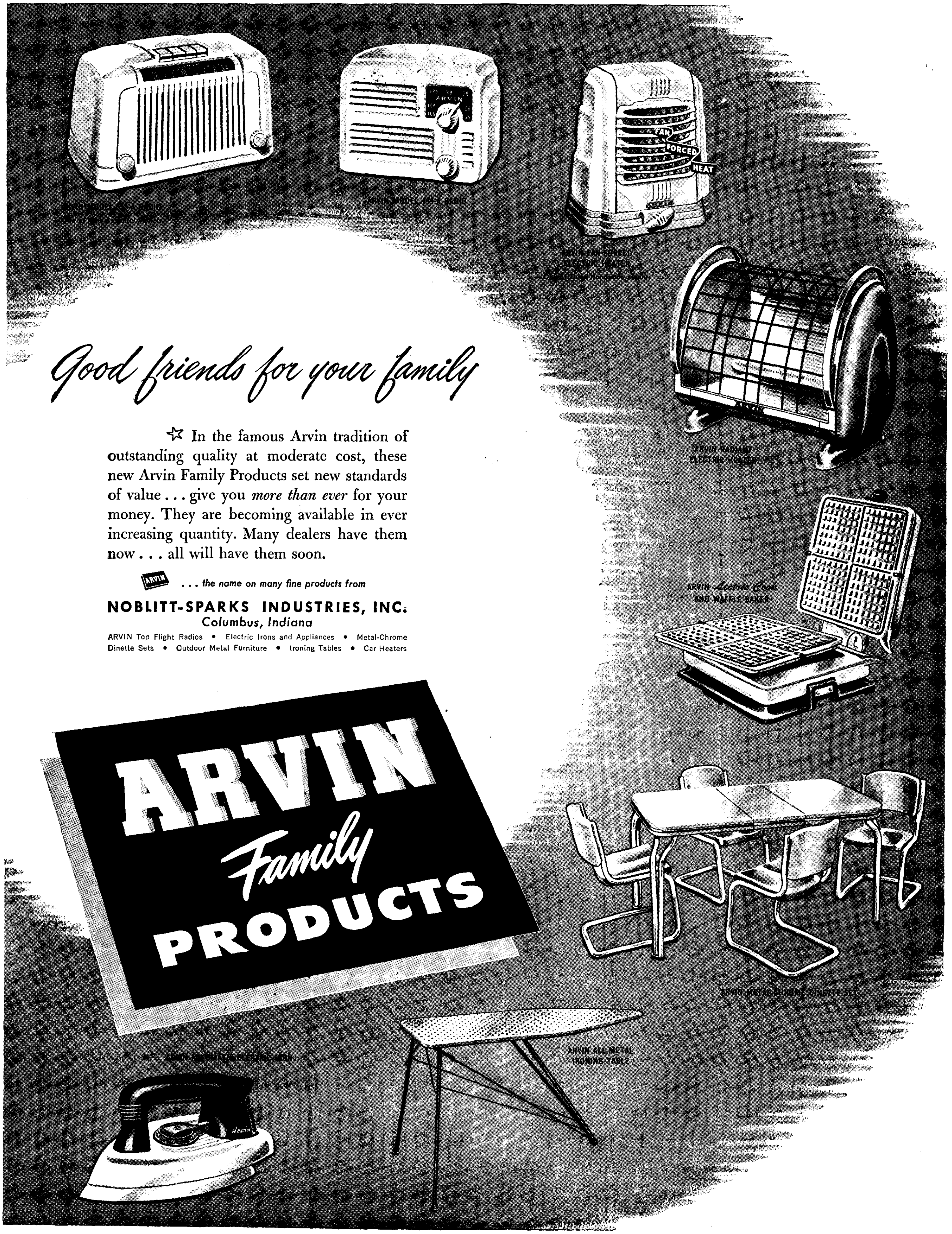
Solution of a Dilemma

Then she found herself in a spot. Operating both papers was a serious financial drain that would finally break her. Dropping the Herald would give enemy Meyer the morning field. Dropping the Times would eliminate her chances for profit. It was not in the cards that Washington could support two morning papers. Finally she called in Mike Flynn and Copublisher Arthur Newmyer and told them, "We're going to publish all day. We'll always be on the streets and always be there first." Then she added, "Now go ahead and do it."

But before she could get the plan started she was almost forced to go out of the newspaper business to prove she means what she says. When the merger was announced, the American Newspaper Guild threatened a strike. From a table where she was dining in a downtown restaurant Mrs. Patterson sent word to the Guild that if a strike occurred she would lock the door of her six-story building and never reopen it. The Guild thought she was bluffing and was proceeding with plans for the strike when some of the older mechanical unions learned that a showdown was imminent. In a stormy, postmidnight session, while Mrs. Patterson waited quietly a few blocks away, they finally convinced the Guild that whatever it cost her Cissy Patterson would not back down. The strike was called off.

Although she has edited the paper for sixteen years Mrs. Patterson maintains that she has never tried to be anything else than an average reader. "Put that down," she once told an interviewer who had asked how she formed her editorial policies. "Put it down that I try to be just an average reader and nothing more."

Since a serious illness in 1942, Mrs. Patterson has been more of an average reader than she used to be. Every edition of the paper is delivered to her home or sent to her by air wherever she is. First she scans each page the way a woman looks at a rival's new hat—quickly but taking it all in. If she spots a blemish she goes to the phone and orders it removed. If the scanning satis-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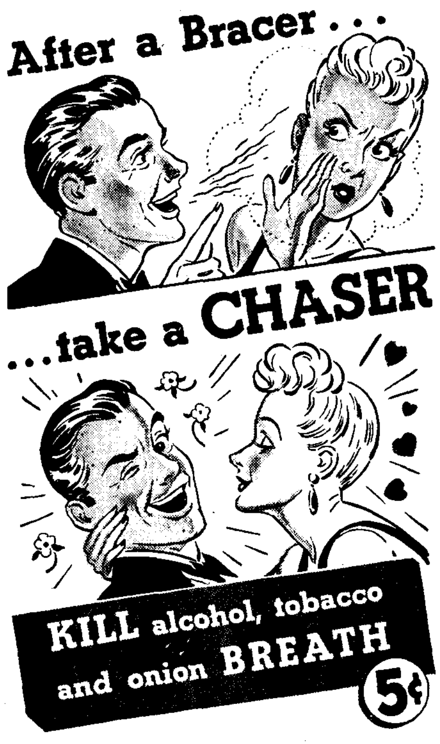
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fies her she goes over the paper again minutely. She reads the ads too, and if one offends her it is removed in the next edition. She refuses to accept any advertising which is not by her standards "well printed." She threw out chain-store-grocery advertising because the type was too heavy.

She works mostly at home for she feels more at ease there. "I can think better," she says. But from the private phone of her third-floor study she talks regularly with her staff and if a conference is necessary she can meet with them on five minutes' notice.

Once at seven in the morning Mrs. Patterson picked up her phone to ask her city desk for more details about a story which didn't seem to her fully developed. The desk man who answered the phone had spent some of the night before in tippling. He mistook her slow, pleasantly modulated voice for a real "average reader" who hadn't read the story carefully, a common occurrence. As he didn't know the answer to her question he made something up. She asked more questions and he made up more answers, rather enjoying himself. Finally she asked to whom she was speaking.

"I'm the managing editor," said the desk man, trying to keep a straight face.

"Well, I'm Mrs. Patterson," she answered.

The desk man laughed heartily as he hung up and started to tell a colleague his funny story. Then suddenly it occurred to him that maybe it *was* Mrs. Patterson. He didn't have to wait long for his answer. At the unprecedented hour of 8 A.M. she swept into the city room, pointed a finger at him and said, "You're fired."

When The Lady—as her more respectful Times-Herald employees refer to her—swings into action on a story, all resemblance to an average reader is quickly forgotten. For example, she has no respect for newspaper convention. When the flash was received of Franklin Roosevelt's death, her news editor started automatically to work up a full-page obituary covering details of the President's life from birth to death. It was the obvious thing to do and the way the story was handled by practically every paper in the country. The Lady ordered the obituary thrown out. "Nobody will wade through all that stuff," she said. "Put his picture on page one. Use the whole page for his picture. Nothing else. Underneath it put only the dates of his birth and death."

"You mean not even his name under the picture?"

"Anybody who sees that picture will know who it is." And then she added, "Now fill up the paper with Truman. Truman is the news now."

Avoids Minor Detail Work

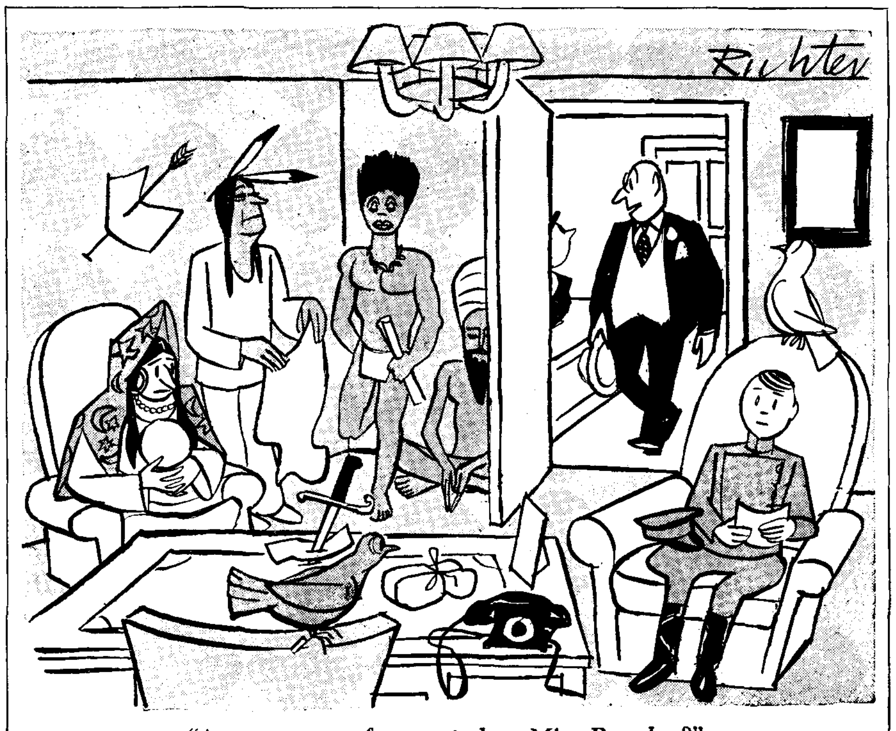
As the world's number-one average reader Mrs. Patterson must not, she feels, become meshed in the minor details and problems of getting out the paper at the cost of objectivity. She knows what these details are, however. Over the years she has made it her business to learn every step of the procedure.

She was there several years before she learned how pictures are made. One day after studying a picture in the paper she called in Chief Compositor Irving Belt. "What are all these little dots for?" she asked. Belt explained that pictures are reproduced by photographing them through a screen which breaks up the picture into a series of minute dots which hold the ink and enable the picture to be printed without smearing. "I want to see it done," she said. And for the next couple of hours Belt took her through the plant explaining each process.

Another time, faced with circulation difficulties, she had ace Paper Distributor Max Annenberg take her over the entire city so she could study the flow of traffic in Washington and determine the precise spots where the Herald should be on sale. Her perception of details is often surprising. Last winter a minor headline was printed slightly larger than was probably appropriate. The Lady was in Florida. But three days later a clipping of the offending headline came back with the inevitable crisp little note. "Don't you think this could have been somewhat smaller?"

Mrs. Patterson likes to contribute to the legend that her decisions are impulsive and stem from things pixies whisper to her. But she has been known to study a feature for as long as a year, assaying her reactions, before phoning in the middle of the night to say to an editor, "That thing bores me. Kill it."

Important decisions by The Lady may hit the Times-Herald at any hour. During the recent meat shortage it was 3 A.M. when she decided that a reporter must leave at that moment for the West to find out where the meat was. For regardless of how long she takes to make up her mind, the moment she reaches a decision is the precise moment when she wants things to happen.



COLLIER'S "Any messages for me today, Miss Reardon?" MISCHA RICHTER

Part of her success is due to the happy fact that inexperienced people live up to her expectations. In 1934 she told a member of her staff, Virgila Stephens, who says her cosmetic experience was limited to powdering her own nose, that she wanted her to have a beauty column in the paper the next morning. The column was not only there but was an immediate hit, drawing 150 telephone responses on its first appearance and thereafter outdrawing syndicated columns.

Overnight she put her secretary Betty Hynes in charge of the women's page. When one of her columnists, Igor Cassini, went to war, she told his wife, Austine, a former Garfinkle model, to take on the job, though she had no apparent qualifications. Bootsie Cassini is now one of the most popular features in the paper, and Mrs. Patterson has already turned down an offer to have it syndicated.

When staff members of the Times-Herald get together over a few drinks, almost inevitably the subject turns to The Lady. All present usually agree that whatever her manifold faults she is "the best damn' reporter on the paper." Staff members delight in telling strangers the legend of how in the middle of the depression Cissy posed as a penniless worker and trudged the streets of Washington for several days trying to find work, living meanwhile in a Salvation Army women's flophouse. The story was put into chapters and ran nine days in the Herald in December, 1931.

What happened was that Mrs. Patterson left a brilliant embassy party one evening, went home and changed to old clothes, drove down near a Salvation Army women's dormitory, registered as Maude Martin, said she was broke and would they put her up. From 11:15 P.M. to 8 A.M. she was in the dormitory having "experiences" which later comprised five breathless chapters of her series. The "experiences" consisted of talking to other women and eating breakfast. After that she drove home and rested.

Adventures in Job-Hunting

In the afternoon she again went out "to look for a job" using her car for transportation. While sitting waiting to be interviewed on her first application, she later wrote: "Overcome with fatigue and lack of sleep . . . I dozed off." On her second application she was offered a job at $5 a week. She then got in her car and drove home. The series made a considerable stir.

She kept on the lookout for news wherever she was. Once in California she learned that Albert Einstein was resting at the Palm Springs place of Samuel Untermyer. She went out there and was told that Mr. Einstein had taken a walk along a desert trail. She followed and suddenly came upon him sunning himself, unclothed except for a handkerchief over his head. Mrs. Patterson retreated decorously and didn't get her story. Later she was chided for her lack of enterprise by Arthur Brisbane, who told her that a good story was more important than modesty. "A reporter like Nellie Bly," he said, "would have sat on Einstein until she got the interview."

In more recent years Mrs. Patterson has done little reporting, saving h steam for occasional editorials and pr nouncements which range from bein merely vigorous, through blistering, t fishwife invective, such as when she used rather large type to describe Drew Pearson as a "yellow-bellied slacker."

Typical also was her full-page wartime story, complete with pictures, which held up twenty young State Department men to ridicule because "they do not choose to fight," or her bold headline over an editorial counterattacking a congressman, "You're a Liar, Representative Holland."

Mrs. Patterson is probably less ad-

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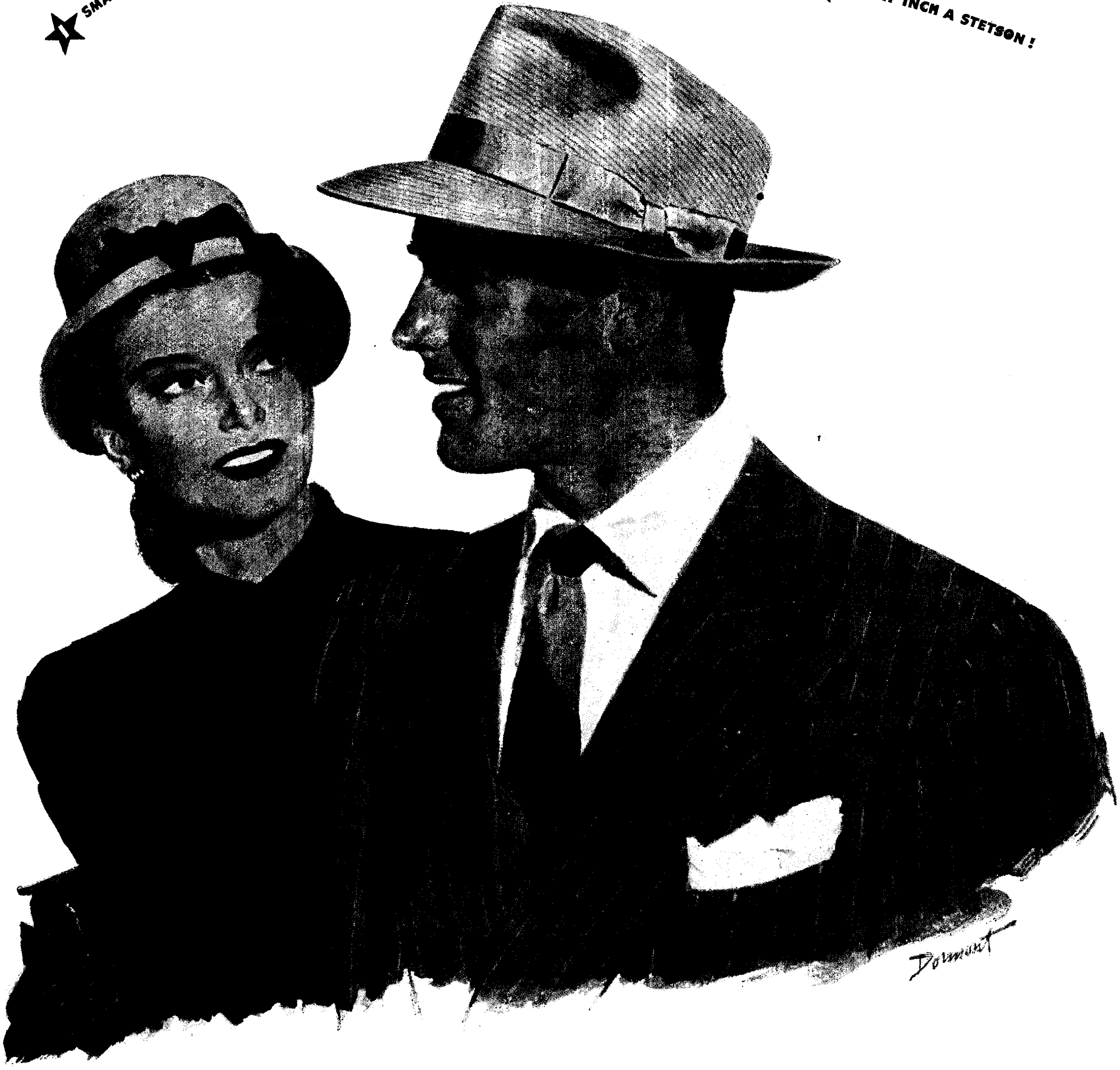

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dicted to consistency than most people, but some of her notable switches have been based on honest changes of opinion. She was one of the first publicly to bask in the warm glow of Franklin Roosevelt's personality. In a story written just before his inauguration, in which Daughter Anna Roosevelt Dall—of the "milk and wild rose complexion"—was described as the future "darling of all America," Mrs. Patterson said of the President-Elect: "I don't want to sound as if I were getting exalted or anything but there surely is a special radiance about this man which makes you feel better just to be around him. A bonnie, frank manner. A high, free spirit. A natural warmth and subtle understanding."

Ten years later she compared the President to Julius Caesar in editorials which were interpreted by some people as suggesting that the best way to get rid of him was by assassination. Mrs. Patterson now says she turned against Roosevelt because "he lied us into war," and stoutly maintains that she never liked him. Reminded of her vivid description of his prowess she dismisses it blithely with: "Oh, that!"

Mrs. Patterson is a languorously graceful woman who, though not tall, manages by sheer personality to dominate the huge rooms of her Dupont Circle mansion. Her reddish-brown hair matches her brown eyes. But her eyesight is poor (an asset to the paper because she insists it be readable for her) and glasses are necessary.

When people come to visit, she likes to sit on a couch near a servant buzzer with one foot curled up under and chain-smoke the conversation. Messages are brought to her in writing on a silver tray and she will interrupt anything to take a telephone call from the paper. She is personally disorderly and is constantly misplacing her eyeglasses, pencils, cigarette holders and handkerchiefs. Since the frustration of being without something she wants, even for a moment, makes her furious, her sizable staff has established a dozen or more caches around the house where glasses, lipsticks and the like are kept instantly available.

Even these precautions are not always effective, and Mrs. Patterson is more or less constantly at war with her staff, which in Washington includes two butlers, a housekeeper, a houseman, a chauffeur, a personal maid, two laundresses, a part-time seamstress and a secretary. People who work for her can expect to be fired and rehired at intervals, and the more seasoned of them will sometimes go back to work after being discharged without waiting for formal re-employment. So traditional has this cycle become that being fired by Mrs. Patterson is now considered a distinction. One of her former staff summed it up: "Where I work now anybody could work, but it takes a real man to work for Mrs. Patterson."

To say that everyone she employs fears her is an understatement. Her friends are scared too. Someone who has observed her for years said not long ago, "Everyone is afraid of her but Mr. Butch." Mr. Butch is a smart gray poodle who is shampooed once a week and sleeps at the foot of her bed. He is one of two she now owns and was supposed to have been a miniature but grew up. Mr. Butch has privileges which include chewing up shoes and other resilient tidbits and playfully strewing Cissy's supersoft toilet paper from one end of her suite to the other. Mr. Butch is not reprimanded for such excursions.

Mrs. Patterson has a deep passion for flowers and requires fresh bouquets about her always. Wherever she goes—and sometimes she make up her mind suddenly and at odd hours—there must be fresh flowers for her when she arrives. It is also said that someone must precede her and spray her favorite perfume with an atomizer. This is untrue, though, and doubtless stems from the frequent spraying of various rooms in her various houses with floral and pine scent to offset real or imagined odors of dogs and cooking.

For a woman who might be described as a widow living alone, Mrs. Patterson is admirably well equipped to weather out the housing shortage. In addition to her Washington home, which has some thirty rooms, she has twenty more rooms plus a guest house at Sands Point, Long Island. At her Maryland farm, Dower House, there are some fifteen rooms in addition to guest cottages and a five-room caretaker's house. She also maintains a large apartment at Carlton House in New York and an $80,000 winter home at Sarasota, Florida. There are six cabins on her Wyoming hunting place but these are not modernized and don't count.

A House of Many Memories

Altogether though Mrs. Patterson has more than ninety rooms to live in. She believes this may be too much for "an old woman," as she constantly refers to herself. But when she considers giving up her Washington home she is flooded with sentimental recollections—there are hundreds of family pictures and mementos, each one of which she remembers in vivid detail—and she feels she can't bear to give them up for something strange and impersonal.

Indeed people who know her well maintain that her sentimental memories are one of three things she has really loved, the others being her brother Joe—doubtless the only rich emotional experience of her life—and animals. Her regard for animals has many facets. She is, for example, a violent antivivisectionist.

Invariably Mrs. Patterson will respond when an animal is in need. When Colonel Tim McCoy's Wild West show closed in Washington due to financial difficulties, she learned that McCoy's magnificent golden palomino stallion, War Chief, was left inadequately cared for in the railroad yards. She went there immediately and found him in the rain suffering from a cold. She took him to her Maryland farm, where he has kept the neighborhood mares in a dither ever since. Once when a gorilla lay near death at the Washington Zoo she ordered an oxygen tent flown down from New York in a vain attempt to save it.

Mrs. Patterson is as impulsively generous as she is hot tempered but deprecates her charity as "really nothing." She is intensely interested in the private lives of her friends and staff and is constantly prodding their romantic and other interests. Once it was reported to her that a maid she had discharged five years before was dying of cancer in poverty. Mrs. Patterson immediately went to the maid, called in specialists and paid all the expenses of treatment including, inevitably, the funeral costs. When she fired a reporter for drunkenness, an editor told her that the man was not overindulgent but subject to alcohol poisoning; one drink might sometimes make him drunk. Mrs.

COLLIER'S "I'm afraid I'm in a murderous mood again, Miss Snell" CHON DAY

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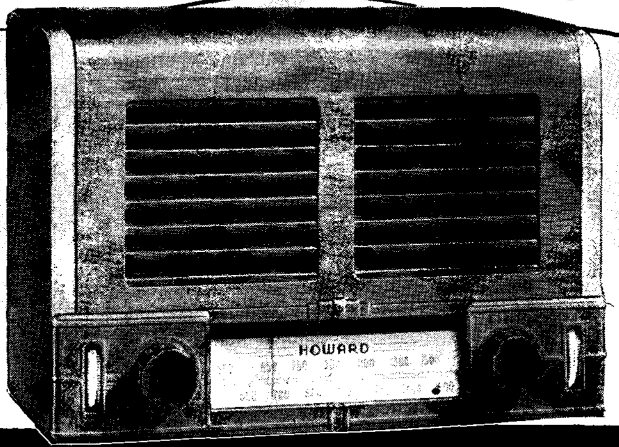

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Patterson called up Dr. Leon Gordon, who was then experimenting with intensive vitamin treatments, and asked if he could cure her reporter. He did and she footed the bill and put the reporter back on the staff.

Once when she fired someone for incompetence she learned a year later that he had been unable to find work for lack of ability. Moved to pity she re-employed the man, and he has remained on her pay roll, to her considerable annoyance, ever since.

The violent antagonism many people feel toward Mrs. Patterson stems mainly from the editorial policy of the Chicago Tribune, the New York Daily News and the Washington Times-Herald. Briefly this policy is ultraconservative, passionately antiwar, anti-British and anti-Russian, or, as Mrs. Patterson says, pro-American.

The fact that we were in the war and linked to the British and the Russians as allies made no difference to the McCormick-Patterson press. Many people felt that they were undermining the war effort.

This is the objective view. Less generous observers maintain that Mrs. Patterson has proved herself seditiously irresponsible, diabolically anti-Semitic and unfit either by temperament, intellect or ethics to discharge even the simpler responsibilities of newspaper publishing. That is provocative language but it is as much as honest print can stand. In fact, it is merely a verbal warmup to prepare the way for the truly expressive, double-barreled Anglo-Saxon phraseology which Mrs. Patterson's critics customarily employ in discussing her and her paper.

During the war she and her paper were publicly and privately castigated as giving aid to Hitler. An unsigned circular letter was sent out in August, 1942, from Baltimore to Times-Herald advertisers, asking them to advertise elsewhere. "Don't aid those who aid Hitler. Stop giving money to Hitler's helpers," the letter ended. Other newspapers openly accused her of being pro-Nazi.

But Circulations Don't Suffer

Despite their failure to win critical approval, the Tribune, the Daily News and the Times-Herald enjoy the largest circulation in their respective cities. They maintained this position—indeed strengthened it—while loudly advocating a conduct of international affairs which must have been seriously offensive to the great majority of their readers.

Every editor who is worth his salt finds himself in a dispute with somebody or other most of the time. Mrs. Patterson is no exception. But her adversaries apparently regard a good slug at Cissy—delivered from a safe distance—as somewhat in the nature of a public service, like an editorial attacking the man-eating shark. Typical of these battles has been her feud with Drew Pearson.

Formerly he held such a high place in her esteem that it was freely predicted that all he had to do was to play his cards close to his vest to inherit some measure of control over a fortune which now exceeds $25,000,000. As father of the only grandchild Mrs. Patterson is likely to have, Pearson occupied a special relationship to her for many years and she once proudly hailed him as "Washington's most authoritative foreign-policy dopester—a top-rank figure among political writers."

His column, Washington Merry-Go-Round, then written with Robert Allen, appeared in the Times-Herald. As the war in Europe grew more serious, the policy of the Times-Herald became directly opposed to that of Pearson and Allen, who strongly urged aid for Britain, aid for Russia and our entry into the war. It was inevitable that these two points of view would become intolerable.

In May, 1942, Mrs. Patterson told her staff to kill the column. This was a serious matter. In a city like Washington, Pearson is practically required reading. Someone suggested that perhaps they could run the column with the usual disclaimer: "The opinions expressed are those of the writer and not necessarily those of the Times-Herald." Mrs. Patterson branded that proposal with a contemptuous "Weak." She ordered, "Pull it out." The staff remonstrated. Mrs. Patterson said flatly, "To hell with it! If I have to print opinions violently opposed to my own to stay in business, I'll get out." The column was dropped.

Pearson and Allen retaliated immediately with a paid advertisement in which they stated that three months previously they had given the Times-Herald a required six-month written notice of cancellation of contract and it was *they* who were dropping the newspaper. This was equivalent to a formal declaration of war by two countries which had been engaged for a year or so in armed combat.

Lambasting the "Headache Boy"

Mrs. Patterson promptly ordered her editors to apply the blowtorch to the seat of Pearson's pants and keep it there. Since Pearson himself is a rather active and embattled personality, there is considerable opportunity for them to do so, and through the pages of the Times-Herald crawl a succession of headlines presumed to be scorching: "Senate Summons Headache Boy"; "Senate Group Votes Quiz of Headache Boy"; "Headache Boy Wrong Again"; "Headache Boy on Stand." Some people have said that it gets a little tiresome and they wish Cissy would stop.

One of the worst results of this from Cissy's point of view was its effect on her relations with her only granddaughter, Ellen Pearson. Cissy had never been particularly close to her daughter, Felicia, and it was only natural that as she grew older she should seek an outlet for her affectionate impulse through her granddaughter.

But Ellen, who recently married, has stood with her father so completely that she rebuffs overtures made by Mrs. Patterson. All gifts are meticulously returned. When Pearson himself returned without comment an exquisite painted *bas-relief* sculpture of Ellen as a young child which Mrs. Patterson had given him, she was deeply wounded and offended.

"He could have stored it in the attic," she says with feeling. "But to return that lovely thing—I can never forgive him for that."

Mrs. Patterson's willingness to bestow forgiveness on people she has belabored only a moment before is one of the pleasant surprises in her character. That they are sometimes unwilling to accept such benevolence with good grace or at all is disturbing to her. She feels that it is her privilege to hold the grudge if any is to be borne, and that once she decides to smile then the world should smile with her. It is probable that she has in one way or another—and always impulsively—extended the olive branch to everyone with whom she has ever fought, with the exception of Pearson and Winchell.

But it takes a stout distaste for Cissy Patterson to resist her overtures for very long. Recently a man who had long believed her to be an incarnation not only of the devil but a large section of hell as well met Mrs. Patterson for the first time. They argued violently, slugging each other with completely opposing views, which they held just as firmly when they finished talking as when they started. But when he walked out through the massive doors of 15 Dupont Circle the man was smiling.

"Do you know," he said, "I kind of like the old witch."

THE END

HIT THE POCKET

Continued from page 11

"Nothing like that," I said.

"You just miss me," she said with one eye half closed. "You can't bear being away from me even for one evening."

"Okay," I said. "You like your free Tuesday night just as much as I like mine. I wouldn't try to take it away from you for a minute. All that happened was that Bert got an idea you girls were missing something. I tried to talk him out of it, but—"

"Oh, you tried to talk him out of it!" Hannah said. "I should've known. Well, maybe I *would* like bowling. And if Mabel can try, so can I."

Unpredictable Hannah. She certainly keeps me on my toes.

WHEN I came home next evening, she was looking at the Guide to Bowling, a booklet they give away free at the Academy.

"Hello, Dave. Watch me do the four-step approach." She started at the end of the foyer, took four steps, and swung her arm. She stayed in the crouch and looked around at me for a compliment.

"Do any real bowling yet?" I asked her.

"Oh, no. Mabel and I just dropped in at the alleys this afternoon to look the place over. We're not ready yet."

"Good thing you know it. On an alley, with a ball, you'd have landed on your fanny. A bowling ball weighs something, you know. You ended on your left foot, which is the wrong foot for a left-hander, and that means you started on the wrong foot. The pictures in the book are for a right-hander. A southpaw has to do just the opposite."

"Oh, yeah," Hannah said, looking very hurt.

"I'm only trying to help," I said, "and if you want to be a bowler you have to be able to take criticism. And by the way, you'd do a lot better if you weren't wearing those spike-heel shoes."

Hannah began studying the book some more. Supper was awfully late, that night. I was still drying the dishes when Bert and Mabel came over for gin rummy. But we didn't get to play much gin. Most of the evening, Mabel was helping Hannah wear a groove in our foyer floor, practicing the four-step approach. Finally the tenant living under us called us on the house phone. "Whatever the hell is going on up there," he said, "you better stop it, or I'll get the cops to stop it." So the girls had to quit.

They could hardly wait until Tuesday. Early in the evening, Hannah and I were just sitting down to eat when the doorbell rang and a lot of packages arrived. Hannah had to open them right away. The first thing was a bowling ball, a custom-made Polychrome Proxaline. Eighteen ninety-five, net.

"Eleven and three-quarter pounds," she said, hefting it. "Just right for me. Isn't it lovely?"

"Gorgeous," I said. "The best is none too good for you, presh. But for me, of course, even a plain black ball at fourteen bucks would be a frivolous extravagance." That's what she called it the time I hinted I'd like to have a bowling ball of my own.

"But, Davey, darling, the book says it's very important for a ball to be just the right weight. 'To give proper control and confidence.' And it's 'specially important to me because I'm only a beginner. With an expert like you, it's different."

She opened the rest of the packages: a pair of bowling shoes, a leather bag to hold them and the ball, a skirt, two blouses, and some socks. For bowling she had to have a special outfit, new from the ground up. An easy fifty dollars' worth, I figured, and she didn't even know if she was going to like the game! I had to laugh.

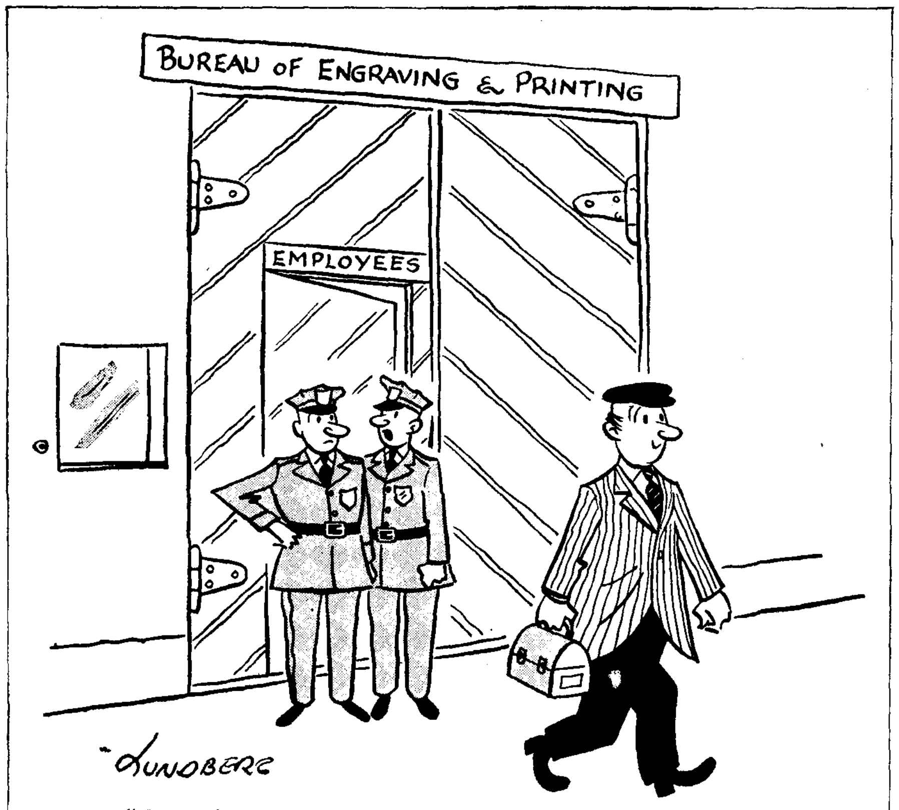
"What's funny?" Hannah said, holding the skirt up against her.

"I was thinking of Bert. Right this minute, I bet, Mabel's putting on the same kind of surprise for him. But I don't think he's laughing. Bert hasn't got my sense of humor."

"In some ways," Hannah said, "Mabel is a very lucky girl."

That's my wife for you.

After supper she had to get dressed, so it was pretty late when we started out. We found Mabel and Bert at the Academy. They got there a minute ahead of us, just in time to get into an argument with a big fat guy and his big fat wife about who was to have the last available



"He said something about going into business for himself"

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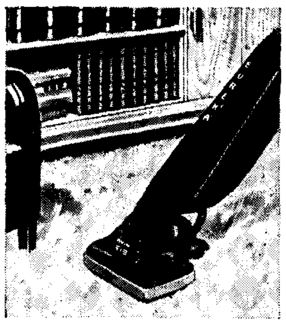

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alley. Seeing how things were, I took off my coat, grabbed a ball, and sent it down the alley. That settled the argument. The fat couple knew they were licked, and after spluttering a bit more, went to the back to wait.

The girls sat down on the resting bench at the foot of our alley, looking very self-conscious, and right away some kibitzers lined up behind the bench, to watch. Hannah and Mabel, in their satin blouses and short flary skirts, never looked cuter Out came two Polychrome Proxalines, dazzling everybody near by. We helped the girls on with their shoes, and then they just sat there, each with her bowling ball on her lap. Seems with the rumbling noise all around and the lights and the kobbos, they had a case of stage fright. I suggested that they ought to take some practice shots.

"Okay," Mabel said. "Go on, Hannah."

"No, you go first," Hannah said.

"I think we better start off with a regular game," Bert said. "It'll get the girls into the spirit of the thing faster. Highest total wins, losing team pays."

"All right," I said. "Mabel and you, then Hannah and me."

Bert took Mabel by the arm and stood her up. "It ain't fair to hold an alley without using it when people are waiting to play."

Everybody was watching, and Mabel got the giggles. Bert gave her a little push. She sobered up and took a do-or-die stance. She stood there with that shiny new ball, looking down the alley at the pins—and stood there and stood there.

"Well?" Bert said.

Mabel began swinging the ball back and forth.

"Stop making like a grandfather clock," Bert said. "For heaven's sake, go ahead and shoot."

FINALLY she came to life. She did a boogie-woogie to the foul line, but didn't stop there. She went right on, down the alley, vaguely waving the ball around, as if she couldn't let go of it. The kibitzers howled. Mabel stopped, all flustered, and came back.

Bert looked very unhappy. "Watch the foul line," he said. "You're supposed to roll the ball before you reach it."

"I know," Mabel said.

"Decide where you're going to lay the ball down and then keep your eye on the one-three pocket," Bert said. "That's between the head pin and the one diagonally behind it, toward your right."

"I know, I know."

"You got to hit the pocket for a strike," Bert said.

"Shut your big mouth," Mabel whispered back. "You get me all confused." Being riled up seemed to help, because this time she set right on out, fast, and got unlatched from the ball when she was only a yard or so over the foul line. The ball flopped into the gutter and Mabel gave it a dirty look as it rolled down to the pit. "How did that happen?"

"There's a hex on it," a guy behind the bench said. That was one crack from a kibitzer I didn't mind.

"Doesn't count, does it?" Mabel said.

"It counts," Bert said. "What's more, even if you made a strike that time, you'd've got nothing for it because you went over the line. That's the rule."

Mabel picked her ball off the return rail and got ready for her next shot. She took four wiggling steps, stopped dead, swung the ball back and forth a few times, and let it go. Talk about stuff on a ball. It started for the right gutter, but then it veered and rolled lazylike toward the head pin. It looked as if it was going to pass the head pin on the left, but changed its mind and swerved right again for a backup Impossible? That's what I say. But it happened. The pins all flopped over, as if in sheer amazement.

Mabel stood there with her mouth open. Then she began hopping up and down like a kid. "Oh, goody, I made a strike!"

"With horseshoes," Hannah said.

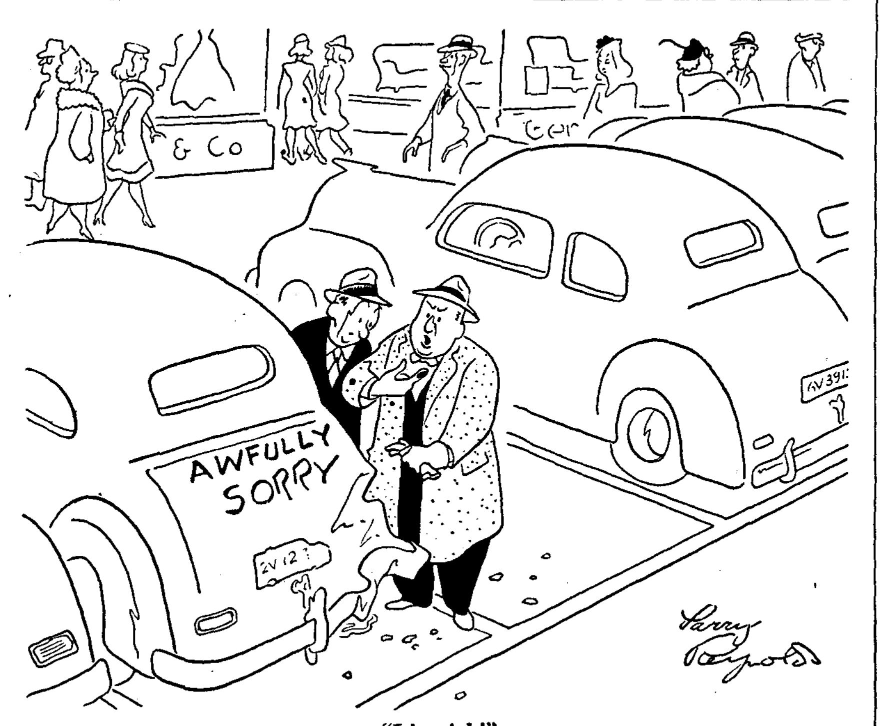
"What do you mean? I tried to knock them all down and I *did* knock them all down."

"It's no strike," Bert said. "It's only a strike when you clean up on your first shot in the frame. What you made is a spare."

He went, then, and made eight, leaving easy double wood, and got a spare, too. Then it was Hannah's turn.

"Now whatever you do, let the ball go," I told her. "Don't make a holy show of yourself."

Seemed Hannah'd learned something, watching Mabel. Anyway, her approach wasn't too bad. Pretty good, in fact, until she reached the foul line. Then, instead of sliding forward, her left foot stuck as if it was in a hole. The ball dropped with a bang, Hannah let out a yelp, and limped back to the bench. I was scared, but she said it was nothing, just a little twist. I looked at the bottoms of her new bowling shoes, and saw they were meant for a right-hander. There was a leather sole on the left and a rubber sole on the right, and it should have been the other way around.



COLLIER'S "Lipstick!" LARRY REYNOLDS

"There's got to be leather on the foot you come down on at the last step, for the slide, but you landed on rubber," I explained. "That's why it stuck. Tomorrow you'll throw these shoes back at the guy who sold them to you."

"It'll be a pleasure," Hannah said, rubbing her ankle.

They rent shoes at the Academy but they didn't have a pair in Hannah's size for a left-hander. Lucky thing was, she'd worn low-heeled shoes to the alleys, and they were good enough to play in. Her first ball went down the right gutter; she overcompensated on her second and sent it down the left gutter.

"Better luck next time," Mabel said cheerfully.

"Oh, has luck something to do with it?" Hannah said.

I noticed she'd stepped over the line, and I told Bert we ought to be lenient about it. "As long as they really try not to make fouls."

"All right with me," Bert said. "We've got plenty of other things to think about."

He uses a sixteen-pounder, the heaviest allowed, and there are always enough of those on the rack. The best of the medium-weight balls were taken, though, because of the crowd, but I happened to find a fourteen-pounder that had the holes almost right for my hand. I threw what looked like a perfect strike. The ball hooked just right and went smack into the one-three pocket, but there seemed to be glue under the ten pin. After teasing me with a wobble, it decided to stay up. The ten pin's the hardest single leave to convert into a spare for a right-handed hook bowler like myself and, everything considered, I wasn't surprised when I muffed it. So Bert and Mabel had ten each, plus what they'd make on their next shot, and Hannah and I had only nine between us. Mabel, who was scoring, marked it down and went, "Tsk, tsk."

"Your turn," Hannah said. "Don't forget to hit the pocket."

Mabel tried hard and made four pins on her first shot in that frame, but guttered her second.

"You're releasing the ball from the top," Bert said. "Your hand's supposed to be in back of the ball when you let go."

"I know," Mabel said.

Somehow, Bert kept cool and made a strike.

Hannah guttered her first ball but got six pins on her second.

"That's better," Mabel said. "Much better."

Hannah took me aside. "If she keeps that up, Dave, I'm liable to forget she's my best friend."

"A scrap between you and Mabel," I said. "That's all we need to make it a perfect evening."

THE three young fellows who had been playing on the adjoining alley quit, and who should show up on it but the fat couple, still looking sore about us getting to play before they did. Their alley and ours were served by the same return. The fat guy was starting to shoot when Mabel absent-mindedly walked in front of him to the rack to get her ball. She'd done that a few times with the young fellows, but they didn't care. The fat guy did, though. "Please, lady, watch it," he said, putting the brakes on, just in time.

"Sorry," Mabel said and took her stance.

"Somebody ought to teach that girl something about bowling etiquette," said the tub of a wife, right in the middle of Mabel's approach. Maybe it wasn't on account of the remark that Mabel guttered her ball, but it didn't help any.

"You got plenty to learn about that yourself," Mabel said.

The woman snorted. Mabel's ball came back and she was about to go for it when the woman got ready to shoot. Mabel waited. The woman waved at her. Mabel shook her head.

"You make me nervous, standing there," the tub said. "Go ahead and get your ball."

"Oh, no," said Mabel. "Think I want to get run over?"

The tub was a good bowler but she only got a corner pin on her next throw. She glared at Mabel. Mabel calmly took her ball down off the rack and made her second shot. Another crazy slow ball, which knocked over eight pins. The kibitzers applauded, but she felt she deserved more. "This alley is crooked or something," she said.

"No, darling, the alley's all right," said Bert. "It's a wonder you ever knock any pins down, the cockeyed way you hold the ball. Your hand's got to be in back, not on top." And then, before Mabel could open her mouth, "Don't tell me you know!" he yelled.

He got only four pins, that frame He and I were both way off our game, what with the kibitzers and the feud between Mabel and the couple on the next alley The fatsos were so sore, they had it in for our whole party, and Hannah couldn't help getting involved, too. Every time one of the girls crossed over to the return for her ball, there was a tense moment Hannah's got plenty of pepper in her, and she began to get sore, herself But she was subtler than Mabel. "May I please get my ball now?" Hannah would sing out, very politely.

"Get it," the fat man would say "For God's sake, go get it!"

THE girls kept on guttering half their balls, getting a few pins with shots they managed to keep on the alley. Bert and I went on patiently giving them pointers, Bert concentrating on Mabel's throw and that funny wiggle of hers, I on a jerky hop that Hannah had developed on her last step. We nosed Bert and Mabel out of the first game, but they won the second by enough to give them a nineteen-point lead. Mabel acted very huffy about it. Hannah chalked her fingers grimly and said, "Don't worry, Dave, we'll trim them, next game."

"Ha-ha," Mabel said.

"Never mind the score, try to learn something," Bert told her

"Play for the fun of it," I said to Hannah.

Mabel went way over the foul line on her first shot in the third game, and Hannah called it to her attention.

"Don't worry about me," Mabel said. "Just watch yourself."

"When I go over the line, it's just a tiny bit," Hannah said. "But you're taking advantage."

They began an argument about who made the most and the worst fouls and got pretty loud about it.

"Well, Bert," I said, "if this is a sample, you fixed our Tuesday nights pretty, all right."

"Don't rub it in," Bert said.

We took the girls apart and Mabel made her second shot. She guttered it and gave Bert a dressing down for making her nervous. Bert guttered his first ball, too, and I could understand it.

"Watch it, you're throwing the game," Mabel said to him.

Bert groaned and got his ball. I've seen him throw some fast ones, but he got something extra into that shot. From the thunder, I was sure he splintered some of those pins. Though it only counted for a spare, he was happier after it. But only for a moment, because Mabel had to sound off again: "That's more like it, dear. Too bad you didn't do it on your first shot, though."

Toward the end of the game, she discovered she had a blister on the inner side of her thumb. Bert wasn't any too sympathetic about it. "That's what you

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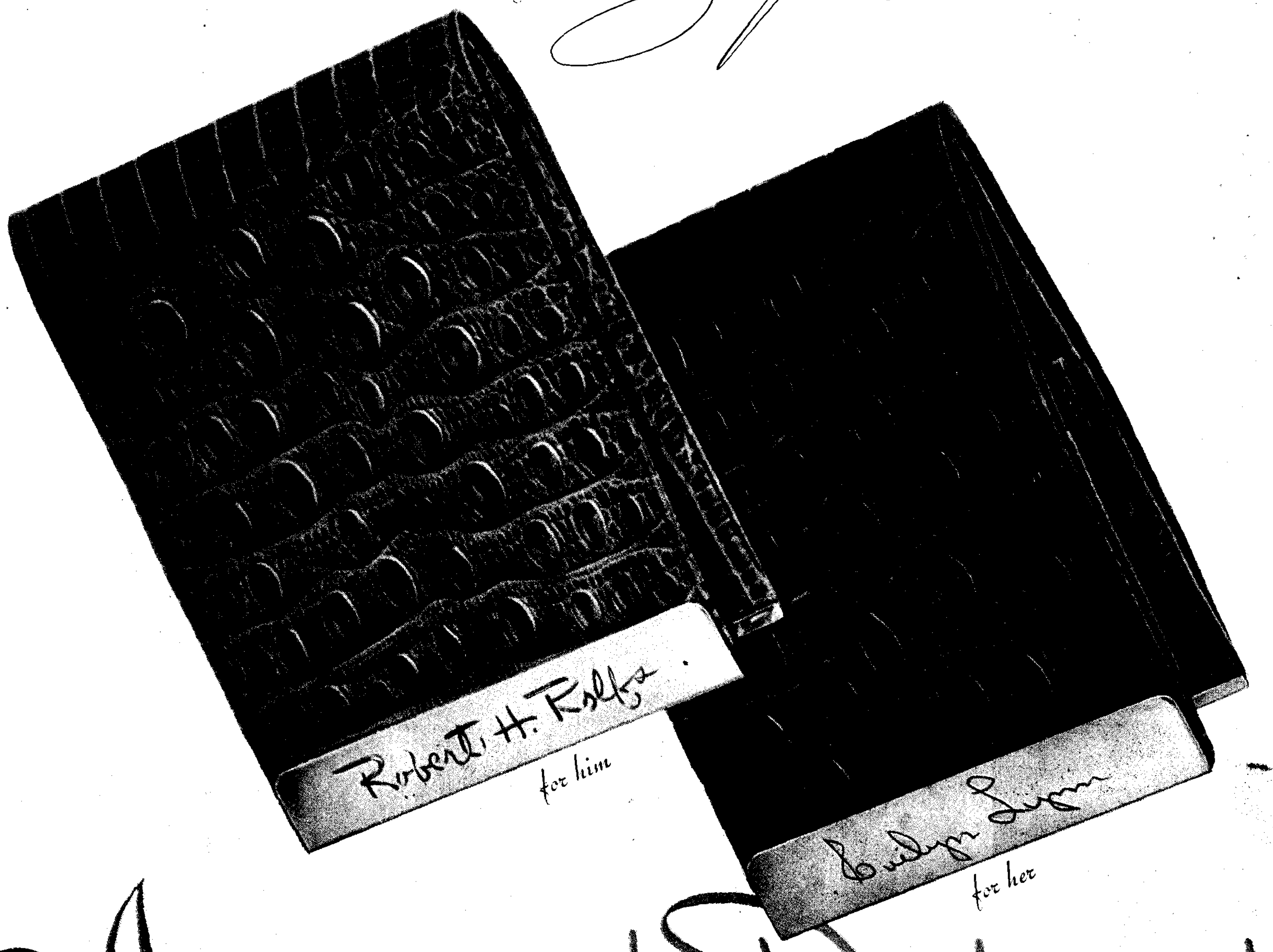

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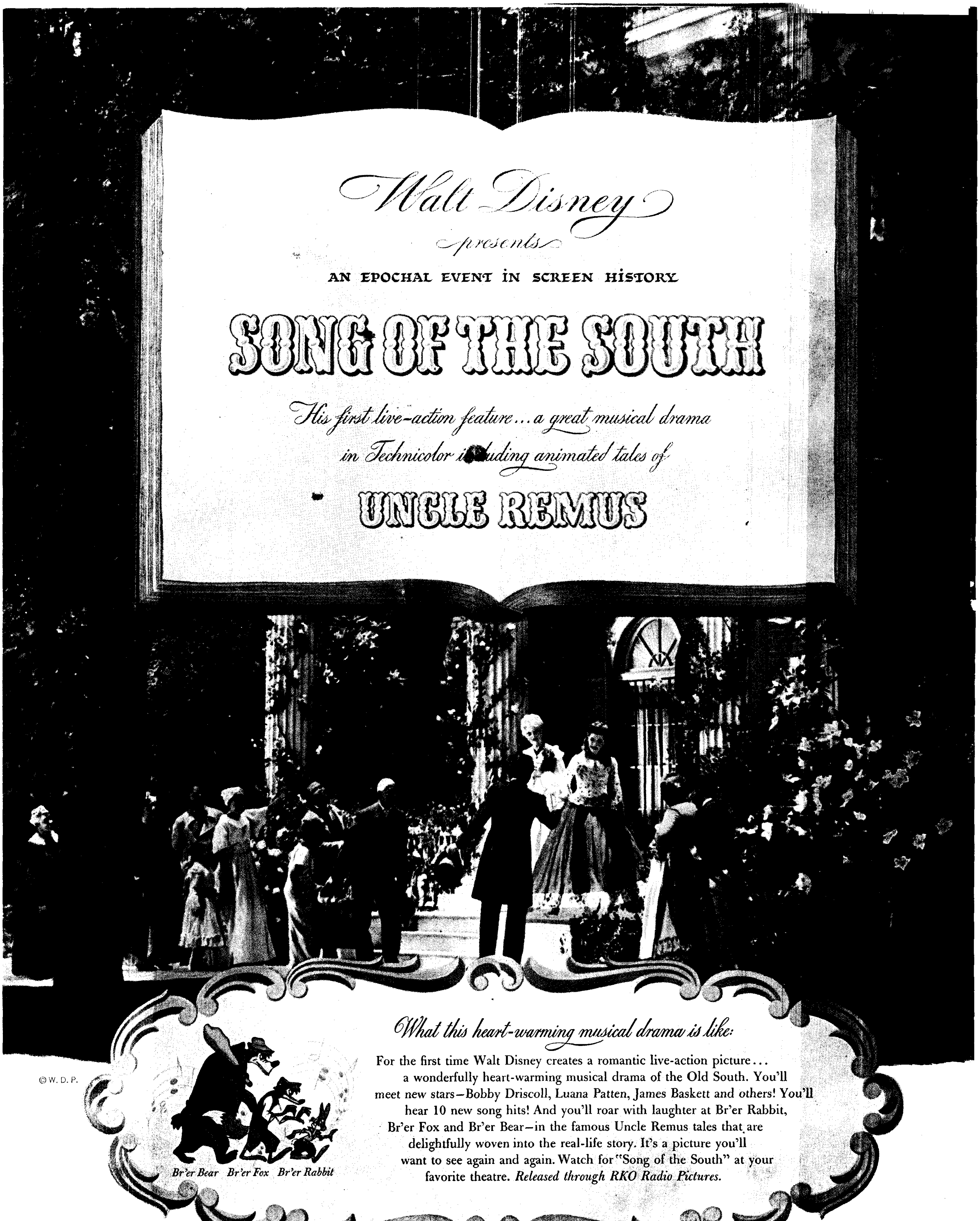

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get for not listening to me," he said. "You have to throw the ball your own dopey way!"

After Hannah's next turn, I noticed her limp a little on her way back to the bench and I guessed she'd got a worse twist in her ankle than she realized. Mabel sat on one end of the bench, and Hannah on the other. Bert and I figured they could use a drink and we went to the counter for some bottles of pop.

"They'll get over the peeve soon enough," Bert said, looking pretty cheerful. "Altogether, it didn't turn out so bad. The girls've had such a lousy time, they'll never want to come again."

"That's what I'm counting on," I said.

"Now don't get me wrong," Bert said. "All I mean is, as long as Mabel did have to get hurt, it's a good thing she learned her lesson. After all, I love my wife."

"You don't have to explain," I said. "It's the same with me."

THE girls drank the pop and rested, and Bert and I got ready to take them home. Then we got a real surprise. They didn't want to go, they wouldn't hear of quitting! Looked as if they were going to fix it so they'd never forget that one night of bowling as long as they lived. So Bert had Mabel's thumb taped up and the game went on. After her second shot in the eighth frame, she winced as she straightened up.

"Now what?" Bert said.

"Nothing, just a little crick in the hip."

"I'm not surprised. It's a wonder you didn't throw your hip out altogether with that wiggle. Better quit."

"Not me," Mabel said.

The fat guy must have overheard. "No luck," he said to his wife.

For that, Mabel went and planted herself between alleys, just where she knew it upset the fat guy most to have her stand when he was shooting. If anybody got hurt, it should've been Mabel at the beginning of the ninth frame. Mabel skidded on her approach. Hannah got startled and jumped back, right into the path of the fat guy, who was charging to make a throw. His ball caught Hannah a glancing blow on the side of the thigh. She went over like a pin, the man went halfway down the alley like a baseball player sliding for home, and the ball landed among a group of bowlers two alleys away. Women screamed. I rushed to Hannah and carried her to the bench. She whimpered and rubbed her thigh.

"You clumsy dope!" Mabel said to the fat guy and ran to Hannah.

The fat guy's wife was bent over him and he seemed to be in considerable pain, so they didn't pay any attention to Mabel at the moment. People crowded around and the manager came over, all excited, wanting to know what happened.

"That girl deliberately tripped my husband," said the tub, pointing at Hannah.

"Yeah," said Hannah. "I was trying to commit suicide."

"A person would just as soon trip an elephant," Mabel said. She had her arm around Hannah and it looked as if they were best friends again. Much sooner than I expected. Shows what having a common enemy can do.

"Take me home, this joint ain't safe," the fat guy groaned.

"I hope you're satisfied," the wife told us, helping her husband on with his coat, and then they left.

"C'mon, break it up, people want to play," the manager said. He shooed the kibitzers away; the excitement was over.

I figured our evening was over, too, with the condition the girls were in. Nothing serious; they'd be as good as new in a few days. But surely they'd had enough of bowling. Next Tuesday, and from then on, it would be strictly stag.

"Well, let's go," I said to Hannah.

"No, the game isn't over yet."

"We got to finish it," Mabel said.

"Don't you dames know when you're through?" Bert said.

"We'll show you who's through!" Mabel said, and went to make her second shot of the ninth frame.

Bert and I looked at each other in wonder.

Mabel got four pins. Then she went back to the bench. "C'mon, Bert, do your stuff," she said.

"All right, just for the hell of it, I'll take my turn," Bert said. The best he could do was nine.

Then Hannah went, and got six, and I thought I might just as well take my turn. I made a strike, and about time, too.

The way the score stood, Mabel had 42, Bert 146, Hannah 40, myself 133 plus the strike. It was close. The girls were all hopped up about it and I guess they finally infected Bert and me.

In the tenth frame, Mabel and Bert only got ten pins between them. Hannah, on her first ball, knocked down seven, and left the one, two, and ten pins up.

"How would you shoot for it, Dave?" she asked me.

"That's what they call a dog leg," I said, "and it's a very tough leave. Try to get the one and two, forget about the ten."

"I want to get them all," Hannah said. "You're wasting time."

I had to humor her. "Well, if you could make the ball go where you wanted it to go, the thing to do would be to shoot from the right side of the alley and hit the head pin on the left."

"Sort of on the bias, hey?"

"That's the idea. So it'll go toward the right enough to knock off the ten pin. And the ball, of course, has to carry through and take care of the two pin."

"Okay," Hannah said. She closed one eye as she swung the ball, and let it go. It went slowly down the alley and hit the head pin on the *right* side. The head pin fell, spun and flicked over the two pin, and the ball was deflected just enough to nudge the ten pin over. All wrong, all cockeyed, and a bit of a miracle, but I didn't have the heart to tell that to Hannah. She grinned at Mabel and hobbled to the bench. For once Mabel had the tact to keep her mouth shut.

The best I could do was nine for my last inning. And then the score was 211 for Hannah and me, 198 for Bert and Mabel. So we'd won the third game, but with the nineteen-point lead from the first two games, Bert and Mabel were still six pins to the good. Hannah had one more shot, though, because of the spare she'd made in the tenth frame.

"All up to you, kid," I said to her.

Hannah rose from the bench and almost fell over.

"The hell with it!" I said. "Come on home."

"Nothing doing. Get me my ball," she said and limped to the foul line.

IT WAS no use arguing, so I handed her the ball. Not bothering with any approach, she swung the ball back and forth twice and let it go. It rolled down the center of the alley and pushed eight pins over.

"Whee!" Hannah squeaked and started to fold up. I caught her just in time.

We practically carried the girls into the cab. Bert was very quiet and I had a feeling he was afraid to look at me, sort of. It was all pretty sad. We rode halfway home, with only a grunt or a groan from one of the girls, now and then, to punctuate the long dopey silences. Then Hannah suddenly said to Bert and me, "Was it really so awful? Do you two have to look so broken up about it?"

"I guess we ruined their evening, all right, the poor boys," Mabel said.

"M'm—well, it wasn't so bad," Bert mumbled.

"Could've been worse," I let out.

Bert looked me square in the eye, then, and grinned. "You know, Davey," he said, "I think Hannah's got a lot of talent for the game."

"Mabel too," I said, showing I could put it on just as thick as he could. Anything to make the girls feel better, you know. But they took it as if it was coming to them!

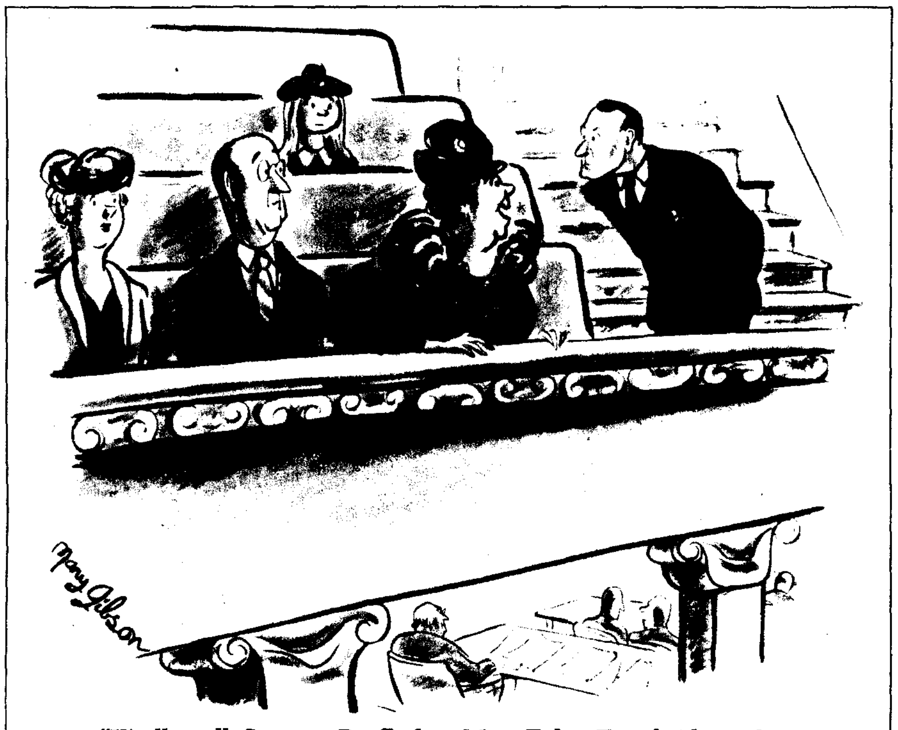
"Just watch me after I get this crick in the hip fixed up," said Mabel when we dropped her and Bert off. "Next week we'll trim the pants off you! So long."

At home, I leafed through the bowling book while Hannah got to bed. "Come on, now, Dave, don't keep me up," she said when she was tucked in. "I need rest."

"Okay, honey, but first I want you to know I'm treating myself to some new bowling shoes and a custom-made ball." I didn't ask her. I told her. And it turned out all right.

Hannah gave me a cute smiling yawn. "Good idea," she said. "We got to make sure we take them over again next time—those palookas!"

THE END



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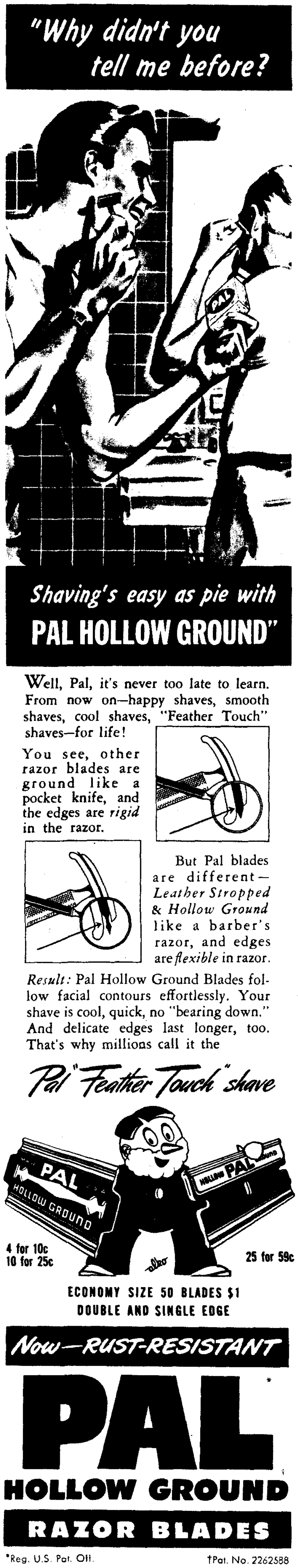

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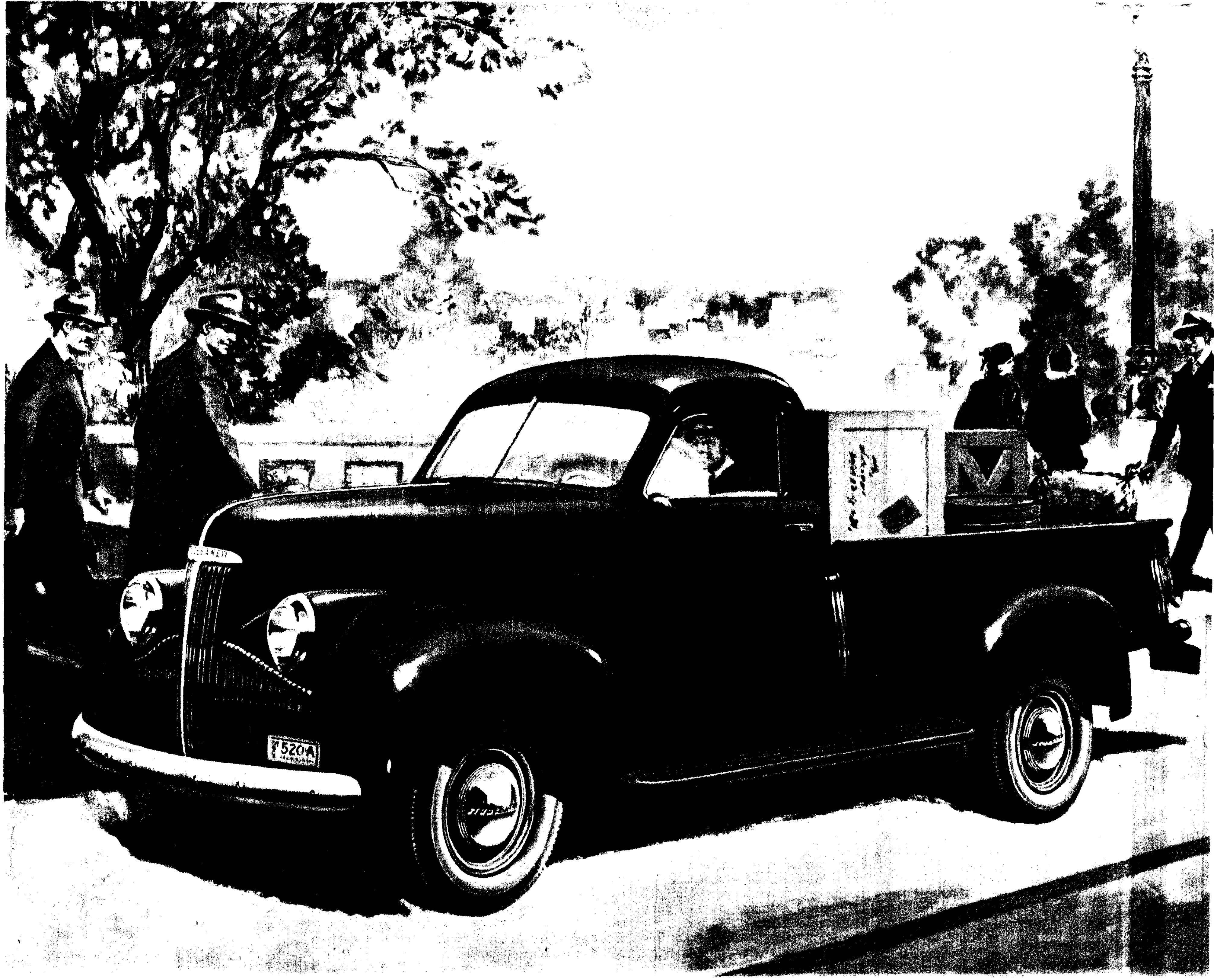

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THE MAN WHO KNEW GREER GARSON

Continued from page 15

He stopped. "Oh, yes. Not that I have much use for them, of course—"

I hurried into the kitchen to get them. When I returned, he was standing outside the door, waiting, still wearing the caricature of a smile. The others were looking pleasantly at him, their smiles complacent. "Thanks awfully," he said to me. "Goodby again."

Before he rounded the turn I saw him pop one of the berries into his mouth.

"You're an uncivilized wench," I said to Dorothy.

She yawned and snuggled down into her chair. "Darling, for heaven's sake! If you let a nuisance like that get a toe hold you'll have to move, or catch the Black Plague, to get rid of him."

"It was only his second visit!" I took her empty glass from her outstretched hand.

"These beaches are crawling with characters," one of the men said. "They infest the place like crabs."

I went into the kitchen for ice. "The least you can do is be civil!"

"Be throwing high-octane on a cozy, steady, little flame," Dorothy called in to me. "He really isn't amusing enough to fuss with."

I heard her saying in a drawling, theatrical voice, "I'm meeting Greer for dinner. She has a script she wants me to see!" The laughter of the others resounded through the small cottage.

I SPENT most of that summer defending Tomkins. Were it possible to beat a path in sand, he would have. Hardly a day passed that he did not appear at my door, smiling anxiously, calling too cordially, "Hello, there!" Each time he brought tales of dinner with Van, lunch with Bette, a week end at Cary's, a delightful snack with Ingrid, a terribly amusing chat with his dearest friend Greer. He couldn't go to the corner drugstore for aspirin that Sylvia Sidney didn't hail him from across the store. He didn't stop at the fruit stand that Robert Montgomery didn't cry out, "Grant! Imagine meeting you here!"

He told these eagerly, his face alight, his voice almost trembling. I have known men to speak in that manner about music, for example, or their work, or women they love; the same breathless timbre to their voices, the same expression in their eyes. It was absurd, of course, but it was the kind of thing which demands only negative co-operation in order to exist. It wasn't much of a hardship just to listen to him. That was all he asked. It was like pretending to a drunk or hearing with sympathy an excited child's tale woven of fantasy and wistful wishing. I was fortified by the gratifying idea that I was being kind to this peculiar string of a fellow whose dreams were still those of a schoolgirl. So it wasn't difficult for me to say, "Really? What is Miss Dunne doing now?" or "Next time you see Mr. Crosby, tell him I enjoyed that last picture."

"Oh," Tomkins would exclaim, "I will! Bing is always anxious to know how his work is received. Amazingly modest man. You would like him!" He would scoot his chair nearer and recite to me in hurried paraphrase the fan-magazine and columnists' reports on Crosby.

It seems odd now that it didn't occur to me to inquire about Tomkins' work. I didn't really care. Dorothy said one day that if you followed him, you would probably see him disappear into a hole like the rabbit in Alice in Wonderland. I simply accepted, as a constant but minor irritation, the fact that Tomkins would appear almost daily at my door and that fifteen minutes to an hour would be wasted. Then, with a rapid explanation of having to meet the Cagneys or the Fondas, he would rush away.

One night at a restaurant, Dorothy said, "I saw your fantastic friend today. Behind the necktie counter in one of the shops, no less."

"Which fantastic friend?"

"Don't try to sound Bohemian. The star-struck character. He was showing ugly bow ties to an ugly fat woman in shorts."

"Did you buy one?"

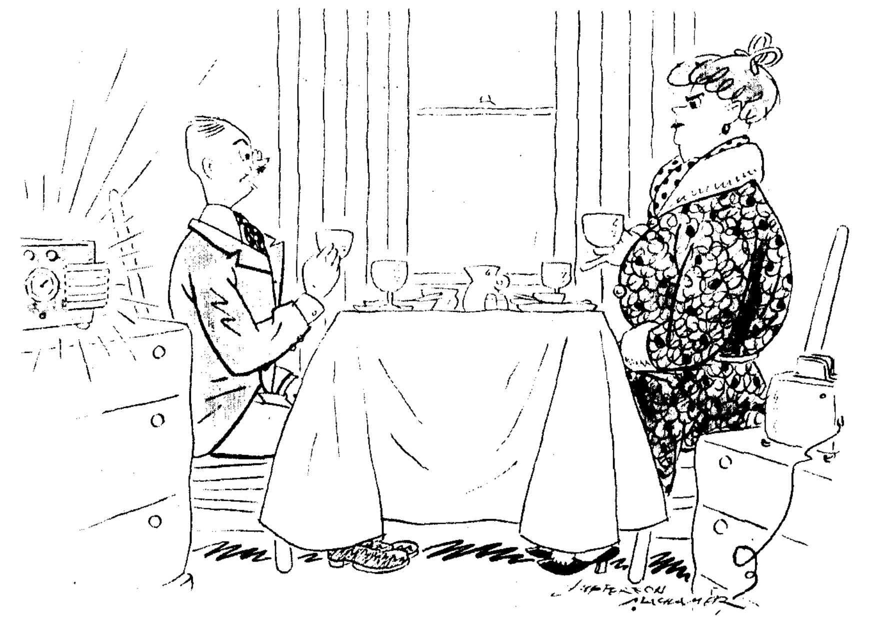
"I did not!"

I motioned to the waiter. "Well, I guess he must do something while he waits for his steel inheritance."

Dorothy laughed. "Why don't you go in and buy a tie? Observe his expression very closely when he finds himself trapped by the only living soul who listens to that drivel of his. Then tell me exactly how he reacted."

"Why are you such a sadist? The poor guy has to live, I suppose. Besides," I added wearily, "he would only make a joke of it and tell me again how frantic his friends are that he won't take loans of money. Last night it was Ben Hecht who is crazy to finance him."

Dorothy crushed out her cigarette. "It



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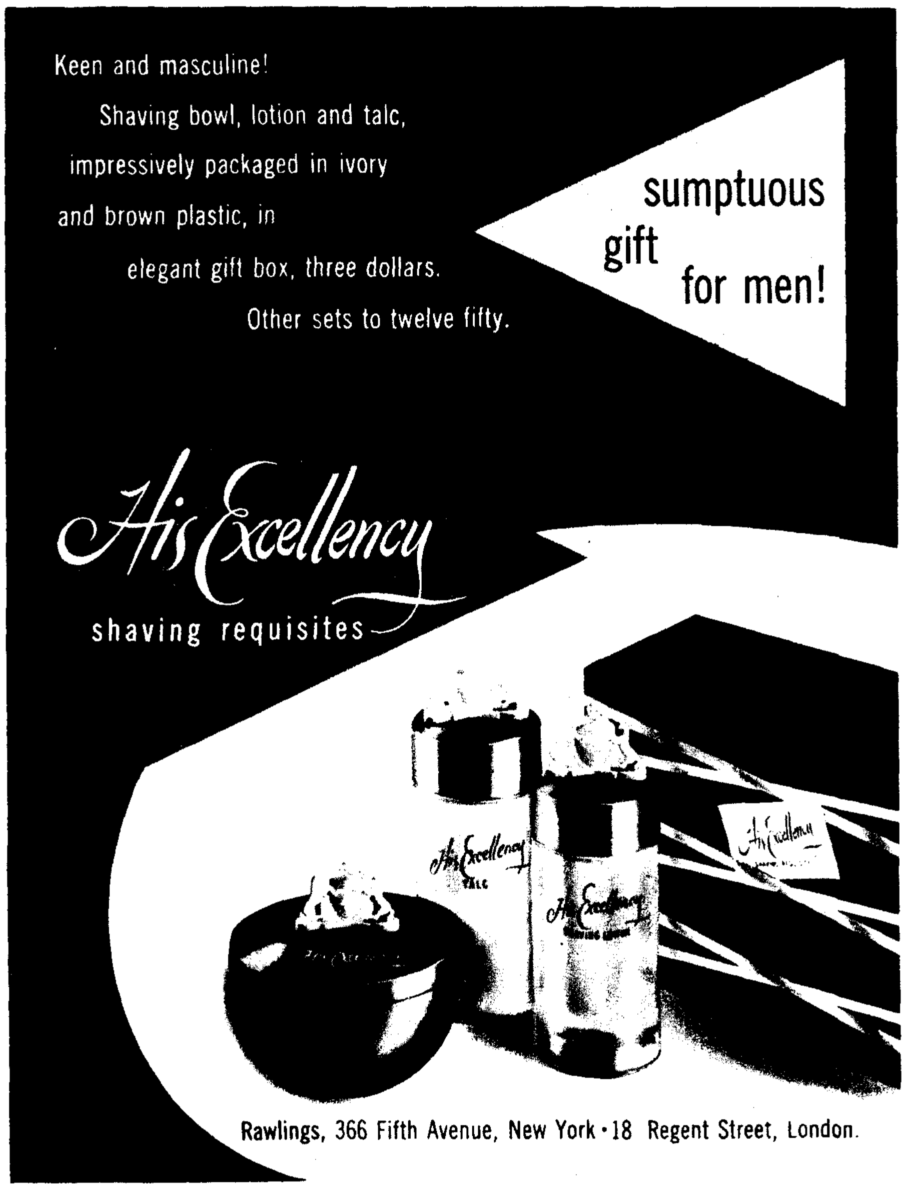
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seems incredible that you put up with it! It is worse that you make all of us pay attention to the fool. People are actually avoiding your place!"

I pulled out her chair. "Be more charitable."

She sighed. "I wish you kept a camel for a hobby. Or why don't you pick a drunk or kleptomaniac or Communist to buddy with? It would be ever so much simpler."

"You had better be nicer to Tomkins. He told me yesterday that one of the studios is hunting for a girl just like you. He is certain he can get you a whopping contract if they haven't already found someone else. I'm not supposed to tell you for he doesn't want you to be disappointed."

Dorothy stopped at the door, her eyes wide. Then she shook her head slowly. "Oh," she breathed, resigned laughter in her voice, "why doesn't that goof fall in love with politicians and move to Washington?"

IT WAS not until late summer that I saw Tomkins' quarters. I was leaving a bar one Saturday night when he hailed me. He was getting off a bus. I stopped and waited. He ran up to me, beaming. "Hello, there!"

"How are you?"

He drooped exaggeratedly. "I'm dead! I just left Jimmy Stewart. He wanted to bring me home but he looked so exhausted I said I would take the bus. He has been working at a frenzied pace, you know."

"Big night?" The cue questions came automatically by that time. Usually I didn't hear his answers.

"Nothing spectacular. We had dinner. Jimmy talked for hours of his war experiences. He never discusses them but he said it was a great relief to finally get them off his chest to someone who understood."

The lobbies of the hotels we passed were dimly lighted. Only a few people passed us on the silent walk. The wind from the sea was damp with brine and rustled the stiff fronds of the palms so they sounded like starched linen crackling in the breeze. A few cars cruised down the shadowed street.

"I say, would you like to stop in for a nightcap? I live near."

It would have been easy to make an excuse, for it was late. But I suddenly wanted to see where he lived. Even an amateur naturalist can sometimes identify the bird by examining the nest.

His room was in a sagging elderly beach cottage. The house was dark and eerily quiet as he slipped his key in the door. "Private entrance," he whispered. "Awfully convenient. Know what I mean?" I was glad I couldn't see his face. It was embarrassing enough hearing the pathetic attempt at worldly *double-entendre.*

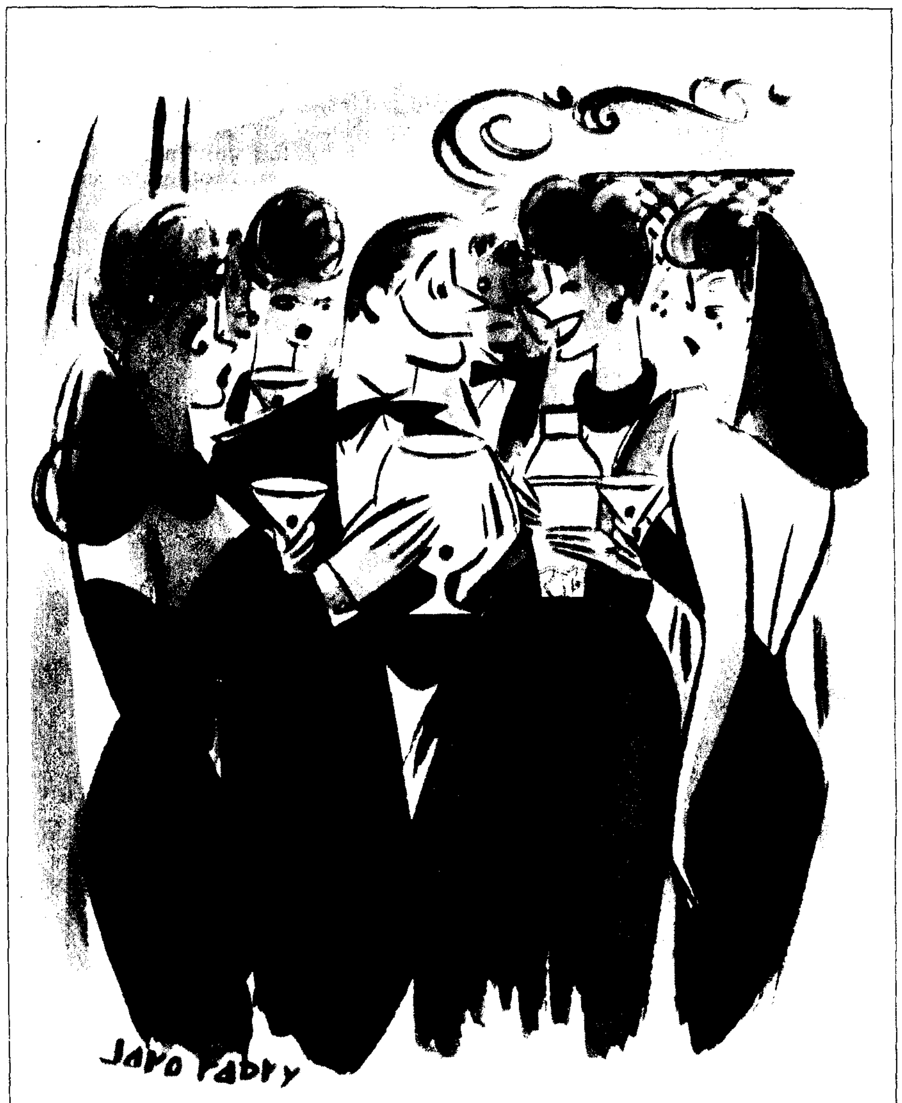
"Yes, very convenient," I admitted, hoping he would let it drop.

He laughed nervously. "I'm afraid we'll have to be like mice. I had some friends in last night and the landlady was furious. The old hag said she didn't care how famous my guests were, they weren't going to make that much noise in her house! Isn't that cute?"

"I'll be quiet."

The door to his room creaked open. He clicked the light switch. I blinked for a moment from the sudden glare of the overhead bulb. He shut the door behind him. "Sit down. I'll get some wine."

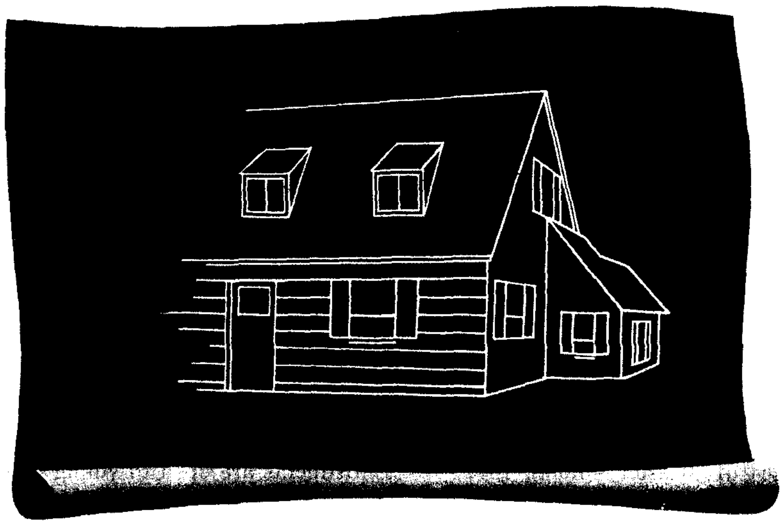
It was a small airless room with discolored rattan furniture. The carpet was worn to the threads; there was a large brown seepage stain on the ceiling. The small bed in the corner had sagged until there was a trough down the center of it. Dirty linen was shoved under the cluttered bureau, a necktie hung over the back of a chair, and there was a great stack of movie magazines in the corner



COLLIER'S "Another Martini, Mr. Evans?" JARO FABRY

This is the House that Jack ~~Built~~ Insured...12 Years Ago

But...today, Jack is under-insured. Today, Jack's fire insurance would pay for only half his house.



Jack would be in a bad fix today—if fire destroyed his home.

How about you? Prices of nearly everything have gone up over the past 12 years. Can you honestly say, "I have *enough* fire insurance to cover my house and what's in it?"

If you can't say that, play safe! See an Agent of one of the North America Companies listed below—or your own Broker. He will tell you, "Although most prices are higher, the cost of fire insurance generally is *lower*. For only a few dollars you can *really protect what you have!* So, why not?"

Insurance Company of North America, founded 1792, oldest American stock fire and marine insurance company, heads the North America Companies which meet the public demand for practically all types of Fire, Marine, Automobile, Casualty and Accident insurance. Sold only through your own Agent or Broker. North America Agents are listed in local Classified Telephone Directories.

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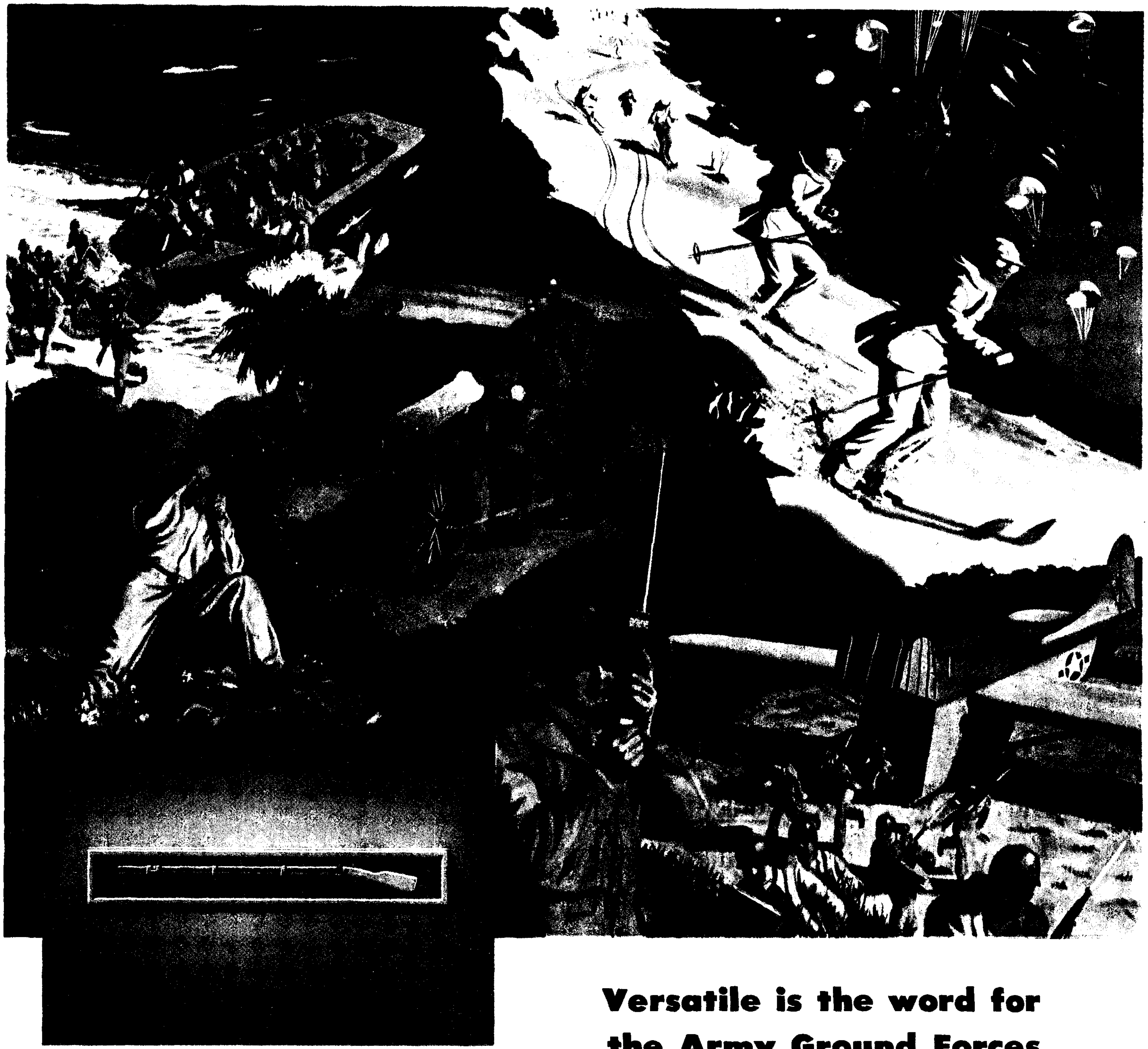


This blue and silver badge is worn as an award of honor by men who have achieved the title of "Expert Infantryman."

Versatile is the word for the Army Ground Forces

People used to picture the Infantryman as a foot soldier plodding through a sea of mud. Today he is far from that. Today he is the most versatile soldier on earth.

You see him now parachuting from an airplane . . . hitting the ground fighting. He charges down snowy slopes on skis. He scales lofty mountain peaks with full pack. He floats to earth in gliders. He storms beaches from landing craft and assault boats. He races across country in speedy armored vehicles, combat cars and jeeps. He's a one-man battery, firing rockets from bazookas and recoilless rifles. He demolishes machine gun nests with flame throwers. He does all this — and more.

Today, more than ever before, the Infantry is the "Queen of Battles." One of the proudest and most coveted honors any American young man can win in peacetime is the blue and silver badge of "Expert Infantryman." On duty or off, he's a man who can hold his own in any company.

As outstanding as his wartime record is the Infantryman's long history of service to the nation in peacetime. In times of disaster — flood, fire, hurricane — it is usually the Infantryman who brings relief, food, supplies to aid stricken citizens.

The Infantry has made enormous strides in recent years, increasing its mobility, speed and efficiency. And the work goes on. Constant research is being devoted to developing new forms of equipment . . . new vehicles . . . new techniques of operation to keep the Infantry steadily on the road to greater effectiveness.

It's an exciting, adventurous, out-of-doors life. It may mean traveling abroad, seeing foreign lands, representing Uncle Sam in occupied countries. At home or abroad, it means an interesting, well-paid career that holds the high respect of your fellow citizens.

Enlistments are open to young men from 18 to 34 inclusive (17 with parents' consent). A 3-year enlistment entitles you to choose your branch of service and overseas theater (of those still open). Get all the facts, especially about new higher Army pay, at your U. S. Army Recruiting Station.

Listen to "Warriors of Peace," "Voice of the Army," "Proudly We Hail" and Major Football Broadcasts on your radio.

U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

YOUR REGULAR ARMY SERVES THE NATION AND MANKIND IN WAR AND PEACE — CHOOSE THIS FINE PROFESSION NOW of the room. The walls were completely covered with pictures. They were the glossy finished fan photos or newspaper ones of what appeared to be every star who ever appeared on the screen. In a hasty count I found over twenty of Greer Garson. There was a framed one of her on the table, one on the bureau, and one atop the small table radio.

"I'm a great one for liking pictures of my friends around me," he confided at my elbow.

I started guiltily. "Lots of people do." I accepted the water glass full of wine. It was the red, sour, grocery-store variety.

Tomkins crossed his legs with great deliberation and smacked his lips. "Room temperature. The only civilized way to serve it!"

I put my glass down. "Yes."

He gestured about the room. "Amazing place, isn't it? I'm fearfully attached to the poor shabby hole."

I looked quickly about the room once more, genuinely hoping to find some small evidence that once this man had known money. A decent bureau set, for example, or a good picture frame. There was nothing you could not have purchased in a bargain basement. I twisted about on the inadequate pillow that covered the rigid spines of the rattan chair. I said nothing. Silences seldom bothered Tomkins.

He sipped his wine delicately, passing the half-filled tumbler under his nose as though savoring a superb bouquet. He held it to the light. "Rather ordinary," he said critically, taking a large gulp.

I stood up. "It is pretty late. I had better run along."

"So quickly? I was hoping we might have a chat."

"I have to go."

"Let me show you the way out," he insisted. "Say, you haven't finished your wine!" he cried, noticing my glass on the table.

I grabbed the glass and gulped down the stuff as though I were taking medicine. He stood at the door, waiting, smiling affectionately.

"Please don't bother. I can find my way out," I said.

"Nonsense. No bother at all. Isn't this a funny little place?" he whispered in the dark hallway as though we were inspecting a cunning Flemish cottage or were tiptoeing about an ancient Swiss chalet. "I never go down this hallway at night that I don't think what Bob Hope always says about it." Obvious amusement pushed at his hoarse whisper.

I didn't feel like playing his little game. I felt silly, ridiculous, and, consequently, angry at him for causing me to feel so. I muttered, "Good night," as he hissed I must come back very soon.

Walking rapidly down the deserted beach walk I tried to recall when, if ever, I had felt so uncomfortable. He had been at ease. His smile had been easily pleasant. I had appeared a surly oaf—as though his wretched room was too fine for me and I had been ill at ease before such apparent evidence of gracious living.

It was at that moment I knew I could not tolerate Tomkins any longer. A man can be kind, friendly, and patient, so long as he feels sympathy, never loses sight of his own goodness, and feels the recipient of his charity is grateful. But that night in that miserable room, it was as though he were being tolerant of me!

I stepped into my own cottage, determined that I would see Tomkins one more time: the time I would tell him to keep far and eternally out of my way.

DOROTHY and the others came over next morning. We went for a swim before the Sunday beach crowd arrived and then went back to my place to make breakfast. We were on the veranda, our feet grinding the tracked-in sand into the reed mats, our wet swim suits making dark splotches where we sat. I was peeling an orange. There was a double gin game going in the corner. Dorothy had just put a new record on the phonograph and was lighting a cigarette. I saw her glance up, the lighted match momentarily forgotten. I turned. Tomkins stood at the door.

"Say, this looks like a party!" he cried, in the tone of one greeting old and treasured friends.

Dorothy shook her match. "It is really a wake," she said flatly.

I swore under my breath. "Come on in."

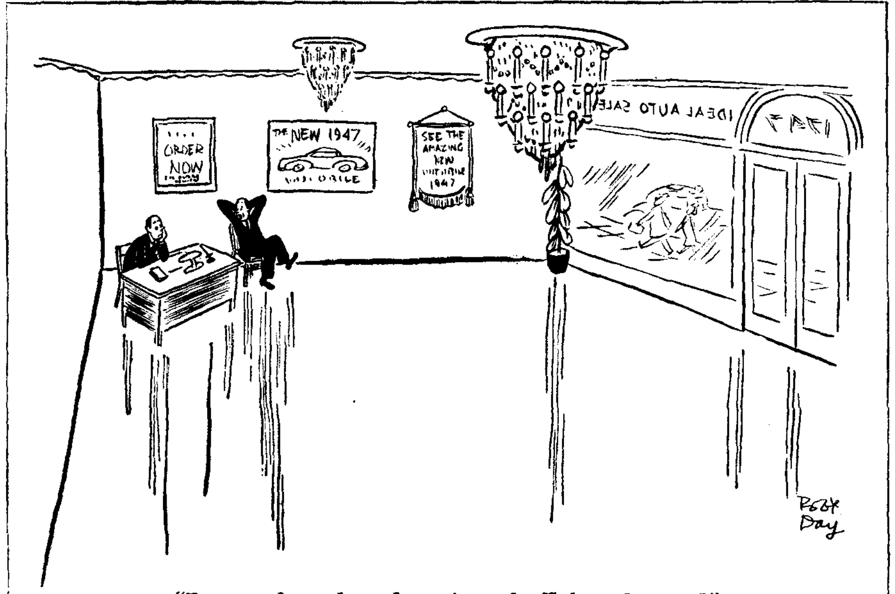
He stepped in, smiling at us all. "I just received a special delivery," he said after an awkward pause. He waved an envelope. "From Tallulah. She says if I don't keep next Tuesday free, she will send a curse down on me." He sat down on the floor near me. "Wonderfully clever person, Tallulah," he chuckled, looking fondly at the letter before he thrust it into his hip pocket.

No one said anything. The record needle complained peevishly as it blindly searched the smooth circle in the center of the record. Dorothy, her lips pressed together, reached over and flicked the switch. The machine sighed mournfully. "Oh, have an orange!" she said, tossing one to him.

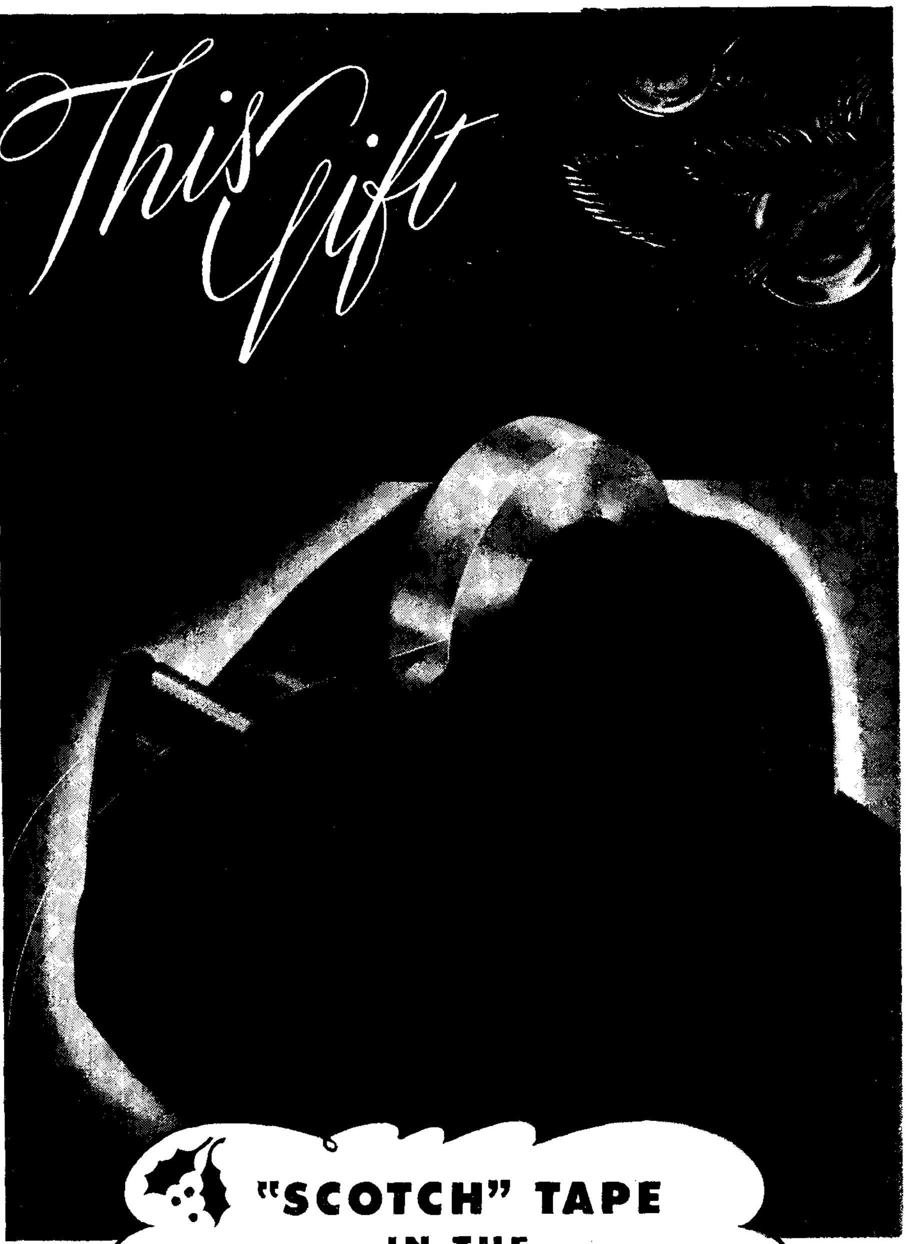
Tomkins clutched for it and missed. He crawled over to pick it up. As he moved, the end of his letter caught on the baseboard and fell from his pocket.

I couldn't help but see. The return address was that of a dry-cleaning shop down the street.

That letter was the precariously placed block that caused the structure to tumble—the absurd structure made up of the dozens of hours I had wasted listening



COLLIER'S "Bruce, about how long is a shuffleboard court?" ROBERT DAY



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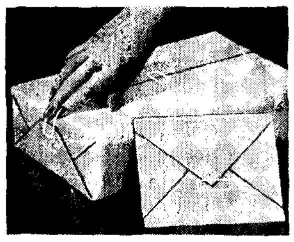
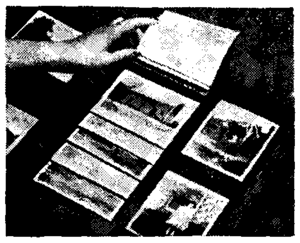


SEALS: Packages, labels to jars, mothproof bags and boxes, envelopes.

MENDS: Torn sheet music, window shades, vouchers, book pages, blueprints.



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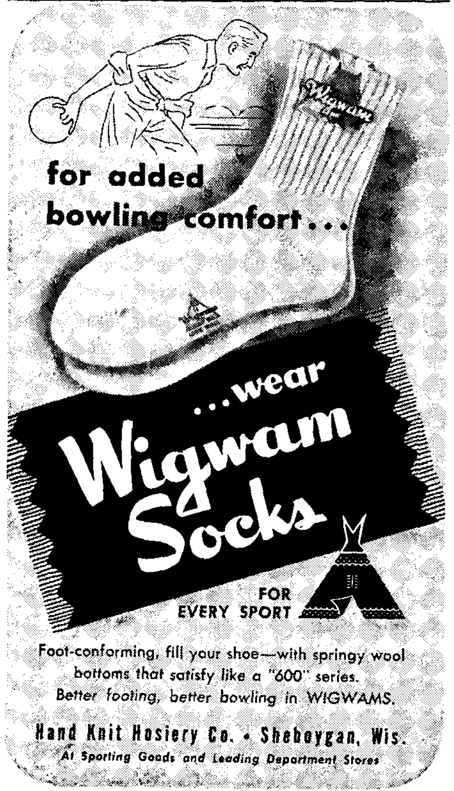
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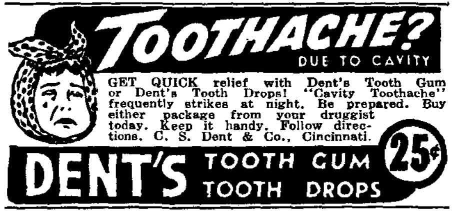
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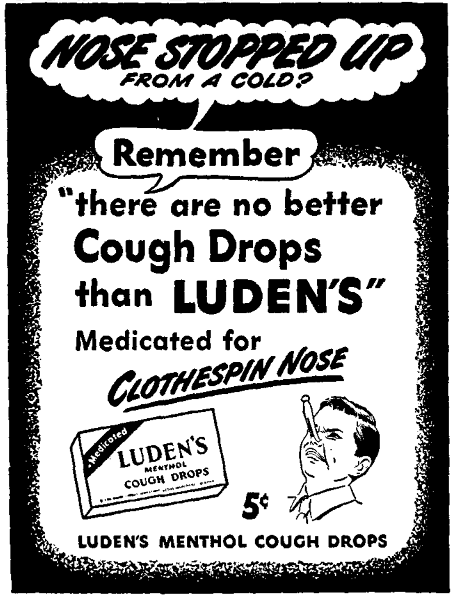
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LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

to his ridiculous stories, of the hostile silences of my friends who were annoyed that he had thrust himself in upon us and that they were forced to tolerate him, of the clear and bitter memory of the night before. I squeezed the letter in my hand.

"Tomkins," I said, jumping up. "May I see you in the kitchen for a moment?"

He looked at me in surprise. Dorothy's eyes, squinted against the smoke of her cigarette, were questioning. He scampered to his feet. "Certainly," he said importantly, putting his orange carefully on the table. "Will you excuse us?" He was quite formal about it.

In the kitchen I leaned against the refrigerator. He smiled expectantly. I held out the letter from the dry cleaner. "Here is your special delivery from Tallulah."

A deep flush surged up his neck and over his face. He swallowed. But in an instant the familiar mechanism began to work. Amused laughter was in his voice; his shrug tossed it all off. "Now isn't that silly! I must have picked up the—"

"Never mind, Tomkins," I said. "The farce is over. As of now."

He looked at me uncertainly. He still dangled the letter from a limp hand.

"At first it was incredible to me that a grown man could be such a fool," I said. "Then it became embarrassing. Now it is sickening. You will have to find someone else to tell your asinine nonsense. Only pick a half-wit," I suggested acidly. "Or a romantic child."

THE flush drained from his face, leaving it pale and loose. The smile which he had donned so quickly moments ago had dissolved into a slack grimace as though he were very ill. The relief I felt was a peculiar sensation. It is difficult to understand how scorn, spoken at last, could give such buoyancy; as though a weight had been lifted or a taut restraining wire had snapped. I was grateful for the hard, swift, freeing contempt I felt toward him.

I took his arm. It was thin and soft under his sleeve. "Let's go back to the others."

He looked frantically about the room. He moved one hand erratically through the air, brushed it over the back of his head, and whispered, "I could leave from this door."

I gripped his arm until the ends of my fingers throbbed. He winced, leaning toward me, going on tiptoe to ease the pain.

"This will just take a minute."

At the doorway to the veranda he halted for a second before walking stiffly across the room to the chair in the corner by the door. The smile he wore was a stiff, glazed one such as a very drunk man might wear before he slides to the floor. Tomkins' eyes jerked from one face to the other before they came to rest on me. Dorothy raised one eyebrow and shrugged.

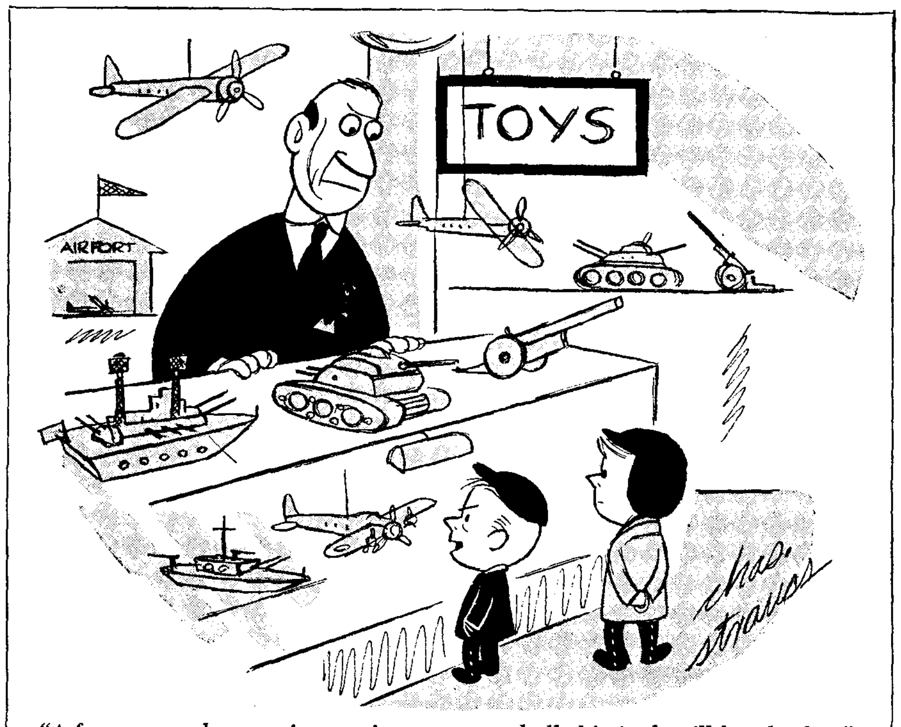
I lighted a cigarette in the doorway. I was still puzzling over the strangeness of this abrupt reversal in my feelings. Gradually I sensed the unnatural silence and realized how odd it must appear—my standing in the doorway staring soberly at my lighted cigarette, Tomkins slumped bonelessly in his chair.

"I wonder," Dorothy mused, "if it is raining in Milwaukee."

One of the men laughed. "I know a story that is only moderately obscene."

Tomkins had shrunk into the chair. His long feet were primly together. His hands rested on his sharp knees. His eyes were dulled with weary resignation.

And then I couldn't tell them after all. Tomkins was waiting to be stripped of all he valued, making no effort to prevent me from destroying his extraordinary world. Even in anger one stops short of such cruelty.



"A few more advances in atomic energy, and all this junk will be obsolete"

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

I turned, grinding my cigarette into the tray on the table. All I wanted was to be free of him. "Tomkins," I said abruptly, "I forgot to tell you. Miss Garson called. She wants you for luncheon this afternoon."

He remained as he was for a second, then his hands slipped from his knees to hang loosely over the arms of the chair. The familiar smile began to appear, hesitatingly at first, then becoming wider and emptier. "Oh," he exclaimed shakily, "thanks a lot, old man. I have been expecting her to call." His words tumbled over one another. He bounced from the chair, squared his shoulders with assurance, and jammed his hands into the pockets of the flimsy plaid sport coat. "I'll have to rush."

"Tomkins," I said, "I'm sorry we won't be seeing you again."

"Why won't we be seeing him again?" Dorothy snapped.

He looked helplessly at me. I said deliberately, anxious only to take care of the immediate present: "Tomkins is leaving for New York in the morning. Some friends have insisted he go with them to Paris."

Dorothy tapped her cigarette against the tray. "Well, isn't that nice!"

Tomkins' laugh was shrill. "Yes! Yes, it is really wonderful. I'm looking forward to it terribly. But all this has been fun. Really." He backed against the door, fumbled for the handle, turned, and stepped out. "Really, it has been fun!" He hurried away, shuffling in the sand.

The others looked after him in astonishment.

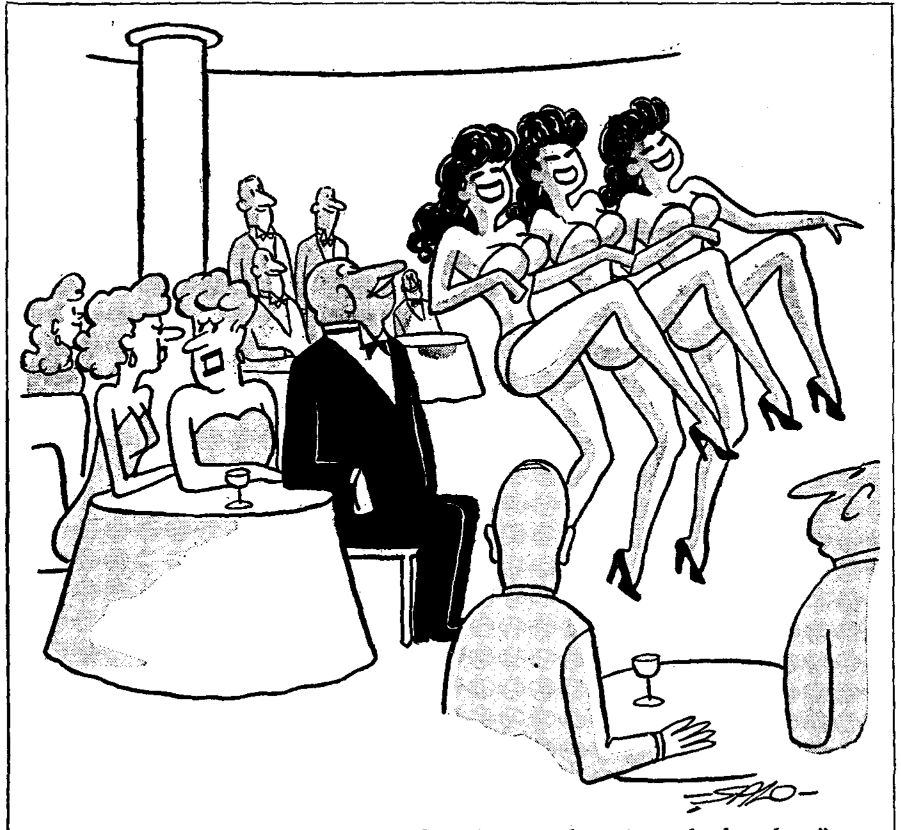
I raised my voice. "Give my regards to Miss Garson!"

Even through the screen and from that distance I could see the light in his face. He waved airily, "Yes. Yes, I will. Goodby."

"Just what," Dorothy asked levelly, "is going on?"

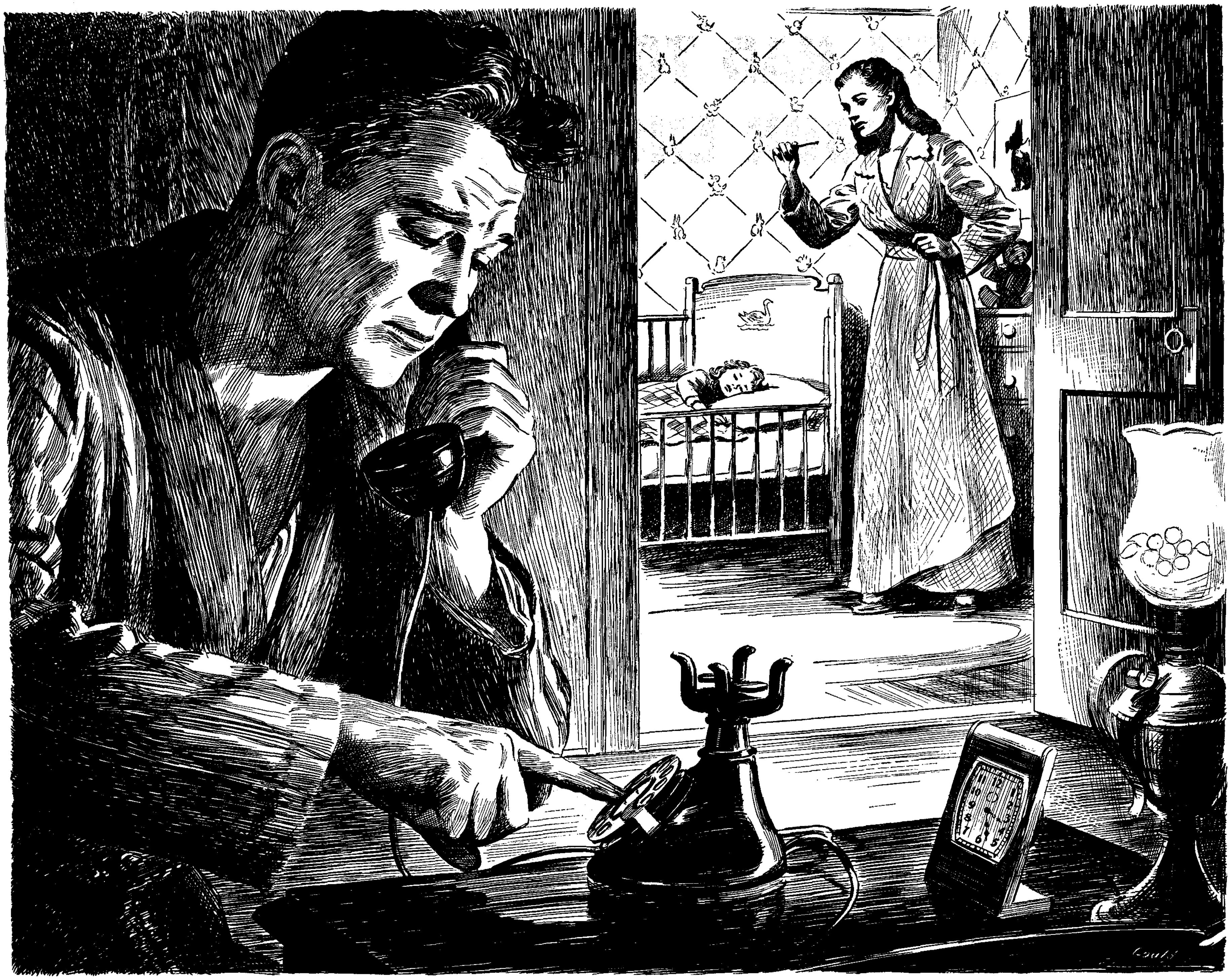
I put my hand on Dorothy's shoulder. I felt wonderful. "Darling," I asked fondly, snapping my lighter for her cigarette, "is there anything wrong with a man meeting his dearest friend for lunch?"

THE END



"We go night-clubbing a lot in the winter. John misses the beach so"

COLLIER'S SALO ROTH



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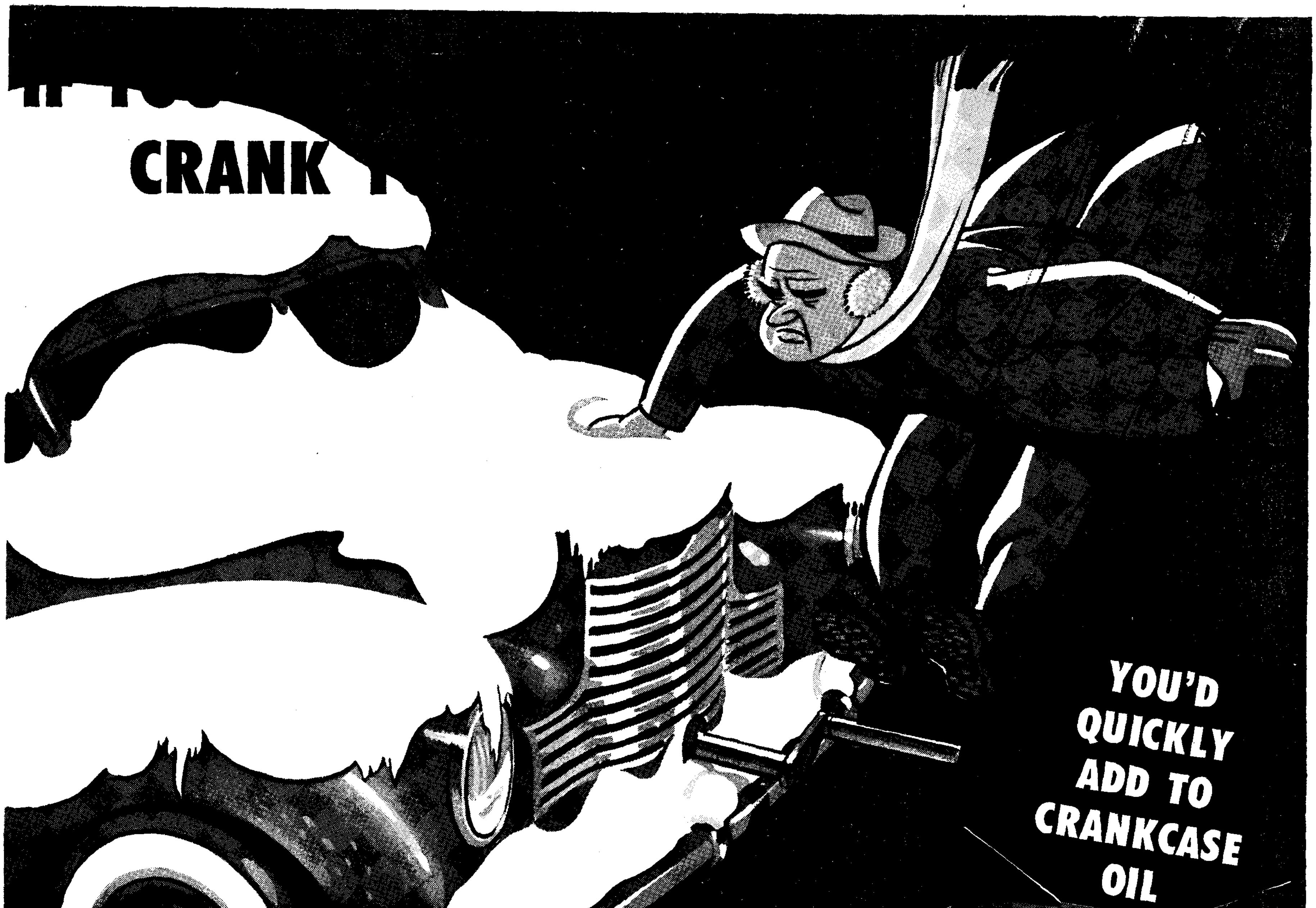
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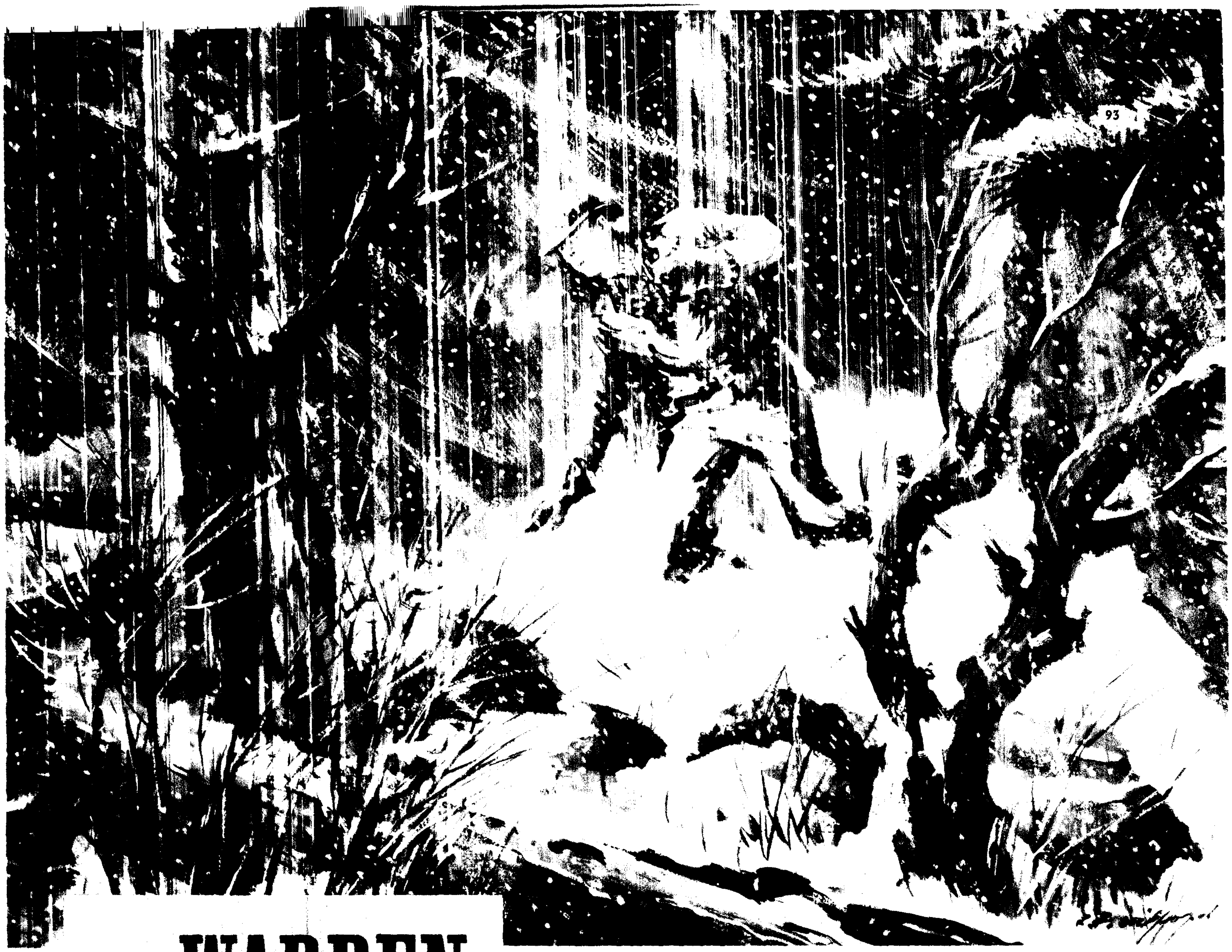

THE WARDEN

The warden's breath was coming in gasps as hot wires of pain shot through his heart. Clutching his chest, he staggered forward and fell against a tree

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

There are some things a man never tells about another man—nor about himself

THE searching party was gathered on the open hotel porch, smoking silently, casting uneasy glances up at the shrouded mountains. It was snowing hard up there. It would be a nasty search. Harlan Bellamy, the game warden, walked heavily up and down the porch, chewing viciously on the stem of his pipe. There was a man lost somewhere on the Big Panther range. Some fool tenderfoot deer hunter with not enough sense to carry a compass, or know how to use it if he did.

Having a man lost in your district meant trouble. It meant you had to make out reports to the Department; you had to gather up state troopers and the Fire Ranger and what guides did not happen to be working, and as many natives as you could get; you had to go out and find the dumb tenderfoot, and then you had to start making reports all over again. And all that while, every violator who had a piece of illegal doe meat could sneak right out of the country without a man to check him. If Game Warden Bellamy had his way, lost hunters could stay lost.

A little apart from the natives, the lost man's hunting companions formed a small, restless group. They were city slickers. They talked too much. They argued too much, in nervous little sentences that blamed Bill, the lost man, and the weather, and Joe, who should have stuck by Bill, and the country in general, and Big Panther Mountain in particular. The natives sat passively by. They listened and said nothing.

"What the devil are we waiting around here for?" a big man asked. He seemed to be the leader of the hunting party.

Bellamy looked the man over coolly.

"We're waiting for Bert Ellis," he said, trying to keep the anger out of his voice. "Best guide up Big Panther country. Knows it better than any of us."

Then suddenly, because he was scared, anger came into his voice.

"We don't go off half-cocked," he said irritably. "And if you folks didn't go off half-cocked, there wouldn't be men getting lost around here!" He knew he was scared. Big Panther country was plenty big! And Bear Trap Swamp, in back of it, was bigger still. The chances of finding the lost hunter were small. Bellamy faced the hunters, hemming them in with his bulk and anger.

"Just because there's a hard-surface road through here, you city folks think that this is tame country. It ain't! It's seventy-five miles of mountains and swamps and lakes straight west to the next road. You fellers think you can hunt this country without guides or compasses, or without even studying a topographical map. Every year some of you get lost. And when you get lost, you panic. And the panic kills you, if the cold don't."

The hunters did not answer but they looked up at the snow clouds on the mountains. A battered jitney pulled up and Bert Ellis, a small, wiry middle-aged man with a week's growth of beard, got out. He passed a critical eye over the men on the porch.

"This all the men you got?" he asked.

The warden nodded. "That's all, Bert."

The little man shrugged. "That Panther country's mighty big . . ." he said thoughtfully. He got back in his car. Bellamy got in beside him. The rest of the men walked to their cars and started piling in.

"How're you goin' to run this search?" the warden asked.

"Dunno," said Ellis. "Most lost men sort of swing around the shoulder of the mountain and get theirselves tangled up in Bear Trap Swamp. Need a thousand men to spook 'em out of there."

"This feller's pals claim he ain't lost," the warden said. "Claim he must be hurt because they didn't hear no signal shots."

"Most likely throwed his gun away minute he found he was lost. Most of 'em do. They get excited."

(Continued on page 102)

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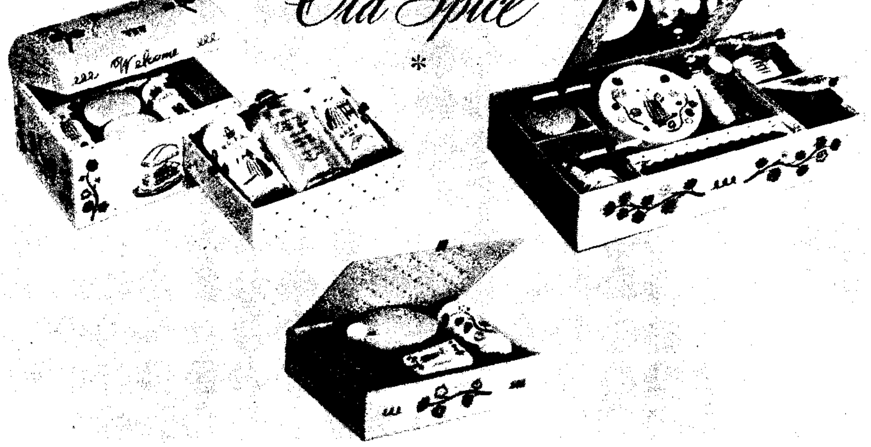

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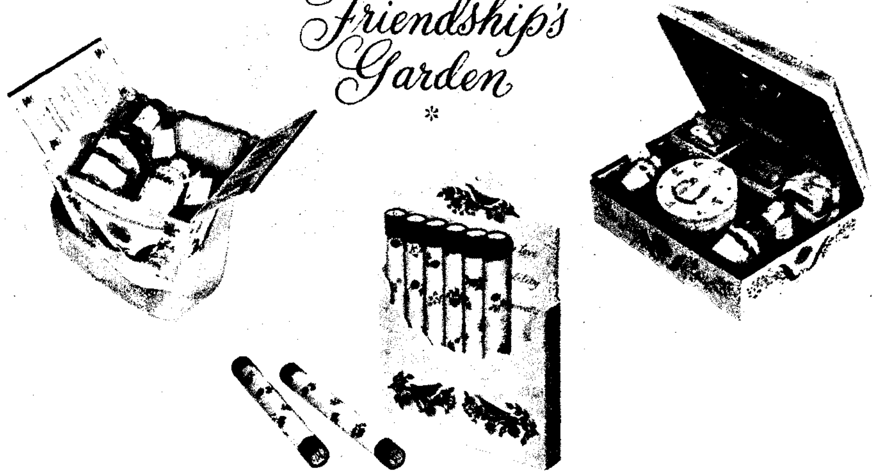

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COUNTY PORK BARREL

Continued from page 24

Prisons has no authority over these institutions and wants none. But the Bureau's director, James V. Bennett, except in emergencies, will lodge no prisoners in jails which have not been approved by the Bureau's jail-inspection service, which operates out of Washington under the direction of Miss Nina Kinsella, Executive Assistant to the Director. The Bureau's standards are not too high—they simply require security, proper supervision, decent food in sufficient quantities, and reasonably clean surroundings. Yet out of some 3,000 jails in this country, only about 500 are on the Bureau's approved list. More than 2,000 fall so far below the standards that they are not used for housing federal prisoners at all.

In most of these jails, conditions are appalling. Only a small minority of the prisoners in such places are really criminals; most of the cells are filled with the homeless, the vagrant, the shiftless, the diseased, the insane, helpless witnesses of crimes, and children charged with such offenses as fighting and truancy. In many states, child offenders, instead of being released in the custody of their parents, are subjected to weeks and sometimes months of degradation in jail. I have seen little girls locked up with prostitutes; young boys confined in cells with sex perverts.

Revolting Prison Conditions

Clean bedding, towels, soap, toilet paper and regular bathing are unknown in most of these jails. Both adults and children, healthy and diseased alike, sleep under ancient blankets encrusted with grime, alive with vermin, and rotten with infection. Many such jails provide only two inadequate meals a day. For breakfast, the prisoners may get lumpy mush with sirup and no milk, cold, weak coffee without milk or sugar, and a stale biscuit. For dinner, they may have watery boiled beans, half-cooked cabbage, and stale corn bread. Or a stew, so-called, odorous and inedible. All of this stuff is dished out in greasy tin pans, which are wiped but seldom washed. In the cell block of any jail of this type you'll find probably one third of the servings rejected as unfit to eat—and the pans swarming with cockroaches.

Typical of these places was a jail in West Virginia, which, according to county records, had been locally inspected only five times in 25 years, although the state laws require annual inspections by a committee appointed by the circuit court of the county. A federal inspector who visited this jail in 1945 found the interior filthy from neglect—eight toilets, 29 washbasins, and five bunks were out of order; in seven cells toilets were missing, and in 68 there were no washbasins. He described it as a nightmare jail, abominably managed.

A complete survey of Missouri's 115 jails, made by the Federal Prison Bureau in 1941 at the request of the governor, showed that 90 per cent were unfit for even the temporary housing of federal prisoners. Only nine were good enough to get on the Bureau's list of approved jails.

"The highest rating which can be given to any jail in the state of Missouri," said the inspector, Roy Casey, "is 'fairly good,' and only four attain that rank; 66 rate 'bad.' Most of these 66 jails are filled with bottles, cans, old newspapers, rags, garbage, tattered bedding alive with vermin and black from strong creosote disinfectants and human excretions. Time will not permit a full description of the unsanitary and nauseating conditions under which the food is prepared and served in most of the jails. And in such an environment sometimes clean and decent men and women and even boys and girls are locked to stay an average, taking the state of Missouri as a whole, of 19.6 days."

It is significant that the worst jails are often found in counties where the fee system prevails, as it does in nearly half the states of the Union. The fee system can demoralize the sheriff, rob the taxpayers, and abuse the prisoners. England long ago abolished it; we have kept it through sheer inertia. It can make the jail and the sheriff's office the center of county graft and corruption, and create a pork barrel into which local politicos may dip their greedy fingers. In most counties the sheriff's office is considered the most luscious of political plums, and candidates seek it avidly. Frequently the winning candidate is expected to make heavy contributions to the local political machine which puts him into the job.

In many American counties the sheriff receives not only a salary and living quarters, but also a turnkey allowance and, in some sections, kickbacks from the salaries of the deputies whom he appoints. He is also paid, by the county, so much cash per day per jail inmate.

In only a few counties is the sheriff required to make an accounting of his financial management. It is small wonder that many sheriffs, after a few years in office—and in most states they can hold the job as long as the voters will re-elect them—have retired with fortunes.

Suppose, for instance, that you are a sheriff, and your jail has an average daily population of 100. Assume that you receive from the county 70 cents a day for feeding and housing each prisoner, by no means an unusual allowance. By buying food on the verge of spoiling, and by cutting down on the quantity served, you are able to feed your prisoners for 20 cents a day each. That means you can pocket 50 cents a day for each person in your jail, over $18,000 a year. If your jail is in a large city, and has from 200 to 300 inmates a day, your annual profits can easily amount to $35,000 or more.

A federal inspector, Edgar M. Gerlach, who visited a number of county jails in West Virginia in 1945, found one jail where the legitimate income of the sheriff was $5,000 in salary, plus $5,841, representing 1½ per cent commission on all current taxes collected in excess of 85 per cent..

Rich Graft for the Sheriff

In the year ending June 30, 1945, this sheriff received $34,560.02 for feeding his prisoners. Of this amount he saved, and put into his own pocket, the federal inspector estimated, about 40 per cent, or $13,824. The inspector reported that the prisoners in this jail were wretchedly fed. And this income of almost $25,000 from the job did not include the profits from a commissary which the sheriff operated inside the jail, where he sold extra food to prisoners who had money.

In another jail in West Virginia, in September, 1945, Inspector Gerlach found a sheriff who was feeding his prisoners on 19 cents a day. This sheriff admitted that he had received $1,935.84 for feeding prisoners during the six months ending June 30, 1945, but had spent only $862.48, pocketing the rest. Inspector Gerlach found the food wretchedly poor. The sheriff, to keep the undernourished prisoners from complaining, was allowing them, in a fire-hazard jail with wooden stairs, to buy raw food and cook it on open-flame gas stoves in their cells.

Inspector Casey, in his report on the jails of Missouri, declared that a study of the menus served indicated that the actual food cost in the majority of them did not exceed fifteen cents per day per prisoner. "But for this meager expenditure," he said, "the sheriffs drew from 40 cents to 75 cents. One cannot be surprised that the income of one sheriff was more than $13,000 from feeding prisoners alone." In another report Inspector Casey dealt with conditions in an Oregon jail where the sheriff received an annual salary of $6,000 and a daily food fee ranging up to 75 cents per prisoner. The inmates' diet was very inferior, poorly prepared and skimpy; but the jail officers maintained their own mess table with steak, butter, sugar and other expensive foods in large quantities.

"The prisoners spent their own money for what decent food they could get," said the inspector. "It was not ascertained as to the legality of this, nor how much right the officials have to eat at county expense, but from the setup it would have been impossible to separate the prisoners' food cost from that of the officials, and the prisoners were getting by far the worst end of it."

Such Officials Cost Too Much

In recent years there have been encouraging signs that American localities are beginning to realize that the sheriffs' offices are, too often, prime sources of graft and corruption, and that they are paying too dearly for the privilege of maintaining such officials. But such reforms as abolishing the fee system and putting sheriffs under the civil service require acts of the state legislatures, and take time to accomplish.

As a matter of fact, reform agencies began asking questions about sheriffs as long ago as 1911-12, when the Chicago Bureau of Public Efficiency investigated the sheriff's office of Cook County, Illinois. As a result of this investigation, a large number of superfluous bailiffs and deputies were dropped from the public pay roll, and the salaries of many of the remaining officials were substantially reduced.

A similar attempt in 1939 to reform the sheriff's office in Suffolk County, Massachusetts, which includes Boston, was only partly successful. An investigation by the Bar Association disclosed such shocking conditions that the newspapers, the chamber of commerce and various private groups demanded a review of the sheriff's functions, an analysis of the sources of corruption and specific improvements in the conduct of the office. Bostonians learned that their sheriff received a dwelling, light and heat, and $4,000 a year in salary.

But that was only the beginning. He had the authority to appoint 67 court officers. As custodian of the courthouse he had almost 300 salaried jobs to fill, with a total pay roll of nearly $500,000 a year. He was his own purchasing agent, disbursing $80,000 annually. He could appoint deputies doing business directly with the attorneys on a fee basis, and was not required to make an accounting. The purpose of the reform campaign was to take the office out of politics and put it under civil service. It failed, and the sheriff is still elected, but his powers have been considerably restricted.

In New York City the fight against the sheriffs succeeded. There are five counties within the limits of the metropolis, and until some five years ago each had its own sheriff, head of an office swarming with useless clerks and deputies. In 1934 the five sheriffs cost New York City taxpayers $805,000. An investigation was ordered in 1935 by Mayor F. H. La Guardia, and a report was made public in March, 1936. It charged that the sheriffs' offices were "inefficient, grossly overmanned, and expensively operated under the spoils system." Thousands of papers a year were handled by the sheriffs' offices, but on only five per cent was any work required.

During the period of the investigation, all of 1934 and the first seven months of 1935, the average deputy in the civil division, with an assistant, handled fewer than three papers a month, each requiring about five hours' work. Deputies drawing salaries of from $2,000 to $3,000 a year sat around "waiting for something to turn up." Their assistants performed even less work; the busiest of them spent from five to ten minutes a day making entries. But on the pay-roll sheets all were listed as working full time.

The report of the investigators bitterly criticized the spoils system under which the sheriffs' offices had been operated. Among other things, it disclosed that the sheriffs did not interview applicants and make appointments personally, though the law required this; they simply put on the city pay rolls party workers sent to them by the machine politicians. After five years the fight for reform was won.

In 1941, New York City abolished the five elective sheriffs, transferred all their powers and duties to a single sheriff to be appointed from the Civil Service eligibility lists, and put the entire personnel under the merit system. The number of officers and employees was considerably reduced, at an annual saving in personnel costs of almost $250,000. Combined with a sharp drop in operating expenses, the total savings to the taxpayers amounted to about 50 per cent of the net cost of the offices.

A Good Job of Jail Reform

Virginia has gone further than any other state in reforming the office of county sheriff. In 1942 the state abolished the fee system, and put all its jails under the control of a state Department of Correction, with Major Rice M. Youell, a noted penologist, as commissioner. All sheriffs and city sergeants (jailers) are now on salary only, ranging from about $1,200 in small localities to $6,500 in the large cities. The immediate result of these actions was a sharp reduction in the population of Virginia's jails, for it no longer profited a sheriff or a jailer to lock up as many people as possible and keep them in jail as long as he could.

In four years Virginia has done an extraordinary job of cleaning up the state's ancient, muck-encrusted jails, which used to be among the worst in the country. Nineteen county jails have been closed or consolidated with others; two jail farms and 17 lockups have been closed; one city jail has been closed for repairs; 12 jails have been limited in use; one county jail and one large city jail have been built; five county jails, one city jail and 13 lockups have been rebuilt; many others have been repaired and refitted. Throughout the state, vast improvement has been noted in administration, in cleanliness, in the quantity and quality of food served, and in the facilities for protecting juvenile inmates.

Most of the Virginia sheriffs and sergeants welcomed the reforms and agreed that they should have been made long ago. Said City Sergeant Charles M. Watts of Lynchburg, whose father, a former sheriff, had fought the fee system for more than thirty years:

"No one would want the fee system back! I talk with sheriffs and sergeants at our association meetings. We all think this is much better. Most sheriffs didn't receive salaries, you know; only fees from half starving the prisoners. Of course, in the big places the sheriffs and sergeants made more than they do now, but I've never heard one say he'd want to earn his living that way again."

Sheriff Thomas Wilson Seeay of Henrico County put the whole matter in four words:

"This is more decent."

THE END

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Gi-Gi, a trained peregrine falcon or duck hawk, is ready to be "cast off" for a fast flight after game

The author "hoods up" a falcon—Gi-Gi again—after a flight. Note the gloves—falcons have sharp talons

BIRD ON THE HAND

BY ED REID

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LOFMAN–PIX

There are about one thousand falconers in this country and Canada today. Their sport is as old as Egypt and they must have the patience of Job. Training hawks to hunt is a very tricky business. Here's the evidence

The falcon comes in to a "lure" of pigeon wings and leather tossed on the ground by Dr. G. G. Goodwin, associate curator of mammals at New York's American Museum of Natural History and a great falconer

Hawks are taught to fly to the gloved fist from increasing distances until they will come to the trainer from as far away as they can see him. Below, we see Gi-Gi taking a lesson. Falcons are intelligent, but training them is a lengthy, tedious business

THERE were falconers in ancient Egypt. The Mongol conqueror Genghis Khan owned ten thousand falcons. Down through the ages the sport has had its followers. Today in this country and Canada about one thousand people fly the birds, and train them, in much the same way as the trainers of old. The birds used on this continent are the long-winged hawks (true falcons) and the short-winged types known as "Accipiters."

A newly caught bird that is to be trained has a hood slipped over its head. Two thin straps called "jesses" are attached to its legs; also, bells which tinkle melodiously. A long leash is attached to the jesses. The trainer—who must be a very patient person—then goes to work. He carries the novice here and there on a heavily gloved hand. For the first few days he carries the bird as long as he can without collapsing or going to sleep! When the bird stops flying off the glove, whenever it feels like so doing, it is "coming around"—and a start has been made. This training phase is known as "manning."

After a week of almost constant carrying, a young hawk will enjoy the daily walks. It will unhesitatingly jump on the trainer's fist and look for the scrap of meat which should always be there. When it has done this for a few days, a "lure"—the key to the training of a hawk—is employed. It is a padded, leather-covered weight to which a pair of pigeon wings—or some brightly colored strips of cloth—have been sewn. Meat is tied to the lure and the hawk is fed on it for a week. The weight in the lure discourages the bird if it tries to fly away with its meal, and later, when it makes an actual kill, it will not fly away with the game.

The hawk will soon come several yards on a long string or creance to the lure and after a while it will come across a field to the lure which is swung by the falconer and thrown to the ground as the hawk approaches through the air.

The creance is tied to a light branch or block of wood which bogs the falcon down if it makes a break for freedom. This sometimes happens if it "gets the wind under its wings."

When the hawk will come a hundred yards it can be flown to the lure with complete freedom. Then comes a critical stage in the training. The hawk must be taught to "wait on" over the falconer. This can only be accomplished by the long-winged species.

This is done by jerking the lure out of sight when the hawk is preparing to grab it. The confused bird will swing around and circle up over the falconer, when it should be immediately rewarded by throwing the garnished lure out again. The length of time the bird circles overhead should be increased on successive flights until it will "wait on" for half an hour before being rewarded with the lure and the meat on it.

The falcon is taught to catch game by springing a slow pigeon from under a box when the winged hunter is fairly high in the sky. This is generally employed only with young falcons taken as nestlings. The bird of prey will instinctively chase the pigeon and probably catch it.

Should the pigeon get away into a covert or patch of woods, the lure must be thrown out to the hawk and the whole thing tried over again. After a while the falcon can be taken out after game, and success will depend on the timing the falconer employs in flushing his and the hawk's intended dinner.

The hood is usually employed in the field to keep the hawk from pursuing unsuitable game. When a kill is made out of sight of the falconer, it is the sound of the bells on the hawk's legs that enables the trainer to find the bird. Good bells can be heard a quarter of a mile away on a clear, still day.

(Warning to lazy folk: Don't take up falconry!) ★★★

After each trip to the glove or the "lure," the falcon is rewarded with a choice morsel and soon it loses its fear of man. At the right, Dr. Goodwin swings the lure, and the falcon strikes it in full flight. It's what you might call "Action!"

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

WORM'S TALE

DEAR EDITORS: The Worm That Eats Its Tail (Joe Coogan, Sept. 21st) is the funniest thing that has come off the presses since Heinz discovered the first pickle. Why not hog-tie this fellow and brand him with the word "Collier's" from now on?
A. C. WILLIAMS, Detroit, Mich.

Mr. Coogan's latest effort in the fiction line will appear in a forthcoming issue of Collier's.

PALESTINE PROBLEM

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Re your recent editorial—Britain—Palestine—U.S.A. (Oct. 19th)—your attitude is not a very brave one. To say that Britain solved its Irish problem all alone is indeed a mistake. The brave British got the hell kicked out of their mercenaries by a bunch of Irish patriots. American opinion also helped—and American money. The same will happen and is happening in Palestine.
PERRY CORN KLEMPNER, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . In my opinion, the British should do what they D. *(sic)* please with Palestine.
DR. W. RANDOLPH ANGELL, Boston

MUKTUK ON ICE

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Arctic Giant Killers (Nov. 9th) is written by an on-the-spot observer who knows what he is talking about. During the many years (24) I spent in Alaska, one of the real high lights of each spring season was the arrival of bowhead whales off the bleak Barrow coast. Several times it meant rescue from starvation. Always it meant excitement, rich food in abundance, meat and fat by the ton for storing in the *igluruk* natural ice cave storehouses; excitement shared by Eskimos and white men alike because you don't spend a winter at Barrow without developing a taste for *muktuk.* I could do with a piece right now.
FRANK DUFRESNE, Fish and Wildlife Service, Dept. of the Interior

Muktuk, *in case you're hungry, is the whale's skin and immediate vicinity beneath, tastes like coconut meat and chews like rubber.*

IN RESERVE

DEAR MR. ALLEN: To my mind Case for the Reserves (Oct. 19th) is an excellent article and indicates much research and study of the Air Reserve Program for all services.

It gives the average citizen a clearer picture of these programs, and the problems involved in accomplishing them.
GEORGE E. STRATEMEYER, Lt. General, U.S. Army Air Force, Mitchel Field, N. Y.

SEEING RED

GENTLEMEN: Congratulations on your editorial We Understand Russia Now (Oct. 19th). By all means let's continue trying to make the peace secure, but never again should we let our guard down.
V. P. PALMER, Rockford, Ill.

. . . We Understand Russia Now is one of your best. There's more punch crowded into eight paragraphs than I have read for a long time.

Wish the Republican party managers would come right out and get tough in the same way. If they did they might have a chance to win in '48.
R. S. WILLIAMS, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Much perturbed on reading We Understand Russia Now. Up to now I have felt your editorial policy was fair, but now I fear that you, too, are getting on the anti-Russia band wagon.
ROSE GREB, Chicago, Ill.

DOME DOILIES

DEAR EDITOR: Just read Gone Today, Hair Tomorrow (Nov. 2d) an' I wanna tell you, it's brought t'ings to a head here in Hollywood. Panderanium reigns supreme. Garry Moore tells me there's the devil toupee. That's my boy who said that—I wouldn'ta dared.

Of course, the facks in your story was no news in Hollywood. Why, this town's the home of the dome doily! Just wait till the day they tear down the Brown Derby. Under it, they'll find the biggest toupee since King Kong started usin' hair restorer.

Myself, I been wearin' a detachable coiffure off an' on for years. In earlier life, when my hair was longer an' my nose was shorter, every dame I met pestered me for a lock of my hair. Goodhearted Durante couldn't say no . . . so look what happened! Today, my head makes Gypsy Rose Lee look overdressed!

Just the other night, I was sittin' quietly at home, wit' my wig off an' an electric fan waftin' a gentle breeze acrost my noggin—I was just blowin' my top—when the telephone rings. Pickin' it up wit' alacricy, I says: *"Bon jour,* Mademoiselle or Monsieur as the case may be." It was a French phone. The verce says: "Jimmy, won't you please come over tonight? I want to run my fingers through your hair." I says: "As coicumstances have it, Hedy, I am booked for a parcheesi game tonight wit' Junior. However, if you wanna run your fingers t'rough my hair, I'll send it right over!"

An' now, if you'll pardon me, I gotta go to the beauty parlor for a treatment. The Federal Communications Commission says I gotta have my wave len'th changed. My toupee's on the same frequency as CBS!

May you always part your hair, an' never part wit' it.
Cordially,
JIMMY DURANTE

Above, jovial Jimmy, in a before-and-after wigging sequence from his latest movie, Two Girls from Boston.

HUNGRY EUROPE

DEAR EDITORS: I read the article UNRRA: First Gravestone of Peace (Oct. 12th), and I hate to see this organization fold up. I have just returned from overseas and I saw lots of misery and suffering. I also saw UNRRA in action, and in my estimation they did a good job.

I am a nurse, about to be released from the Army and hope that by some means I can return to Europe and help these suffering people. Do you know whether the United States will have a follow-up organization to UNRRA or not?
MARJORIE SMITH, Lt. A.N.C., Percy Jones General Hospital, Ft. Custer, Mich.

COEDUCATION

DEAR EDITOR: Frank O'Rourke's The Hard Way Home (Oct. 19th) is the most real football story I've ever had the pleasure of reading. I was fortunate enough to attend a college where the coach gave chalk talks to the coeds, so they could take an intelligent interest in the game. I was breaking out in perspiration during some of the plays in the story, and holding my breath for fear a pass wouldn't be completed or someone would fumble.
ERMA F. CLARK, Clatskanie, Ore.

THE LONGHORNS' BIBLE

Continued from page 17

called the 21-year-old Bible down for an interview. D.X. was met by the school president, Dr. J. B. Provine. Dr. Provine shook hands with the young man and, without any other explanations, led him into the chapel where the entire student body was assembled.

"Students," announced Dr. Provine, "this is Mr. Bible, an applicant for our coaching position. Mr. Bible will now conduct chapel exercises."

Dr. Provine sat down, leaving D.X. just standing there on the stage. Bible was unabashed. He whipped a New Testament from a pocket of his sack suit. In his impressive-sounding bass voice, he began reading the parable of the talents from St. Matthew's. He concluded with:

"And cast Ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

He followed through with a brisk talk on the beauties of Mississippi College.

Dr. Provine recommended D.X. for the job.

There was no weeping and gnashing of teeth among the Mississippi College alumni during the three years he was there.

He played "the sedulous ape" to Dr. Williams so well that he had his Mississippi boys going through the Minnesota shift as smoothly as so many chorines. In 1915, Mississippi College opened the season against Tulane. Clark Shaughnessy, the Tulane head coach and also a Minnesota-shift man, figured the game such an easy one that he didn't attend. He went off to scout a conference opponent. When he returned from his scouting expedition, he found that Tulane had lost, 8-20, to Mr. Bible's version of the Minnesota shift.

Bible was asked to come to Texas A & M in 1916 as freshman football coach and instructor in English composition. He took the position because there were good prospects for advancement at the huge Texas school. Jigger Harlan, then Aggie head coach, had been having a hard time winning, and the alumni were after Jigger's scalp.

D.X. started out the 1916 season as freshman Aggie coach. Early in the campaign he took a leave of absence to finish out the schedule as temporary head coach of the Louisiana State football squad. The Tigers had been doing badly and their coach had been fired before the season was a third over.

Bible, then a lyrical locker-room orator, got the team going, right off. Under D.X., the Tigers won five games, tied one. The LSU people, recognizing a football messiah when they saw one, offered Bible a nice contract to stay on as head coach.

D.X. refused. He had other fish to fry. The Aggies had been blistered by University of Texas in the final '16 game. Jigger Harlan was through as head coach. The Aggies were in the market for a messiah. They offered Bible more than LSU had. Also D.X. remembered the magnificent Aggies freshman team he'd coached early in the season. He took the Aggie job.

He'd sized up the freshmen accurately. He started off in 1917 with the first of two consecutive unbeaten, untied and unscored-on clubs.

The D.X. Bible who lost only one game during his first three seasons with the Aggies and won five championships in his tenure at College Station was an altogether different fellow from the man who conducted the calculated, business-like campaigns to make the Nebraska Cornhuskers and the Texas Longhorns top contenders in football.

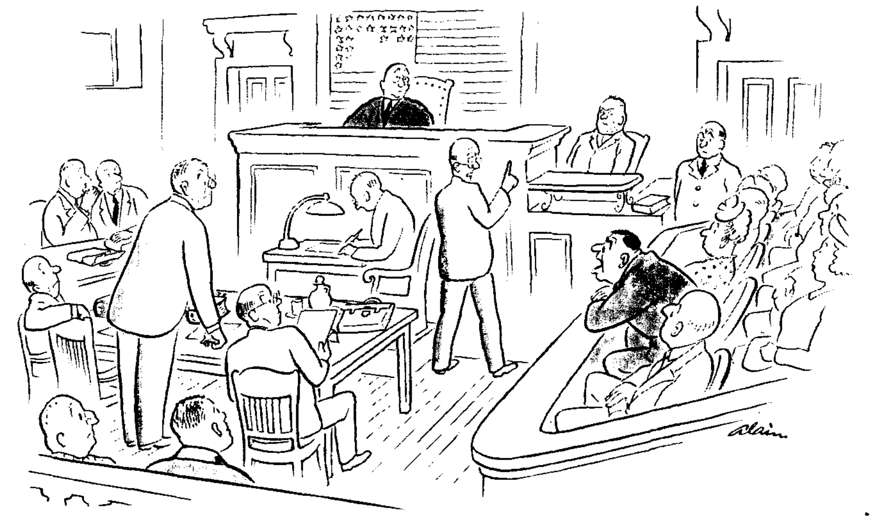
A Gentle Brand of Profanity

Mr. Bible acquired that archbishop's personality of his with maturity. These days he is mellow and courtly, even on the practice field. He seldom raises his powerful voice. About once a season he works himself into a frothing rage, usually during the week when his team is preparing for what he considers the toughest opponent. During these infrequent storms, his basso profundo echoes among the crags of Memorial Stadium, and he indulges in his most terrible oath, "Dot damn," purposely lisped so as not to sound too sacrilegious.

He has no peer at getting a football team in the right frame of mind to win a ball game. But he no longer drives teams the way he used to in the old days.

At A & M, D.X. was a snarling perfectionist, much given to cuffing forgetful halfbacks and kicking lazy tackles. Mr. Field Scovell, a good Aggies forward in the late 1920s, recalls that Bible once became displeased in a workout, grasped Scovell by the slack in his practice pants and turkey-walked the big lineman to the field house. There, he denounced Scovell in blunt Saxon phrases.

He used a psychological stratagem to win the 1939 Arkansas game, a contest from which close followers date the modern renaissance of Texas U football. With about 50 seconds to go, the Razorbacks had a 13-7 edge on Texas. The Longhorns had the ball on their own 30-yard line. Mr. Bible sent a message to the Texas band director to render The Eyes of Texas in a hell of a hurry. The Texas team called time out when The Eyes started and just stood there on the field listening. There were only a few seconds left when the time out was over. Texas' sophomore fullback, R. B. Pat-



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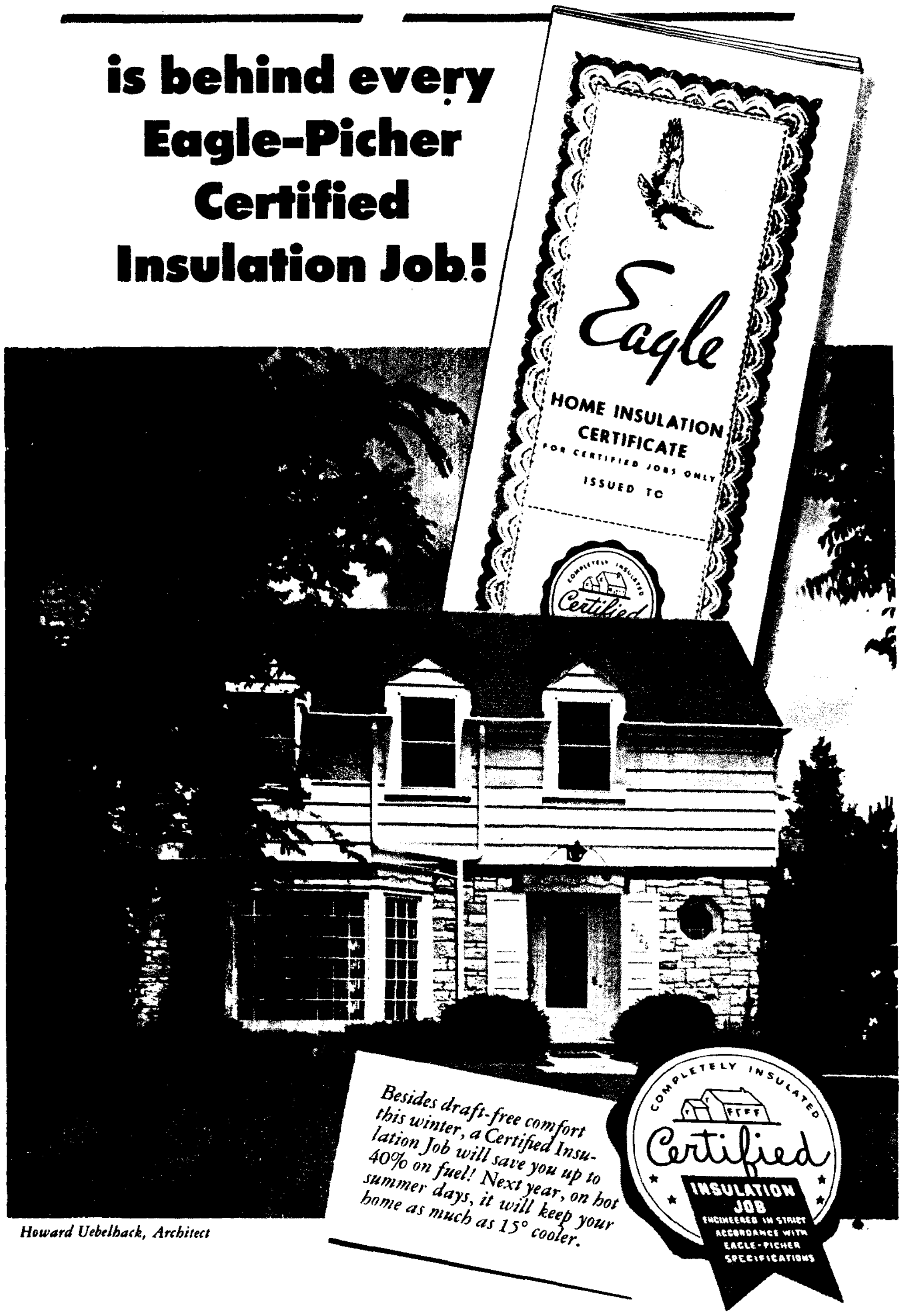
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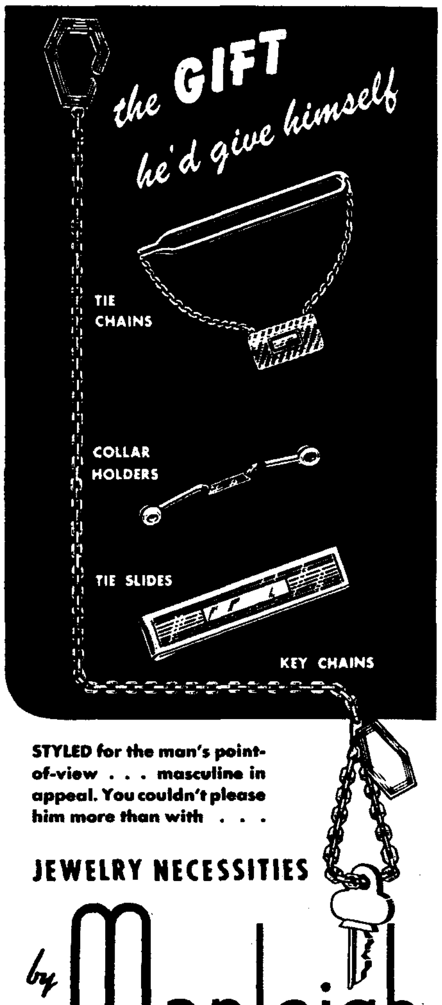

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rick, a product of Recruiting District 8, faked a run, threw a short pass to another sophomore back, Jack Crain, a District 3 offering, and the little Nocona cowboy raced through the Razorbacks for 69 yards and a touchdown. Crain kicked the extra point to make it, 14-13.

D.X. admits that such a stunt would just seem silly to his current Longhorn squad, which is composed largely of combat war veterans who aren't very sentimental.

However, the Longhorns have been so strong in recent years that Bible has limited his psychological duties to working himself into an occasional rage. He managed a historic tantrum in the 1940 season which helped the Longhorns upset a senior, John Kimbrough-powered Texas Aggie team which would have most certainly gone to the Rose Bowl but for this final-game defeat.

Bible was at Texas A & M from 1917 through 1928, with 1918 out for service as an Army fighter pilot. At College Station, his teams won 73 games, lost 20 and tied seven. In the 1920s he continued to be an ardent scholar and he was on the front row at almost every coaching school, especially if Knute Rockne was the instructor.

In 1929, the University of Nebraska was looking for a head coach and athletic director. They were used to winning football games. But they wanted an executive who could properly organize their big athletic department and who was, at the same time, a superlative football coach. They had Rockne in mind and they tried to get him. Rockne said he was very happy at Notre Dame but he made a recommendation.

"D.X. Bible is the man you want," he said.

Nebraska sent Bible a flattering bid. He went to Lincoln for an interview.

Nebraska U had one of the best supply systems in collegiate football. D.X. took the job, though A & M raised the ante up to the Cornhusker salary offer to get him to stay at College Station.

Eight Lush Years at Lincoln

He won six championships in eight years at Lincoln. His bald head became a Nebraska landmark. Wherever he went, farmers hailed him and asked, "How we doing?"—the "we," of course, meaning their beloved Cornhuskers. D.X. mellowed fast. He no longer behaved like Captain Bligh on the practice field. It was a situation to sweeten any coach's temper. The state produced bumper crops of football players every year, the best of them earmarked for the state university.

In 1937, fresh from winning another Big Six championship, Mr. Bible voluntarily resigned from his secure berth at Nebraska to take a job as football coach and athletic director at the University of Texas, a school torn by political convulsions, with a football team which had been at the bottom of the conference standings for the last two years and had won but three conference championships in its history.

This seemed like an odd move for a coach who was reckoned a good businessman. But Bible went to Texas for two reasons: (1) he was given an ironclad, 10-year contract at $15,000 the year, then a new high in social security for a football teacher, and (2) the Texas situation, one of the most snarled-up athletic department messes in Mr. Bible's experience, was a challenge to a messiah. The last reason may have been the most compelling, for Bible had a life-time job at Nebraska, and the Cornhusker authorities offered to meet the Texas salary.

One of the standard jokes of the mid-1930s was that the University of Texas always had three head football coaches, one of them coming, one of them going, and one of them coaching.

Mr. Bible installed his Plan. Straightway, he hired Johnson Blair Cherry, the state's leading high-school coach, as his first lieutenant. (The shrewd Cherry is Bible's successor as head coach, and Longhorn followers are happy over the choice.) Some of the more excitable alumni began to suggest that he might be a false messiah when he did poorly with his inherited material in '37 and '38. But he handled most of his followers well, got along beautifully with the school administration and weathered easily the early adverse criticisms.

Ever since '39, Bible has been blessed with great box-office backfielders at Texas. Most recent in this line, blond, 19-year-old Bobby Layne (District 13's best contribution, so far), who is a superb passer. Jim Tatum, the University of Oklahoma coach, calls Layne the best passer he has ever seen, excepting only Sid Luckman. Layne is a junior and he should help a lot to make Cherry's debut next fall a happy one.

Cherry and Assistant Coach Jack Gray were memorable ends in their playing days. And the Longhorns have been coming up with All-America wing-men regularly in recent seasons. Latest in this succession is Hubert Bechtol (from Recruiting District 14), a towering, handsome boy with hands like bunches of bananas. Bechtol made All-America last year. He was a Naval trainee during the war.

In the old days at A & M, Bible was one of the boys when the coaches got together. Now his relations with the other Southwest conference coaches are cordial but rather reserved. They don't loosen up around him. They respect him. But some of them made a lot of jokes about the Bible Plan when he first came to Texas. Also, they criticize his extreme conservatism: D.X. still uses a single- and double-wingback attack, resisting the almost universal swing over to the T formation. They all owe him a fiscal debt of gratitude. After he got his beautiful contract, the salary scale soared throughout the conference. Within the last five years, during which the Longhorn teams have pretty much dominated the show, D.X.'s competitors have been watching the Bible Plan with increasing uneasiness.

Weldon Hart, long-time sports publicist for the Longhorns, describes the situation like this:

"Mr. Bible's smooth operations cause the other coaches of the conference a great deal of mental anguish. They consider themselves well on a par with him as football instructors. And the fact that he has been knocking them off pretty regularly in recent seasons hardly seems fair to some of these people. Some of them are forgetting that a lot of the U.T. pay-off derives from D.X.'s planning and his careful attention to administrative detail. His ability to mobilize thousands of ex-students as recruiters of talent has proved a handier accomplishment than finding a new way to block the tackle on play No. 46."

In his dealings with magazine and newspapermen, Mr. Bible, to use his own expression, "extends every courtesy." He thinks radio publicity is the best for a team since the athletes seldom hear it.

Like all Southwest conference coaches, he believes that excessive magazine publicity can carry the kiss of death for a team. His great '41 outfit fell flat on its face and suffered its lone defeat of the season on the week a national magazine came out with a big splash about the Longhorns. This year, the gnatlike swarms of photographers who've interrupted many of his practice sessions have worried him more than any opponent.

His aversion to photographers may date from an incident years ago. A wire-service cameraman had one of D.X.'s star tackles making leaps at the camera for a novelty picture. The big lineman leaped high and made a landing with his wheels up, spraining a wrist and cracking his knee cap. He was out for the rest of the season.

Mr. Bible is a very domestic man. He lives in a pretty white-stone mansion in the purple hills west of Austin. The house is decorated with oil and watercolor portraits of his family, including his two children by his first wife and his two stepchildren. His gay, 76-year-old mother, Cleopatra Bible, comes down by plane to visit him occasionally. On his wide, carpet-grass lawn he officiates at rip-roaring football games between the kids of the neighborhood.

So that they'll know they're welcome to play on the lawn he leaves old helmets and other equipment scattered around like so many gourds. He plays golf and gin rummy with his charming second wife. He goes to church, a different church every Sunday, though he is still a Baptist. When he's not busy with his athletic-director chores he will operate a girls' camp in the Texas hill country.

He's through coaching, but still busy as a bird dog. And he doesn't seem at all tired by his 34 years of messiahhood.

THE END

LOCALE	FASCINATING OCCURRENCE
LOS ANGELES	A man named Dewey petitioned to have his name changed to Yewed—Dewey spelled backwards.
COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA	An escaped prisoner returned his prison clothes to the city jail by prepaid express.
CHICAGO	A housewife was arrested for threatening to shoot her butcher because he wouldn't sell her a steak.
LOS ANGELES	A policeman disguised himself as a nudist and gained entry into and raided a nudist camp.
ST. LOUIS	The International Baby Chick Association served steak at their annual banquet.
IRVINGTON, NEW JERSEY	A motorist who bought a new car for $1,369 advertised it for sale for $4,000 and heard from 15 would-be purchasers.

—W. E. Farbstein

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Hated...Loved Her!

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SUNSET

AMERICA'S FINEST SINCE 1894

THE WARDEN

Continued from page 93

They drove the cars to the foot of Panther Mountain and pulled them in along the old tote road that cut off the main highway. They went single file along the tote road, Ellis leading, then the natives, then the city hunters. Bellamy brought up the rear.

Ellis walked with his shoulders hunched against the snow, his hands in his pockets and the gun hanging loosely from the crook of his arm. Most of the natives walked that way, loose-hipped, slouched, their guns an integral part of them. They walked fast—faster now that they had a bunch of city slickers with them, showing off a bit with a subconscious mixture of pride and malice.

THE hunters were walking stiffly, their bodies tensed against the dangers of the unfamiliar footing. The guns they carried were alien to them, and they shifted them from one hand to the other, from one shoulder to the other, unable to make them part of the balance of their motions. The gap between them was widening. One of them kept at the heels of the close-packed group of natives for a while, then he too dropped back.

Ellis sure is setting a pace, Bellamy thought. He sure is giving them the works.

Bellamy himself was puffing. Well, he was not as young as he had been, and he had put on a bit of weight, too. There had been a time, ten-fifteen years ago when he could have walked the whole bunch of them off their feet—Ellis included. In those days he could shoulder a pack basket full of traps and grub, head out over the range and drop down to Little Wolf Pond without even stopping to roll a smoke or get a breather. Fifteen. . . ? It must have been a good twenty years ago. He had been in the Service that long. In the Service there wasn't much call for a warden to go traipsing around the woods. A warden had to cover a lot of territory but he covered most of it in a car. Now a wiry little squirt like Bert Ellis could walk the legs off him.

Ellis stopped up ahead, and the thin single line of men blunted around him. He had rolled and smoked half a cigarette before the last of the hunters and Bellamy reached the group. Yes, sir, he had certainly set a pace! You could see the steam coming off the hunters. It must be cold to see steam like that, but Bellamy didn't feel cold. Sweat drenched his backbone. He took out a red bandanna and blew his nose, fumbling with it before his face so they would not notice his gasping breaths.

"I guess we'd better start droppin' off men from here," Ellis said. "You take this here end of the line, Warden. I'll take the rest up yonder along the tote road, and drop them off say every couple or three hundred yard. I'll drop one of you folks next, then somebody who knows the woods. We're gonna keep hollering, 'Hey, Jack!'—or whatever the feller's name is."

"Bill," one of the hunters volunteered.

"Okay, then, 'Hey, Bill!' And keep listenin' for the man on your right and left. By gosh, I ain't aimin' to get any more of you lost. I got chores aplenty to do." He dropped his cigarette in the snow and stepped on it from force of habit. "And no shootin' unless we find this feller Bill. Shoot two quick ones if you find him. We'll answer with one. Shoot a couple every fifteen minutes to guide us to you."

He turned to Bellamy.

"We'll spread out and work up the range, far as the rock cliffs. If he's hurt down here somewhere, we might find him. I dunno what else to say."

The warden nodded. He wanted to offer some suggestions, but breath was still choking in his throat. Ellis' plan was good enough.

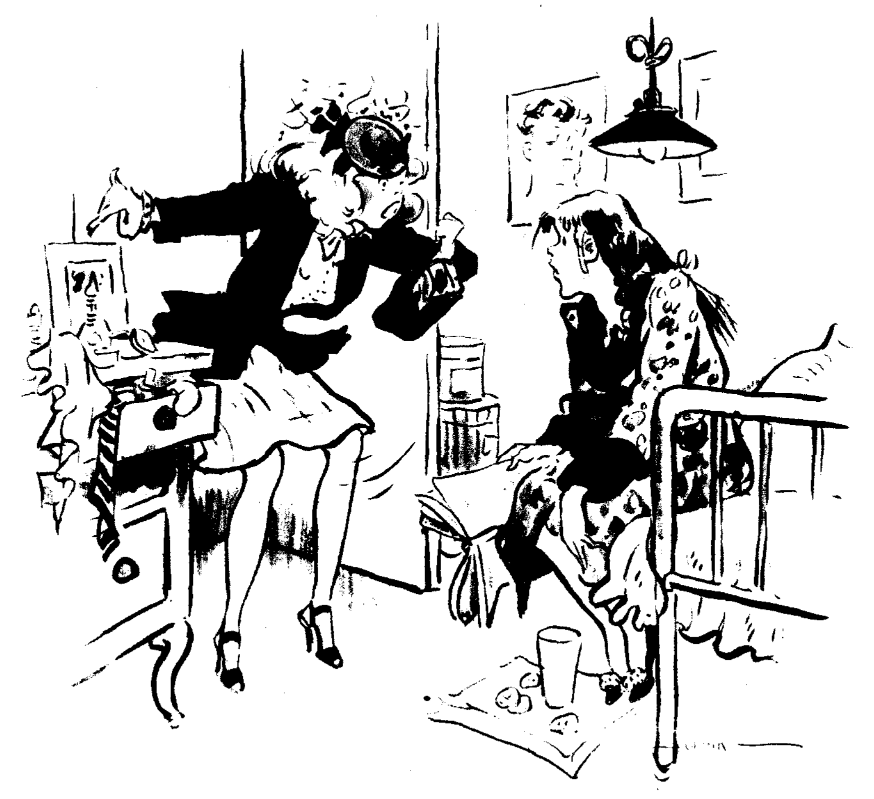
"How about the swamp?" one of the hunters asked.

"A man ain't got no call to go into that swamp. It'd take the Army, with some Marines to boot, to find a man in there unless he signals. Your friend don't seem to be the signaling kind."

He turned away and led the searching party on.

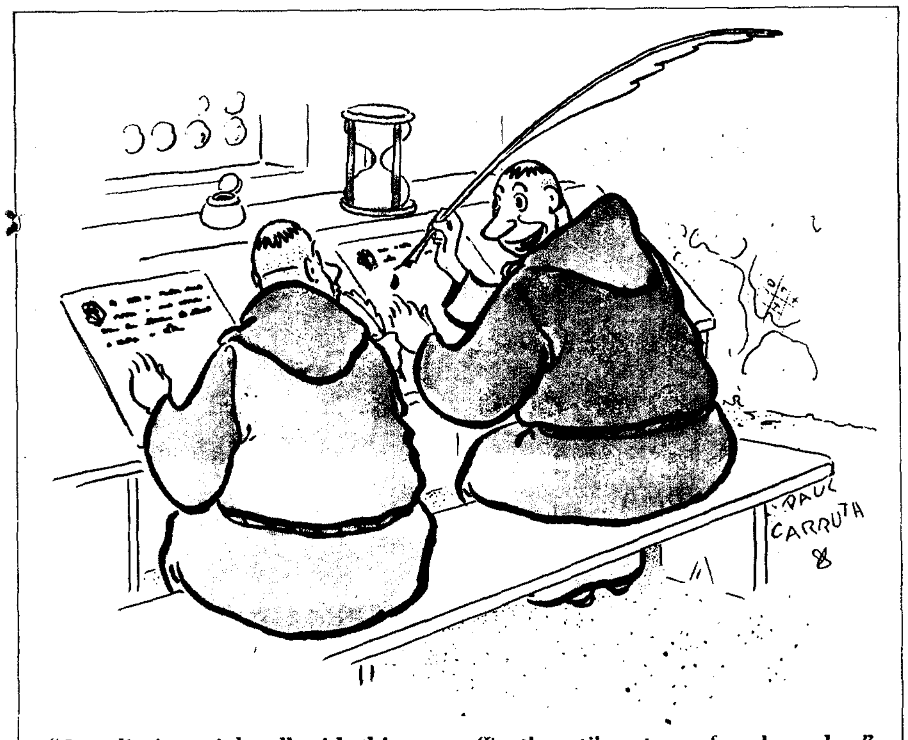
There was a half-rotted log at the side of the trail, and the warden sat down. He could breathe more evenly now but his knees trembled from the exertion.

I guess I'm not as young as I was, he thought. Ellis sure set a pace.



"He paid all the little things like the dinner and let me do all the tipping!"

COLLIER'S BOB BRINKERHOFF



"One dip in ye inkwell with this pen sufficeth until ye turn of ye hourglass"

COLLIER'S PAUL CARRUTH

Dry pellets of snow almost as heavy as hail hissed through the evergreens. Bellamy shivered. The cold was already working inside of him, spreading along his spine. After a while he got up and started beating his arms together, and twice he looked at his watch to see how long it was since Ellis had left him.

He began to think maybe the starting signal had gone down the line and he had not heard it in the hissing of the wind and snow. When he strained his ears, he could hear "Hey, Bill! Hey, Bill!" far away, blending into the sounds of the wind, and he was ready to shout himself when he heard other voices calling, and far away the strains of ghostly music, and the bugle tones of a hound baying, and the voice of his wife saying, "The wood . . . the wood . . . the wood . . ."

When the real voices came, they were unmistakable, and the ghost sounds of the woods disappeared instantly. He heard a faint voice shouting "Hey, Bill!" Then another voice, nearer, repeating the cry, and then the man directly to his left, so near that it startled him. He started to shout and his voice croaked in his tight throat and he swallowed a couple of times and cleared it and then shouted.

I could always hear things in the sound of running water, he thought. When I was a kid, I used to sit by the brook and hear whole conversations and hear a girl laughing.

He cut at right angles from the trail and headed into the thicket of young beech seedlings not much higher than his head, but so thick that he had to shoulder his way through them. The beech seedlings kept tangling him up and whipping across his face. To his left, the man shouted "Hey, Bill!," and he stopped and shouted back.

The ground sloped upward, and he came out of the belt of young beeches to a small clearing where the trees had been cut down. The logs had been dragged out but the tops lay in a tangled heap. He was breathing hard again when he came out into the hardwood timber. He wanted to rest, but the cry of the man on his left sounded, fainter this time and farther up the slope, and he kept on going.

"Damn' city slicker," he murmured. "Damn' race horse." Showing off up there somewhere, going fast just because the going under *his* feet was good and solid. No thought that somebody else might have it tough. Well, it would take more than a burst of speed by a city hunter to leave him behind, even if he wasn't as young as he used to be.

The snow stopped for a few moments, and he could see the mist-shrouded hulk of the mountain through the bare tree branches. It looked immense in the dim light. A tough mountain, uncompromising and sinister, and for a moment Bellamy felt sympathy for the man who was lost somewhere in its grasp.

Poor feller, he thought. What chance has he got? And then the resentment welled up in him again. Well, they got no business tanglin' with mountains like this one. They ain't got no right to be so cocksure and sassy.

It began to snow again, big soft flakes. The giant mountain drew back into the haze and disappeared. He could no longer see the crest of the ridges in front of him. Once he had scrambled to their tops, he could not see the bottoms of the ravines he had left. It's like walking inside of a cocoon, he thought. He stopped and called the lost man's name, feeling the futility of it for the first time. If the man had slipped and fallen and knocked himself out, his body would long ago have been covered by the snow.

It occurred to him that he had not heard the man on his left for some time. He cupped his hands and called out. He shouted again and again, trying to pierce the muffling snow but it was like shouting with his face buried in a pillow. He needed a rest and the comfort of tobacco, but here was another guy straying off his post. He took off his mittens and tried whistling through his fingers. Only a couple of off-key sounds came out. He walked on for a few hundred yards, calling all the while, then suddenly stopped.

There was something wrong. He was supposed to be skirting the base of the mountain. The swamp had been to his right, and now it should be in back of him. The man to his left should be uphill from him. Yet, in spite of the rise and fall of the ground, he was definitely going downhill. He tried to peer through the thick curtain of snow. He took a few steps in one direction, stopped and looked around him again. Then he trotted back to where the snow was churned up by his turning feet. He looked all around. But there was nothing to see, and he felt fear growing inside him.

It was ridiculous. The swamp had been to his right. The other man had been to his left and farther up the slope. But the ground was dipping away from him. He cupped his hands to his mouth and shouted. In the mute fluttering of the snow, he heard an answer to his cry. He

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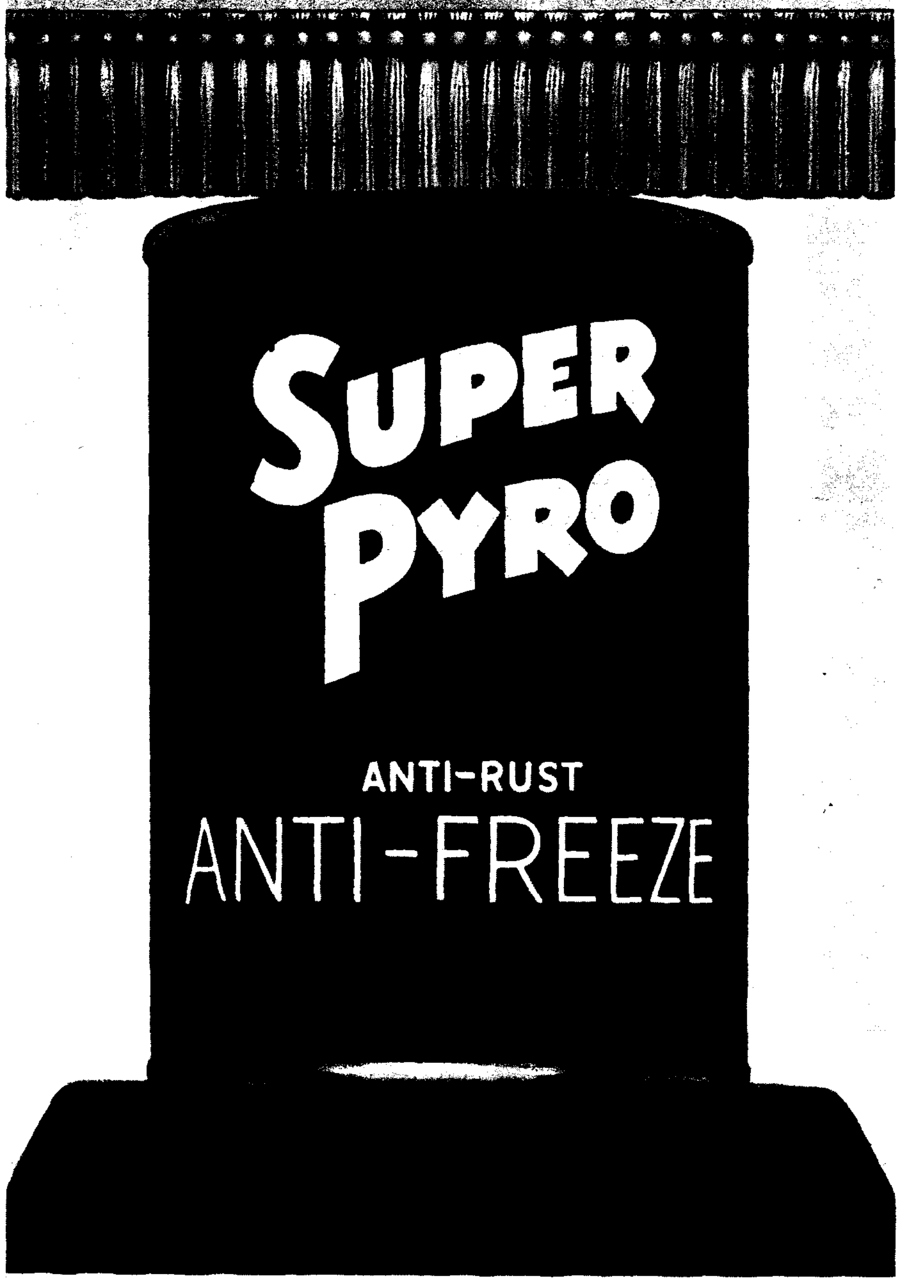

UNCLE

AUNT

GRANDMA

GRANDPA

FATHER

MOTHER

BROTHER

SISTER

NEPHEW

NIECE

SON

DAUGHTER

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stood still and held his breath. He heard the cry again. It was from the direction he had expected and he thought with relief: I was right all the time.

Then he heard the cry again and it came from in back of him, and then it came from his right and from his left, until it was all around him, until it became a part of the soft music he had not noticed before and the sound of a girl's laughter, and his wife's voice saying, "The wood . . . the wood . . ."

I can backtrack, he thought. I can follow my own tracks until I get to a spot I recognize, then set myself right again. He looked around him, picked up his dim track in the snow and started to follow it. But after a few steps, the track curved back, and came to the churned place in the snow where he had been standing. The tight fist of fear in his chest grew bigger.

"That's the track I made looking around trying to get located," he muttered. "Sure! The other one must head off that way."

HE STARTED to circle, looking for the track, and he almost stepped over it before he saw the dim rounded outline in the snow. The snow was filling the track fast; he followed it, bent almost double. Once he thought he had lost it but he was able to pick it up again where his boot had brushed the snow off a stump. He began to trot, racing against time, racing against the endless curtain of snow, against the inevitability of defeat softly stamped in each dimming print. The prints disappeared. He stopped. His eyes darted in all directions. There was no avenue of escape, no opening in the white cocoon of snow.

"I'm lost," he said. The mute voices of the woods echoed his words and flung them back at him, the voices blending with the music and the girl's laughter and his wife's words. Lost . . .

He began to run, as if running would rend the invisible veil that hemmed him in, and still the mute voices. He scrambled up the side of a ravine that he did not remember crossing, his mouth gaping, his breath coming in wheezing gasps. He almost reached its crest when the choking feathers in his chest filled it completely. Hot wires of pain tightened across his chest. They crossed and recrossed in a spot over his heart. They touched and exploded in a blinding shower of pain-filled sparks. He clutched at his chest, staggered a few steps and sank against the base of a tree.

Take it easy, he thought. Got to take it easy.

He was not conscious of the pain diminishing but he began to hear the sharp rasping of his breath, and feel the rapid thumping of his heart. He sat where he had fallen, his cheek pressed against the rough bark of the tree, and stared at his mittened hand lying palm upward in the snow, and watched the snowflakes settling softly on it. The pain over his heart gradually diminished.

I'm lost, he thought. Lost!

The desire to run swept over him in uncontrollable waves. He would have started running if he had been standing up, instead of lying in the snow. He would have started running again, blindly, unthinkingly. But in the time and effort of raising his body, of clawing his way upward along the tree trunk, he stifled the impulse. He stood up with his arms still clutched around the tree trunk, holding himself from running.

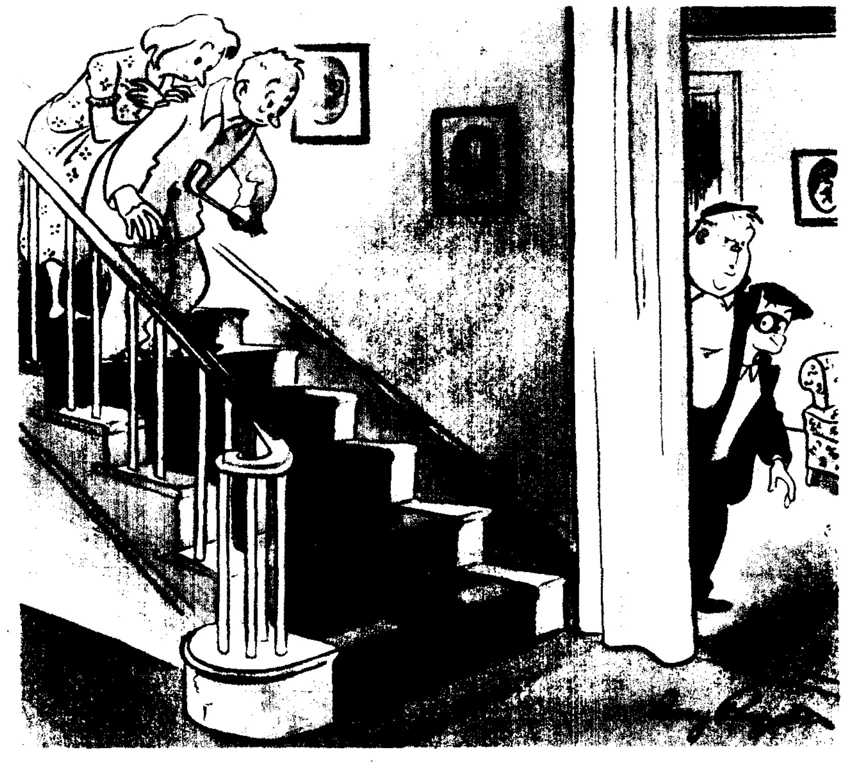
You're acting like a tenderfoot, he thought. You're acting like a damn city slicker. You've got to stop and think.

He dug out his pipe and tobacco, and took off his mittens. But his hands were trembling so that the tobacco spilled. He dropped the pipe and, in an unreasoning fit of anger, threw the tobacco pouch down. He forgot them immediately and started to put on his mittens. He got the right one on but when the left one fell in the snow at his feet, he forgot that, too, in the welter of thoughts racing through his mind.

He was lost. A mile from the trail. Maybe more. Maybe a lot more. The snow was a heavy, muffling curtain that closed in all around him. The trail was somewhere to the south of him. Only there was no way of telling which way was south. The wind usually blew in from the north and the snow was usually stuck on the north sides of the trees. But it did not work out that way all the time. Some of the worst storms came in from the south. The mountains made their own wind currents. You couldn't tell, except with a compass, and he never carried one. No native ever carried one.

"Shucks, I wouldn't give pocket room to one of them things. All's I got to do is follow my nose back to one of Ma's pies." All natives said that to city slickers.

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Why must people always ask, 'Who is it?' What do they expect a burglar to answer, anyway?"

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Here's a man who needs no introduction. Too much food, drink and nervous excitement have done their work. Be gentle with an upset stomach of this type. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL.

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Don't add to the upset of an upset stomach with overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. *Take soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL. This pleasant-tasting preparation is neither an antacid nor a laxative. *Its action is different.* It spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls . . . thus helping to calm and quiet common digestive upsets.

Three sizes at your druggist's—or by the dose at his fountain.

Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL . . . *to relieve* queasy, uneasy, upset stomach; distress after over-indulgence; nervous indigestion; heartburn . . . *And to retard* intestinal fermentation; gas formation; simple diarrhea. If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

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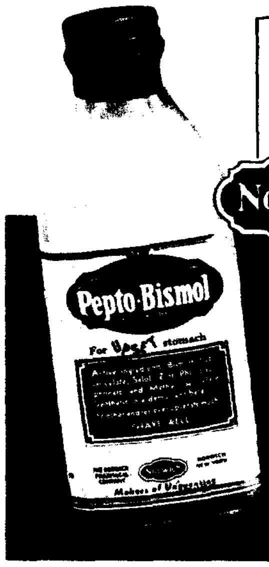
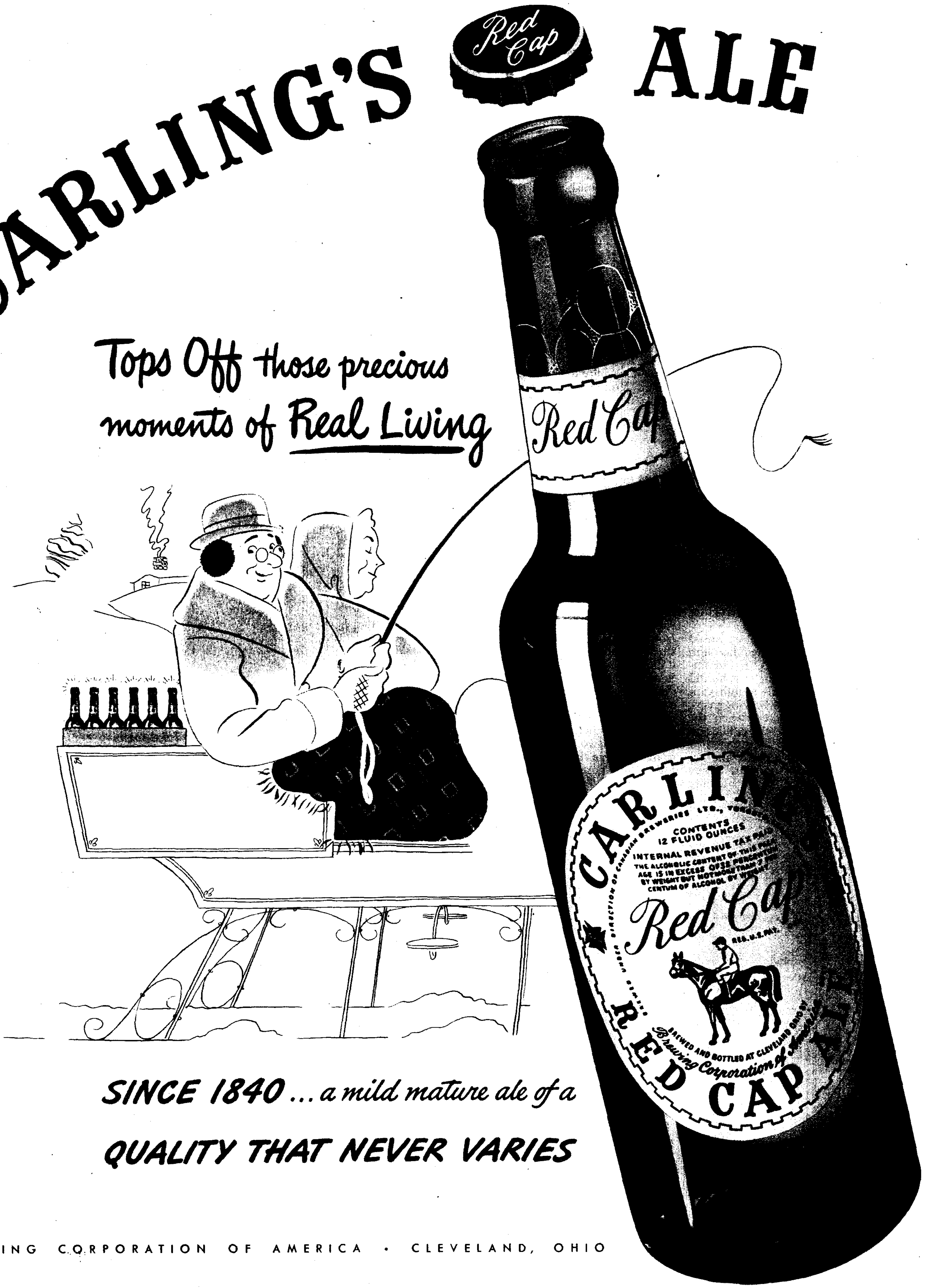
for UPSET Stomach



CARLING'S ALE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Or else they said, "Comes a time I get turned around, I just set my gun down on its feet and follow it plumb into camp."

There was a bunch of men in the woods. There might be one of them just beyond the curtain of snow, for all he knew, and if there was he could set himself right; he wouldn't have to admit that he was lost. He cupped his hands around his mouth and shouted, "Hey, Bill!" He was not thinking of the lost man; he shouted that name because he'd shouted it before. He walked and he shouted, lifting his face to the falling snow, but there was no answer.

He thought of his pistol then—the .45 strapped around his waist. They would hear that. They were bound to, in spite of the muffling snow. He opened the holster, rested his hand on the butt. But he didn't draw the gun out. "No shooting unless we find the lost man," Ellis had said. He hadn't found the lost man. If he shot, they would answer him, and they would converge on him, the natives and the city hunters. He couldn't tell them that he had shot because *he* was lost. He couldn't stand before them and say, "I'm the warden, but I got lost. I got lost and panicky, and I got a pain across my heart, and I needed help." He couldn't say that to the city slickers. Not even to the natives. He couldn't be the warden and say that.

He kept on walking, shuffling with heavy feet through the snow. He was lost and he must get out of there, and walking was the only way that he could get out. He must not run. If he started to run, he must wind his arms around a tree and hold on until the impulse to run left him. I'm lost, he thought. Lost—lost—lost . . . The words became the rhythm of his motions, the total of his reasoning. When the pain returned to his chest, now dull and heavy and constant, he did not think of it as pain containing a meaning and a warning of its own but only as part of being lost.

He walked with head lolling on his neck, and downcast eyes that seldom raised above the obstacles before his feet. The wind had begun to blow again. The snowflakes were heavy and hard-driven. It was getting much colder but he did not notice that. He stumbled blindly forward, sometimes falling. Once, he twisted his wrist in a fall but the pain of it mingled with the rhythm throbbing in his head.

TIME became a blank infinity that held no meaning for him. Once he ran headlong into a tree, and the shock startled him. He touched his skinned forehead with his hand and looked vaguely at the blood on his fingers. A deer bounded out of its bed beside a small fir; he watched it dully as it disappeared into the haze with noiseless leaps. He came to a spruce thicket and crashed through the dead, interlocked branches with the full weight of his body.

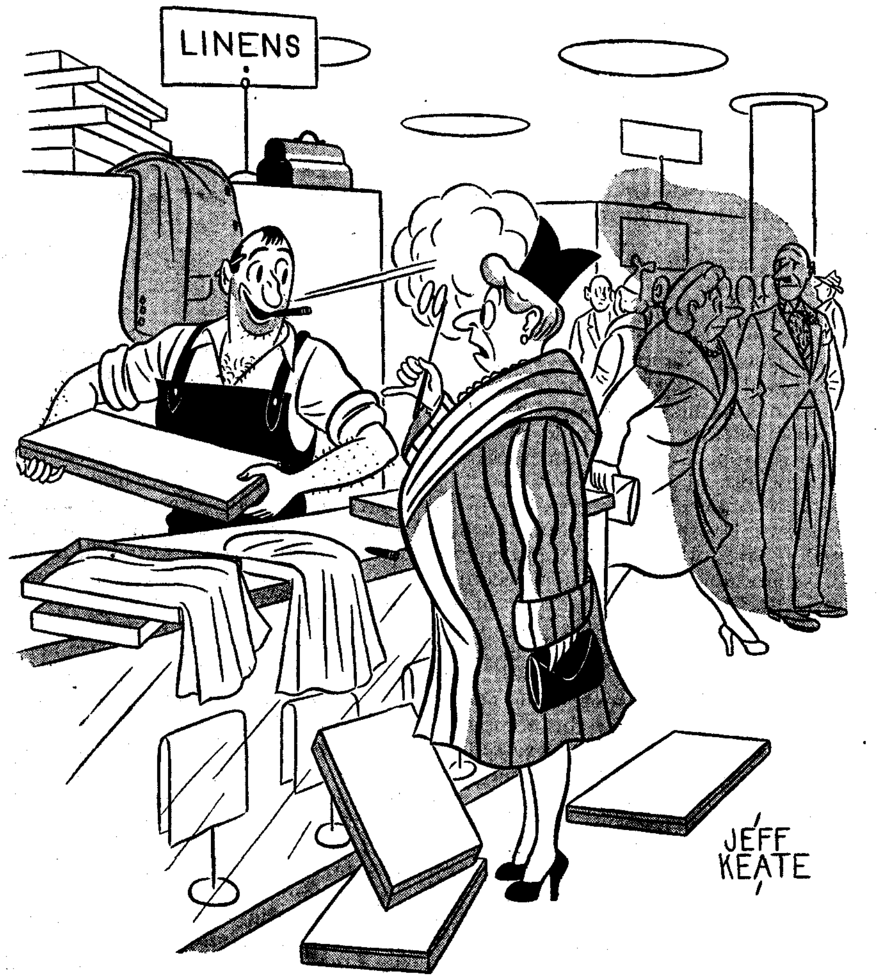
It was much lighter now. But he failed to notice he was out of the big timber, walking in tall, matted beaver-meadow grass. His feet broke through the surface of small, ice-crusted puddles. He did not notice them until he stepped into one deeper than the others, and the water welled over his boot tops.

He was in a swamp clustered with thickets of alder. On the drier ground, here and there were even thicker clusters of spruce and cedar. He climbed over rotted tree trunks, half hidden in the tall grass. He skirted many ice-covered pools and once, very carefully, crossed a large one along the branch network of an old beaver dam. He felt proud of having crossed the beaver dam; floundering forward, he thought about it, but there was no meaning to his thoughts.

He was shouldering his way through a thicket of low, snow-covered spruce when suddenly he stopped. It was the first time he had stopped voluntarily. He raised his head and looked dully around him. He became aware of the pelting of the wind-driven snow, of the heavy pain in his chest, and the dull pain of his forehead, and the sharper pain of his wrist. He became conscious of the icy water inside his boots and the throbbing of his leg muscles.

I'm lost, he thought in surprise. The thought held a meaning once more.

He looked around carefully. He was standing on a low, flat ridge that rose out of the swamp like a whale's back out of a heaving sea. He was somewhere out on a swamp. On Bear Trap Swamp—the terror of the whole district! Yet, somehow, the thought did not startle him. The *thing* that had stopped him suddenly still lingered in his subconscious, driving out panic. He turned slowly, looked all around him. His senses were alert. Suddenly, he knew. He had smelled wood smoke!



"We've had so many strikes and layoffs at the foundry, lady, I had to take any kind of job to hold body and soul together"

COLLIER'S JEFF KEATE

He sniffed the air hungrily. There it was! Unmistakable! It had been there all along—a thin link between the wilderness that surrounded him and civilization. His eyes spied a twisting, transparent wraith, thicker than the haze of snow. A cry escaped his lips. He started to run. But he stopped suddenly and his eyes narrowed. It must be the lost hunter. He had forgotten completely about him. There would be no one else out here in this dismal swamp but that damn'-fool hunter hunching over a little fire. It would never do to go up to him, panting and gasping like a worn-out old engine.

He moved cautiously through the screen of spruce until he saw the cone of rising smoke, and then the small fire and the figure of the man hunched down beside it. Bellamy crouched down out of sight and breathed carefully until the fierce panting of his chest subsided. Then he stood up and walked toward the man. He said evenly: "Hi, Bill. Kind of cold out, ain't it?"

The man by the fire leaped up with a strangled cry. He gazed with wide, terrified eyes for a moment; then the cry came from his open lips again, and he stumbled toward the warden, hopping on one leg and dragging the other one grotesquely behind him. He threw his arms around the warden and sagged against him, and buried his face against his coat, and sobbed.

"Easy, feller," the warden said. "Take it easy. You're all right now." The sobbing slowed and stopped. The man rubbed his face back and forth against the warden's coat, then straightened himself up slowly. "You'll be all right," the warden said. "Here, lean on me, and let's get over to that fire."

"I'm all right now," the man said.

He leaned on the warden's shoulder and hobbled back to the fire.

"Pulled my ankle sometime yesterday. Guess it was yesterday . . ."

"It was," said the warden. "Here—you lie down here and let me pile up some wood on this fire. I guess I'd better signal. There's a reg'lar army out lookin' for you."

He took out his pistol and fired two quick shots. There was no answer for a moment, and fear inside him began to mount again. Then he heard an answer dimly from somewhere in back of him. He turned and faced that way, and the gust of wind in his face brought the sound of other shots more clearly.

"Have a gang here in less than an hour," he said cheerily.

The hunter smiled up at him.

"Here, let me take a look at that foot," Bellamy said.

"It's all right," the hunter said.

Bellamy found a dead spruce near by, and broke off an armful of branches and piled them on the fire.

"That's what I call a fire," he said. "Only city folks believe that bunk about Indians building little fires. Any man wants to keep from freezing builds a heaping big fire."

Suddenly he remembered something. He dug into his pocket and brought out a small vacuum of coffee and poured out a steaming cup. The hunter reached out for it. His eyes opened in sudden amazement.

"Say, I've got a sandwich in my pocket!" he said. "I thought a while ago that I was going to starve to death out here . . . and I never remembered that sandwich in my pocket."

"Lost men do mighty queer things," the warden said. "Why the devil didn't you shoot when you found out you was lost?"

The man sipped the hot coffee thoughtfully as if trying to remember.

"I couldn't," he said at last. "I slipped and fell and banged my head. Knocked myself cold. When I came to, it was just getting dark and my ankle was on fire. I started to look for the gun, but I couldn't find it. Then I started out for home. I—I guess I got lost then . . . I found myself out here when it got light."

"You mean you traveled all night?"

"Yes, I think I did."

"You ought to be darned glad you didn't drown yourself in one of them ponds down there. The ice would never hold you up. Of all the stupid—"

"I know," the man said.

The warden got up and fired two quick shots with his pistol. The answers were much more distinct.

"I'm sorry," the man said. "I guess I led you through some tough going. That's a nasty cut on your forehead."

BELLAMY reached up his unmittened hand and touched the spot tenderly.

"Ducked one branch and ran smack into another I hadn't seen."

His hat was gone, too. He didn't remember losing it. He remembered going through a real tough thicket once. That must have been the place he lost it. It would be just like Ellis to find it in that thicket and start asking questions. Ellis had a nose for such things. The two men sat by the fire, staring into the leaping flames and thinking their own thoughts. The hunter finally said:

"Warden, when I first saw you—I mean—I guess I acted sort of like a fool."

"Shucks," the warden said. "Rest easy. There's some things one man never tells about another."

"Thanks," the man said.

And later, when a new armful of branches blazed high against the darkening sky, the hunter looked up once more.

"I've been wondering how you found me," he said.

Warden Bellamy thought for a long time before answering.

"Years ago, when we used to run deer with dogs," he said slowly, "every deer we started on a certain mountain would go pretty near along the same ridges, and through the same notches, and finally cross the brooks at certain places. A wounded deer will pretty near always travel over a certain way. Maybe the going is easier that way—maybe, for generations, they've gone that way, to some thicket or swamp, to die. I guess maybe all lost men travel in the same paths without even knowin' it . . ."

The hunter thought that over, nodding slowly.

"You ever been lost, Warden?"

This time there was no need to stop and think.

"Shucks, no! Been turned around for two-three days, a couple of times. But lost . . ."

He chuckled at the idea, and his arm came up and he rubbed his sleeve absently over his badge, the way he always chuckled, the way he always rubbed his badge when he was telling it to a tenderfoot, to a damn'-fool city slicker. The hunter believed him. They all did. Sometime, he might even grow to believe it himself again. He had to. He was a native. He belonged to these mountains. He was the warden.

THE END

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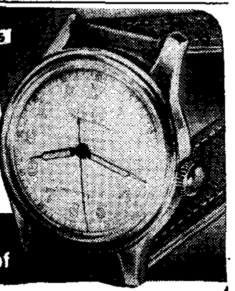

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WING TALK

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY

ISLAND AIRLINE

ICY, damp air whipped about the cockpit of the big twin-engined flying boat and penetrated Navy Lieutenant Stanley C. Kennedy's thick clothing as he piloted the creaky, lumbersome H-16 back and forth over the North Sea on patrol. It was in 1918 and this Hawaii-born Scotsman was a long way from his home climate, but as the marrow of his bones screamed for the sunshine of Honolulu, Pilot Kennedy's eyes were fixed on the drab sea beneath his wings.

There he saw a chain of islands, *his* Islands—Kauai, Oahu, Molokai, Lanai, Maui, Kahoolawe and Hawaii—neatly joined by an airway that began up at Barking Sands in the north and ended 350 miles away down at Hilo at the extreme south end of the mid-Pacific archipelago.

Many times he studied this picture while out on patrol. Mentally he converted his H-16 into a passenger-cargo plane. He spotted this beach and that lagoon as station stops and eagerly anticipated the day when the economy of the Islands would be advanced by an airline transporting their people and products from one to another in hours and minutes, instead of days.

The war over, Stan Kennedy returned to Hawaii. His father had gone out there direct from Scotland in 1878 and entered the steamship business, later becoming president and general manager of the Inter-Island Steam Navigation Company, a powerful and influential factor in the growth of the Territory. Born into this island-transportation atmosphere, Stan knew what the company's small steamers could carry in passengers and cargo, how long it took and how much it cost. He wanted to enhance the service and so placed his North Sea airborne plan before father, James A. Kennedy. But the Old Man, in 1919, just couldn't share his son's enthusiasm for the airplane as an adjunct, not to mention competitor, of the firmly established steamship service.

WHEN James Kennedy died in 1927, Stan was assistant manager of the company and still afire with his plan. He talked airplanes incessantly with the stockholders and finally they decided to give him a try.

They offered airline stock to the Island public, but the public wouldn't have it. Old Man Kennedy through the years had made them thoroughly steamship-minded.

Committed as they were to the principle of establishing an airline, the stockholders had to authorize the steamship company to put up the necessary cash, so on November 11, 1929, Inter-Island Airways opened for business, with two 8-passenger Sikorsky amphibians.

Last week the project, known since 1940 as Hawaiian Airlines, Ltd., celebrated its 17th birthday. Stan Kennedy, president of both the airline and the steamship company since 1932, and just back in Honolulu from a flying trip to New York and Washington, paused to review the development of his 1918 idea. It was a beautiful picture.

His airline had carried 1,000,000 people without injury to one passenger. It had captured every safety award for airlines of its size ever made by the National Safety Council.

HAWAIIAN AIRLINES
ADMINISTRATION BUILDING
OPERATING PERSONNEL

Stanley C. Kennedy shows two of his pilots a map of the air route he created seventeen years ago to link the seven Hawaiian Islands

It was the first scheduled airline to operate air freight under a published tariff. It is now carrying passengers at the rate of 700 a day, with a total population of only half a million from which to draw. It is hauling millions of pounds of furniture, livestock, vegetables, ice cream, newspapers, almost anything, between the islands in its cargo-liners. Its operating record is 99.5 per cent perfect—believed better than any other American-owned airline—for rarely does a flight have to be canceled.

It does all this with nine Douglas DC-3 transports, seven equipped to carry 24 passengers each, and two rigged for cargo; and it flies 50 schedules daily for passengers and four for air freight, between dawn and dusk. When lighted airways are installed in Hawaii, as they are on the continent, Hawaiian, or Kennedy, Airlines will operate night schedules.

Customers have been so increasingly plentiful that in the last six years Kennedy has cut the fare more than half. Used to be $30 from Honolulu to Hilo; now it's $13.50. The cost to the public can be made even lower if Kennedy could keep his planes flying around the clock. An airplane doesn't make money roosting in a hangar every night.

Stan Kennedy was happy over the picture he saw as he leafed through the company's history book, until he came to December 7, 1941. On that day, like all Honolulu, he suffered in some measure from the Pearl Harbor attack. Two of his ships were pretty badly shot up on the ground; but in 48 hours his line was operating emergency flights, under military direction, carrying engineers, medicines and munitions to outlying islands and bringing in desperately needed supplies of fruits and vegetables and meat. Kennedy stripped all seats and furnishings from his two 16-passenger Sikorsky S-43s to help speed relief for the choked hospitals in Honolulu. Each night blood had to be pumped from the bilges of the S-43s, blood from the newly killed beef flown in to the stricken city.

When the emergency was over, the Sikorskys were unfit for further passenger use and were honorably retired from service. But the line continued to fly throughout the war, under military guidance.

Stan Kennedy had done such a thorough job of converting his steamer-riding public to overwater flying by the use of amphibians, that he dreaded the day when he would have to make the change-over to land planes entirely, even though it was to be an economic advantage.

He had ordered three DC-3s from the Douglas plant in Santa Monica, California, 2,228 miles away, and at that time (early 1941) such a long, overocean flight by a DC-3 had never been made. But Douglas engineers showed how it could be done, and Kennedy approved their delivery by air to his home base at John Rodgers Airport, Honolulu.

The three airliners, flying a tight formation, arrived over Honolulu and landed within a minute of one another.

News of the flight of these three new planes for Kennedy's airline got in the papers and when the planes were quietly rolled out for scheduled service a few days later, there was instantaneous public acceptance. Hawaiian Airlines' landplanes carry the latest in life rafts and jackets and are tied in constantly with Kennedy's company-owned radio network of six stations.

With no more local territory to envelop, Stan Kennedy, at 56, could relax and live happily ever after on the beach at Waikiki.

But the Kennedy radar-eyes that saw today's happy little Hawaiian Airlines through the North Sea fog in 1918 began sweeping the Pacific as long ago as 1934. Finally they settled on a highball landplane service to the West coast and Kennedy has pursued that plan earnestly ever since. ★★★

Brown Bros. photo of immigrants at Ellis Island early in the century.

They Believed in Miracles

Whether they landed at Plymouth Rock in one generation or at Ellis Island in another, they came *believing in miracles.* The Miracle of Freedom — in speech, thought, action. The Miracle of Opportunity—to work, save, build for the future.

Believing in miracles, they recognized no obstacles. The result: *America, with only 6% of the world's population, produces 25% of the world's goods, possesses 50% of the world's wealth.*

They and their descendants played a vital part in perfecting mass production, mass distribution, mass investment and turned out more goods and better goods . . . at lower cost but at higher wages than had ever been done before in world history.

Yes, generation after generation they prospered, took root, grew with the nation — in crafts, in the professions, in government, in agriculture, in businesses large and small. As thrifty investors, they backed their confidence in the nation with their savings.

All had a share in the greatness of America. Believing in miracles, they made them come to pass.

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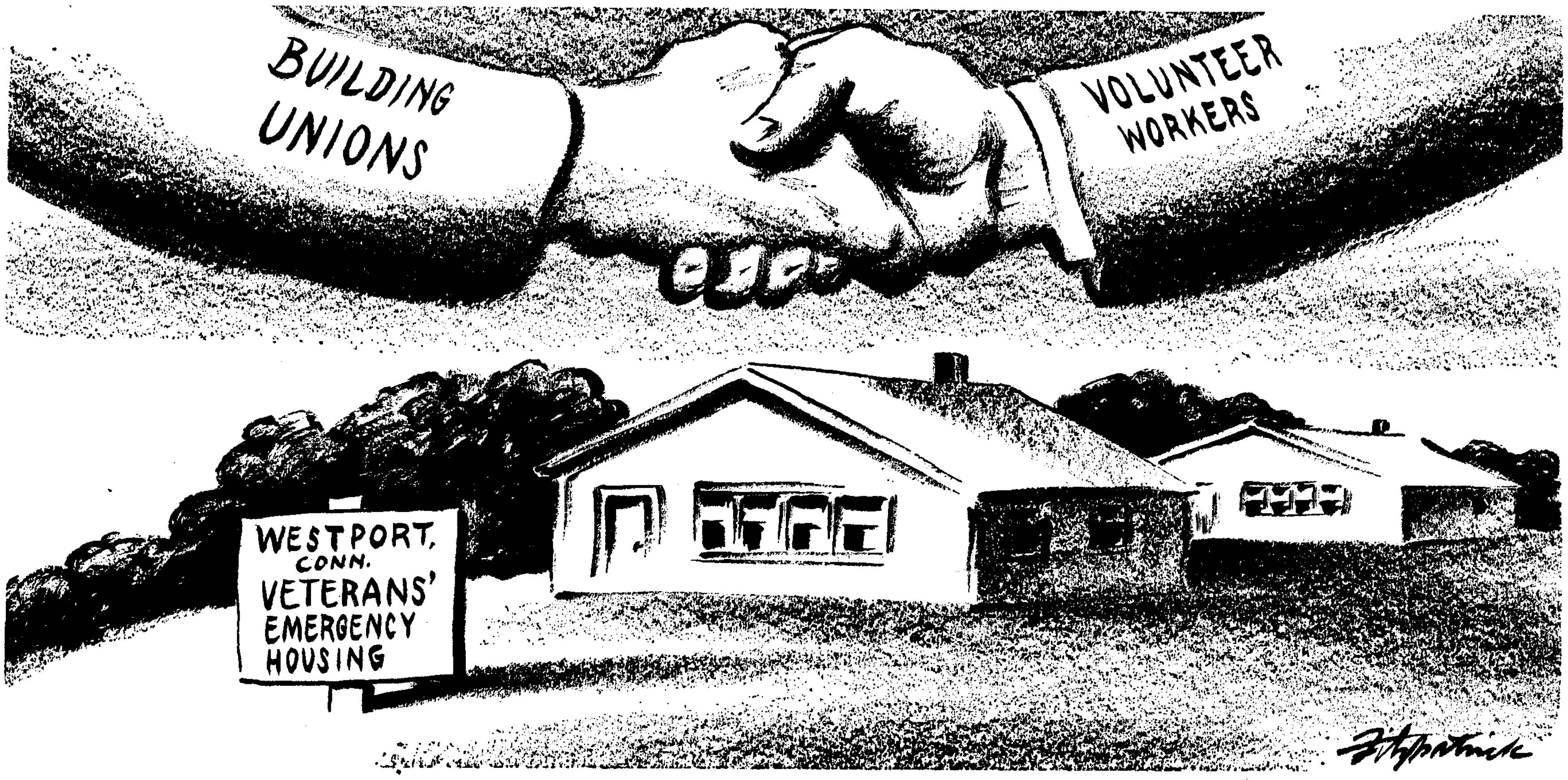

BUILDING UNIONS
VOLUNTEER WORKERS
WESTPORT, CONN. VETERANS' EMERGENCY HOUSING

A TOWN GETS ACTION

RECENTLY, in Westport, Connecticut, a veterans' housing project was going forward only slowly. Labor was in short supply; winter was not far off; 21 veterans and their families needed those accommodations.

The local carpenters' and joiners' union could have been stuffy about stringing the job out as long as possible.

Inspired, however, by Percy Stone, editor of one of the Westport newspapers, the local housing authority suggested to the union that it might be a good thing if some nonprofessional help could be called in from among the citizenry to speed up the project. The union reacted more than favorably. It let the amateurs come in without joining the union for the occasion. The amateurs came on in.

They were mostly writers, editors, artists, radio people, etc., since Westport has a large contingent of such. Among them was Collier's own fiction editor, Colonel Kenneth Littauer, a distinguished veteran of our two latest wars. The housing project spurted ahead.

It is believed that this was the first time a building union in this country has waived any of its rights to an important housing job and welcomed disinterested nonunion aid in speeding the work.

First time or not, we can afford to have much more of this kind of thing. Here was a case of a union recognizing that production is what counts primarily. Its action was in the same spirit as the Railroad Yardmasters of America's recent impressive advertisement entitled: "There Is No Permit to Steal!"—a union ad which told union men that they can help themselves only by producing ever more efficiently.

We're encouraged to hope that this spirit may spread swiftly through the American labor movement from here on. The nation has had about all the less-work-more-pay spirit that it can safely take.

A FRATERNITY REBELS

WE'D like to lift a cheer for what used to be the Amherst College chapter of the national Delta Tau Delta fraternity and is now the Kappa Theta society, local to Amherst alone.

Last spring, Amherst authorities told the 13 fraternities on the campus that they couldn't open up for business in the fall unless they would agree to a couple of little matters. One was the dropping of the racial and religious discriminations which, as everyone knows, are practiced by many fraternities. The other was a scaling down of the sums paid by the Amherst fraternity chapters to their national headquarters.

All 13 fraternities said okay. National Delta Tau Delta headquarters, however, told its Amherst local to turn down the proposed agreements or prepare to lose its charter. The Amherst chapter tossed in its charter, became a local fraternity, and at last report was doing quite nicely in the matter of luring new members from among the incoming freshmen.

We call it an exhilarating sign of the times.

In this postwar era, we hope some of the more flagrant abuses of the college fraternity system may be cleaned up pretty generally. We don't see how these societies can be abolished.

There is a human clubbing-up instinct which from earliest times has impelled people of virtually all ages to huddle together in cliques, secret societies, lodges, fraternities, sororities, etc., etc. Try to suppress such things, and you only drive them underground.

But that snobbery and campus intrigue flourish in many a fraternity and sorority is well known. It is equally well known that these things don't do any college any good.

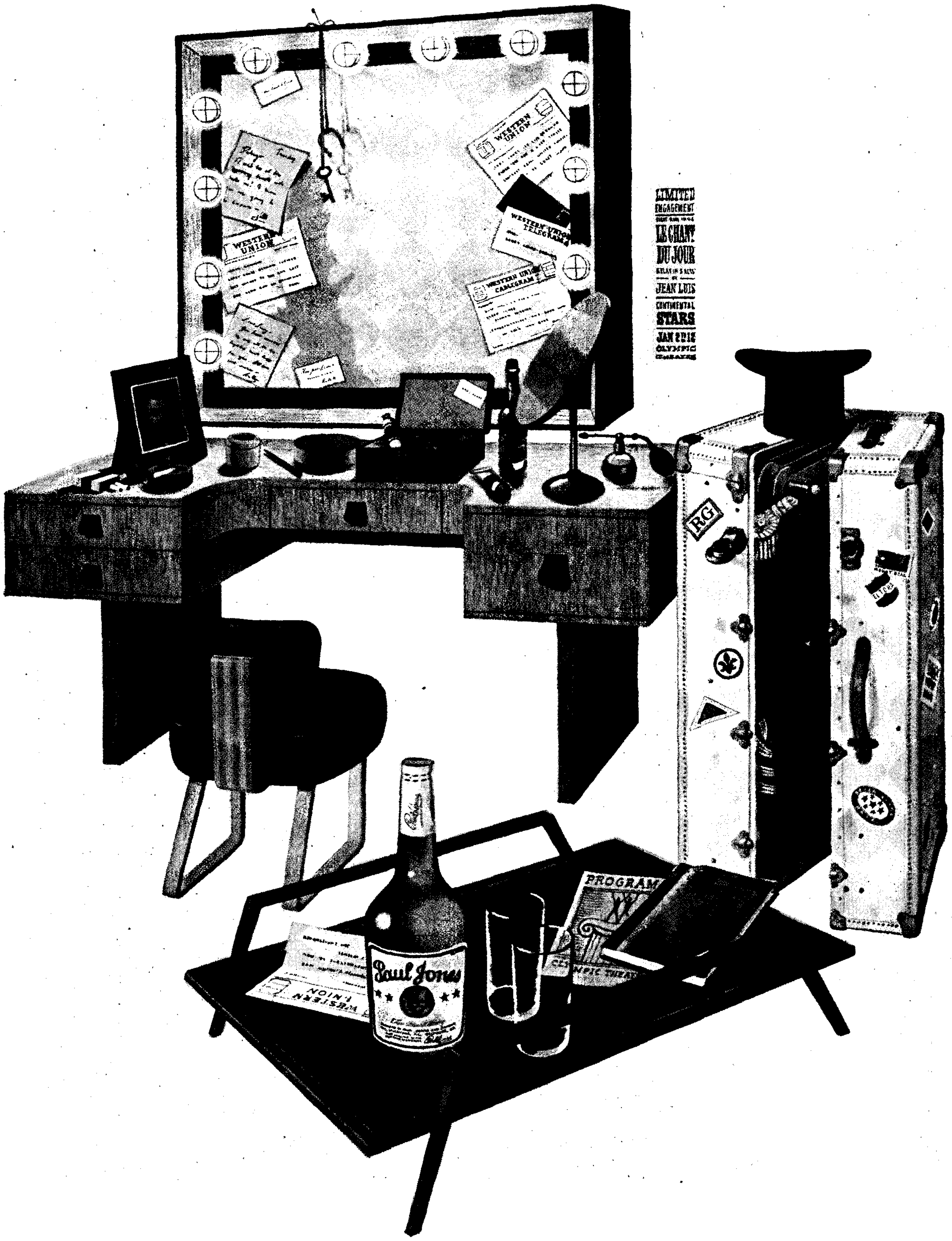
We hope a big, fresh wind may blow through the fraternities in the next few years—and it looks as if it has started blowing at Amherst.

HOLD THAT POLICY-OR RENEW IT

SINCE the war, about 10,000,000 out of our 14,000,000 men and women who saw service in the war have let their government life insurance policies lapse. We suppose the main reason is, in the shrewd words of Beardsley Ruml in another connection, that "no man under 40 really believes he's ever going to die." He is, unfortunately; and one of the best things he can carry through life is an insurance policy. Two or more policies are still better.

War insurance, for the time being at least, can be renewed by payment of only two months' premiums. These policies have recently been made even more liberal than when first written.

If you're on the war insurance band wagon, better stay on it; and if you've fallen off it, better climb back on—at almost any temporary sacrifice in either case.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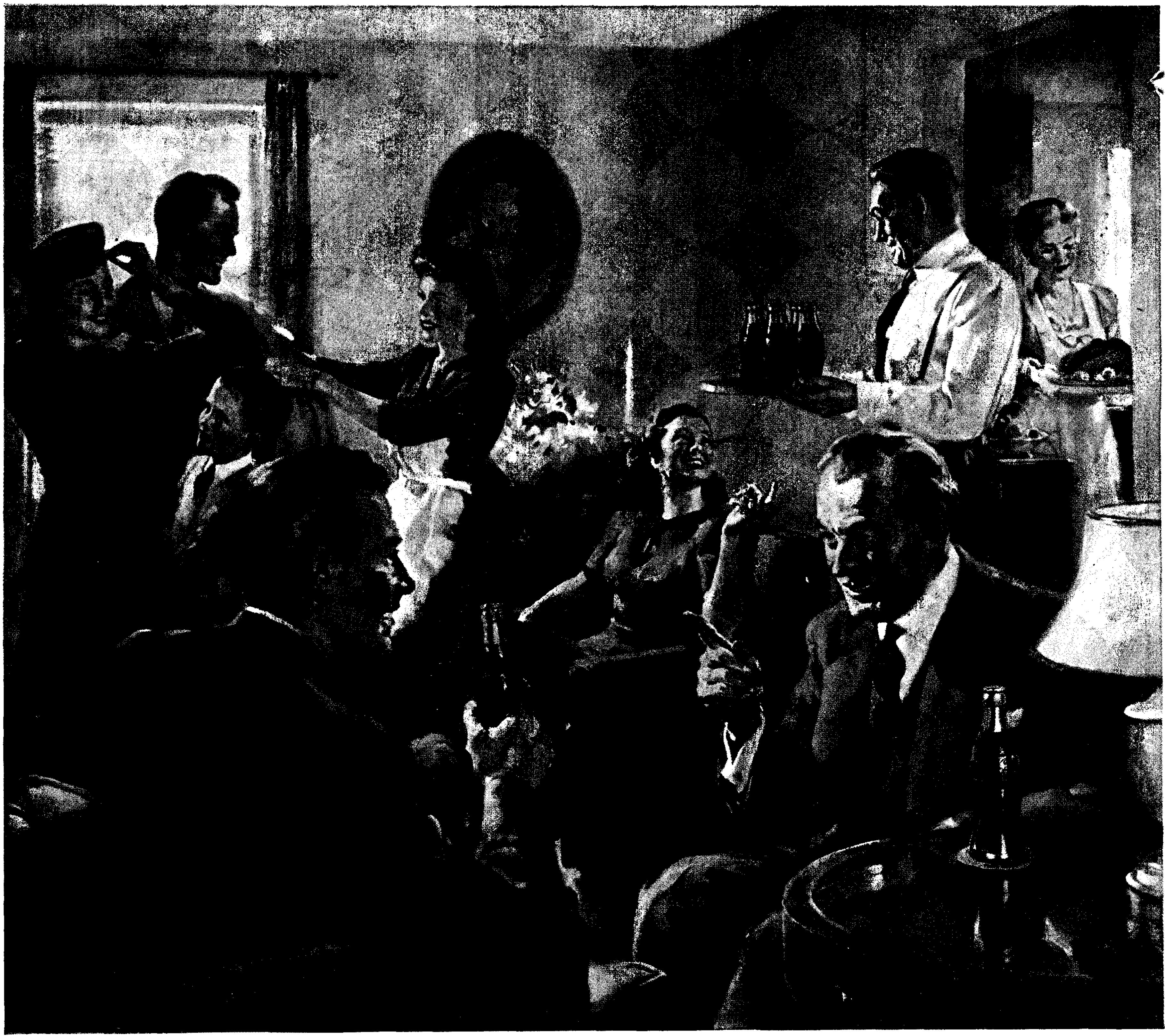

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